Mar. 14,1964

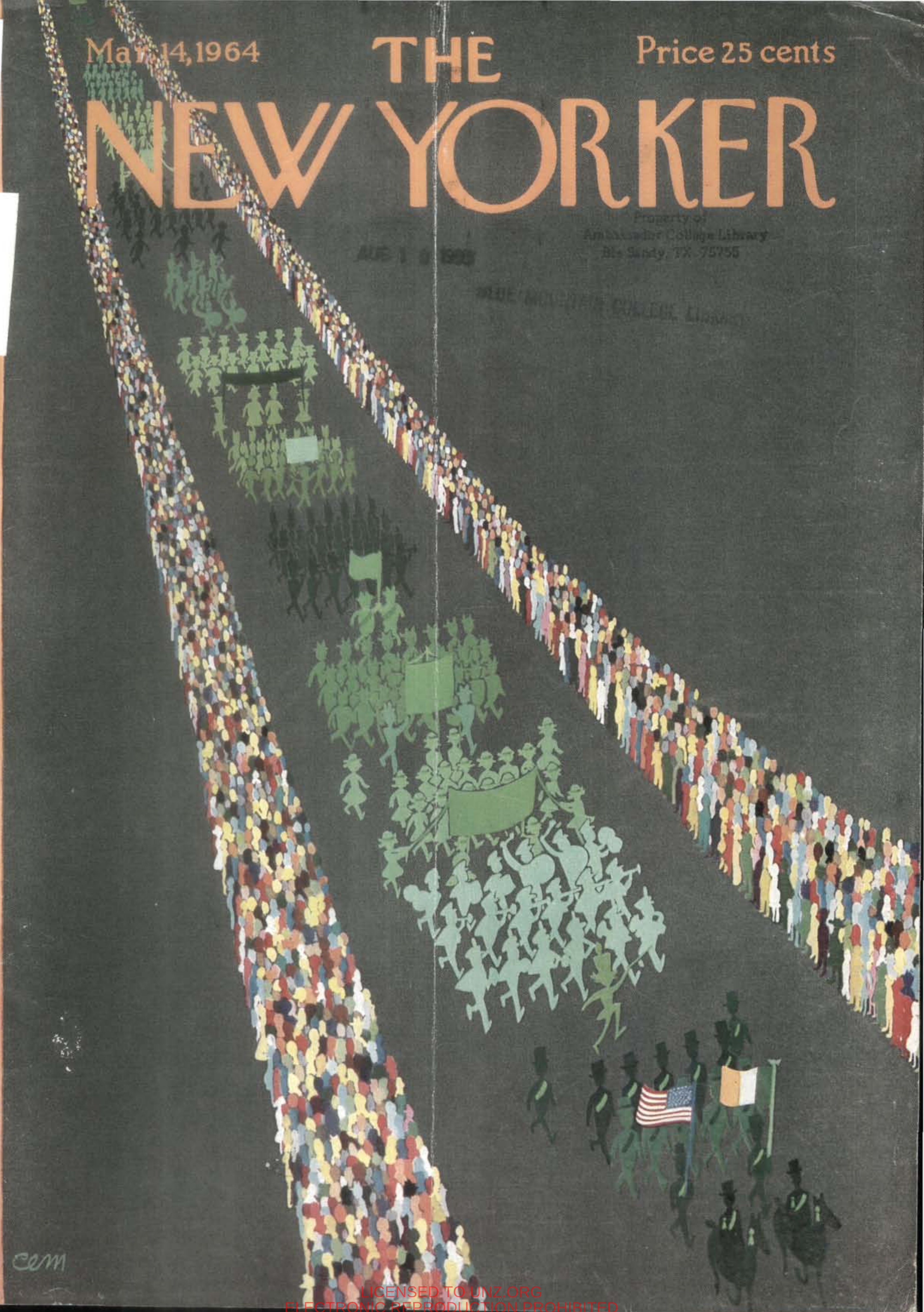
THE NEW YORKER

Price 25 cents

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755

AUG 1 9 1993

BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE Library



"My mommy can beat up your mommy."

"Well, *my* mommy has a beautiful new Montina Vinyl Corlon floor, so there."

"My mommy is the Chief of Police of Huntstown."

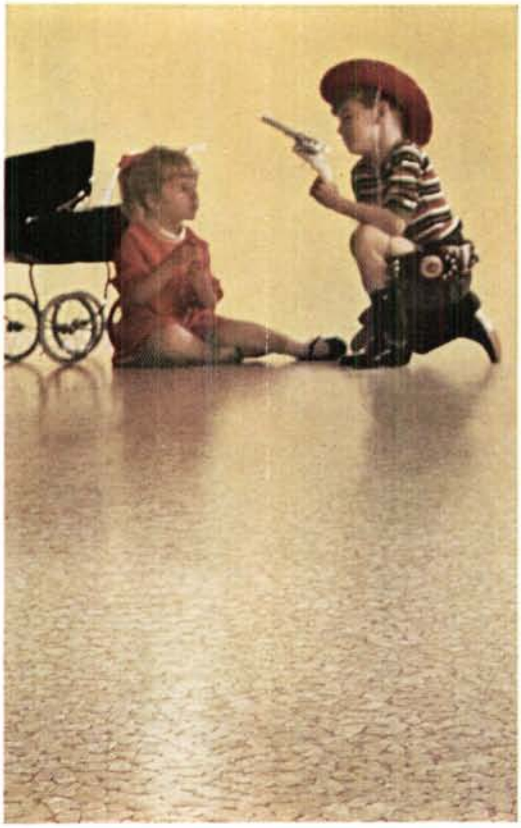
"Well, *my* mommy says a Montina floor is the most arresting floor in the whole country."

"My mommy's wedding ring has twenty-four stones."

"Well, *my* mommy's Montina floor has eight zillion billion little things in it that look like stones that float."

"My mommy can turn blue on Monday."

"Well, *my* mommy's Montina has all kinds of colors in it, including Subtle."



"My mommy's fur coat feels shinier than your mommy's fur coat feels shiny."

"Well, *my* mommy's Montina floor feels nubbly because it has *surface texture*."

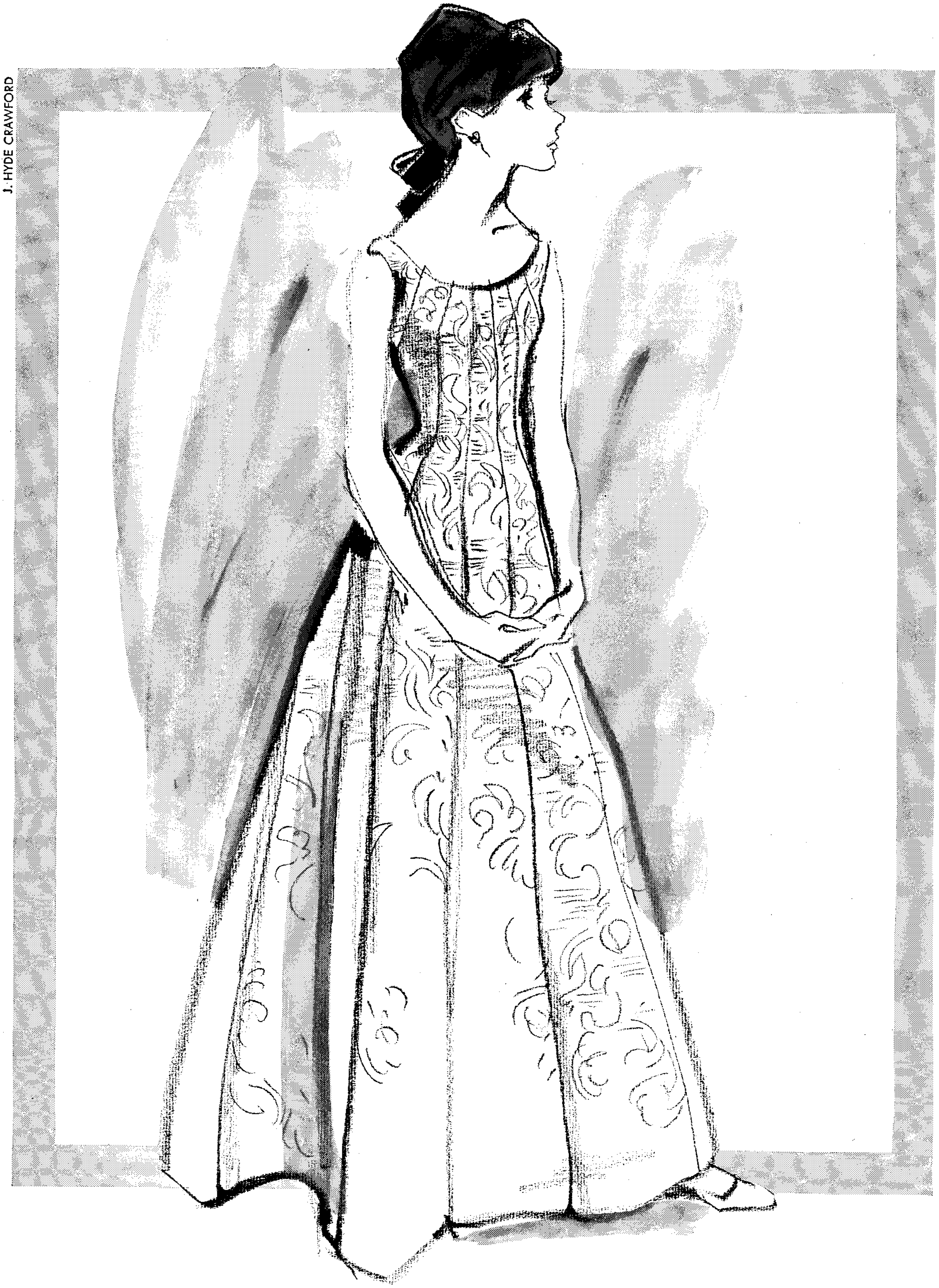
"Trade you a frog for your mommy's Montina floor."

"My mommy wouldn't trade it for *anything*." (Write for a free sample of Montina: Armstrong, 6403 Payne Rd., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 34-R, Box 919, Montreal, P.Q.)

Style shown: 86712. Montina and Corlon are registered trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.

Montina Corlon is one of the famous

Armstrong VINYL FLOORS



LANZ LIGHTS THE NIGHT FOR MISS BONWIT JR. The white evening dress, here in a heavenly full-length version with the Lanz signature of charm and young worldliness. In cotton matelassé, just the thing for proms and other important doings. 5 to 15 sizes, 60.00   Found this very minute in our Miss Bonwit Jr. Dresses, it has, as do all our Lanz treasures... **THE BONWIT TELLER TOUCH**

BONWIT
TELLER

New York   Manhasset   White Plains   Short Hills   Philadelphia   Chicago   Oakbrook   Cleveland   Boston

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANY WEDNESDAY—A sprightly farce about a girl who is a rich man's plaything and lives in an executive suite that her lover's company maintains on a tax-deductible basis. Sandy Dennis is full of bounce and charm as the girl in question, and Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman lend her admirable support. Henry Kaplan has directed Muriel Resnik's play in effervescent style, and Robert Randolph has provided a bright décor. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK—There isn't much substance to this account of the troubles a young couple have in starting married life in a *Manhattan walkup, but Neil Simon* has given the play a pleasant glow. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar are very diverting in it. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CASE OF LIBEL—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE CHINESE PRIME MINISTER—Enid Bagnold's comedy concerns itself with a seventy-year-old actress, widely celebrated, who decides that she can do without familial responsibilities at three score and ten. While the play isn't particularly dramatic, there are some superior performances by Margaret Leighton, Alan Webb, and John Williams. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE DEPUTY—The famous drama in verse, by Rolf Hochhuth, which examines in some detail the relations between the Vatican and the Third Reich during the Second World War. The play, originally encompassing five acts, has been abbreviated here to two, but most of its telling moments are included, and even if the verse structure is occasionally ramshackle, the cast, headed by Jeremy Brett, does right well by the enterprise. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

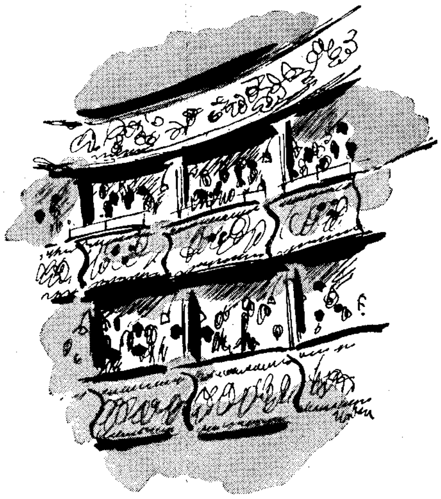
DYLAN—The outrageous and eloquent Welsh poet masterfully personified by Sir Alec Guinness in a highly satisfactory play by Sidney Michaels. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HABIMAH—H. Bartov's "Each Had Six Wings" is the last offering in a seven-week engagement by the National Theatre of Israel. Earphones provide a simultaneous English translation. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 22.)

LUTHER—John Osborne's perceptive drama reveals the great German reformer warts and all. John Heffernan now plays the title role. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20. Closes Saturday, March 28.)

NOBODY LOVES AN ALBATROSS—A comedy about the ways that some seedy TV types pick up a living in Hollywood. Robert Preston is functioning at the top of his game in this one, which was written by Ronald Alexander and is ebulliently directed by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964**: A new edition of the show, fortified with fresh material and performed by Paxton Whitehead, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. Starting Sunday, March 15, the cast will consist of Mr. Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ENTER LAUGHING**: A play concerned with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor. Alan Arkin is the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles are also in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, March 14.) . . . **MARY, MARY**: An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. Mindy Carson and Tom Helmore will succeed Miss Smith and Mr. Evans on Sunday, March 15. (Helen Hayes, 46th St. W., CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE**: A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**: Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

MUSICALS

FOXY—Bert Lahr slithering hilariously about in a very free adaptation of Ben Jonson's "Volpone," which now has as its locale the frozen wastes of Alaska. Ian McLellan Hunter and Ring Lardner, Jr., wrote the book, and Johnny Mercer and Robert Emmett Dolan invented the lyrics and music. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 7-5900. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE GIRL WHO CAME TO SUPPER—Old-fashioned schmalz, about a Middle European grand duke and a doxy from Milwaukee, which has the benefit of a couple of stimulating performances by Tessie O'Shea and Florence Henderson. The book is no great shakes, but once in a while the lyrics and music, by Noël Coward, show a little get-up-and-go. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, March 14.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—Carol Channing romping happily through an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," which has lively lyrics and music by Jerry Herman, and a helpful book by Michael Stewart. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

HERE'S LOVE—Santa Claus, Macy's vs. Gimbels, and innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

110 IN THE SHADE—An in-and-out musical adaptation of the play called "The Rainmaker," in which Inga Swenson is utterly captivating as the heroine. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?—A foot-dragging musical about a no-good who makes it big in Hollywood. The book was written by Budd and Stuart Schulberg, and the lyrics and music were by Ervin Drake. Prominent in the cast are Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM**: Dick Shawn and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING**: The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman is the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée is his employer. (46th Street

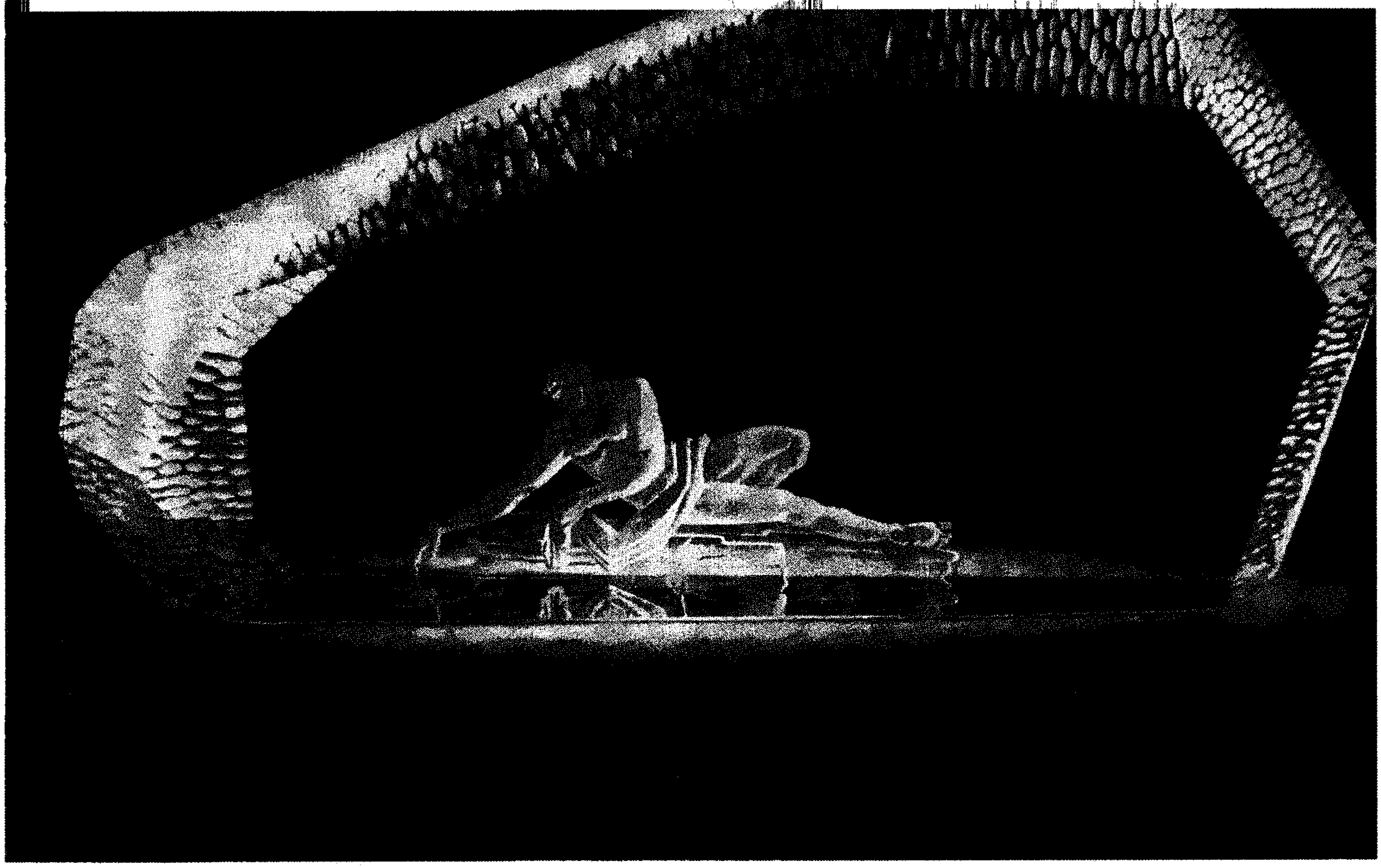
Page
BOOKS 169
THE CURRENT CINEMA 155
LETTER FROM BUDAPEST 121
MUSICAL EVENTS 157
JAZZ CONCERTS 159
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
THIS AND THAT 165
THE RACE TRACK 115
THE THEATRE 109

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, E. R. Spaulding, and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; Robert S. Ogden, advertising manager. Advertising offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1365 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. W. 1. Vol. XL, No. 4, March 14, 1964. Second-class postage paid in New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. © 1964 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00. Other foreign, $11.00.



Narcissus • Glass design by George Thompson • Engraving design by Sidney Waugh • Length 11″ • $2,250.00

Narcissus

YOU are looking at a legend in crystal by Steuben. The engraved figure is Narcissus, ill-fated son of a river god.

Narcissus sealed his doom when he rejected the love of Echo, a young nymph. She died of a broken heart.

The gods were angered, and devised a special punishment for Narcissus. They forced him to fall in love with his own likeness.

In the sculpture above, Narcissus has just discovered his reflection in a quiet pool. Already, the curse of the gods is working. Here is a man entranced, even trying to touch his own image.

There is no escape. The rough-hewn arch of crystal surrounds and confines him.

According to the legend, Narcissus languished and died. His body vanished, to be replaced by the flower that bears his name.

This study in fascination is now on display at Steuben Glass. You are invited to come and see it.

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OLIVER!:** The Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and all the rest. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Lincoln Center Repertory—S. N. Behrman's comedy-drama "But for Whom Charlie," with Ralph Meeker and Salome Jens, is the last offering in this series of plays. Opens Thursday, March 12, at 7. Other performances Friday, March 13, at 8:30; Saturday, March 14, at 2:30 and 8:30; Sunday, March 15, at 2:30 and 7:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, March 17-19, at 8:30....¶ Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions," Friday, March 20, at 8:30, and Saturday, March 21, at 2:30 and 8:30. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

City Center—THÉÂTRE DE FRANCE: Final performances of Offenbach's operetta "La Vie Parisienne" will close out the engagement. Thursday and Friday, March 12-13, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, March 14-15, at 2:30 and 8:30. A limited number of simultaneous-translation earphones may be rented at each performance.... **CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY:** *Opening performances of a three-*week repertory that will continue through Sunday, April 5. "The Yeomen of the Guard," Wednesday, March 18, at 8, and Thursday, March 19, at 8:30....¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Friday, March 20, at 8:30; Saturday, March 21, at 2:30 (primarily for children); and Saturday, March 21, at 8:30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

APA at the Phoenix—Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Thursday and Friday, March 12-13, at 8:40; Tuesday, March 17, at 8:40; and Wednesday, March 18, at 2:40 and 8:40....¶ George M. Cohan's "The Tavern," Saturday, March 14, at 2:40 and 8:40, and Thursday and Friday, March 19-20, at 8:40....¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles," Sunday, March 15, at 2:40, and Saturday, March 21, at 7 and 10. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

The Amorous Flea—A modest and chipper little musical adapted from Molière's "School for Wives," with Lew Parker, properly creaky and comical, as the old bachelor who plans to marry his young ward, and Imelda de Martin, properly slyboots, as the object of his affections. The songs—words and tunes—are by a promising newcomer named Bruce Montgomery. (East 78th Street Playhouse, 52 E. 78th St. AG 9-1100. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet's occasionally stunning, occasionally windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blood Knot—James Earl Jones gives a fine performance and J. D. Cannon a good one in this rather mechanical drama about a pair of South African half brothers, one of them a full Negro and the other part white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—A rousing revival of the Rodgers and Hart musical. The songs are, of course, wonderful, and they are well sung by the high-spirited company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

The Caretaker—A revival of the Harold Pinter play, with Leonardo Cimino, Donald Moffat, and Norman Bowler serving as the entire cast. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Dynamite Tonight—An opera with a libretto by Arnold Weinstein, a score by William Balcom, and a cast that includes Barbara Harris and George Gaynes. Presented by the Actors Studio Theatre. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Immoralist—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

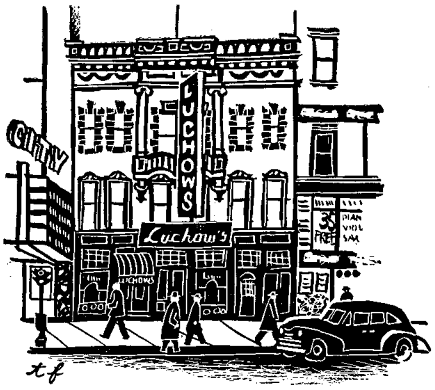
In White America—A chronological arrangement of official and private documents recounting the history of the Negro in this country. It may not make a play, exactly, but, as recited and acted by six fine performers, it certainly makes a dramatic and moving evening. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays, except March 17, through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jerico-Jim Crow—A fervent performance, by a choir and a handful of soloists, of traditional Negro songs, with a narrative by Langston Hughes. The singing and some of the acting are fine. The singing and acting of Gilbert Price and Hilda Harris are extraordinary. Weekends only. (The Sanctuary, 143 W. 13th St. OR 5-3213. Saturdays at 7:30 and 10, and Sundays at 5:30.)

Jo—This wispy musical concoction adapted from "Little Women" does no justice to its lively original, but the score and dancing are occasionally rather pleasant. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Fridays at 4, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Two dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the English playwright Harold Pinter. Alan Schneider directed. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Play and **The Lover**—"The Lover," a comedy by Harold Pinter, is part parody but mostly his own deadpan and very funny joke about an English suburban couple who spend their afternoons in the ritualistic seduction of each other. In "Play," by Samuel Beckett, three corpses in urns reminisce about their late triangular affair for approximately ten cloudy minutes. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



Six Characters in Search of an Author—A brisk production of Pirandello's tantalizing comedy about a group of stray characters who break in on a theatrical rehearsal. The translation, which sounds fine, is by Paul Avila Mayer. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Squat Betty and **The Sponge Room**—These one-acters, imported from London, are full of bright, quirky lines and notions, but the production doesn't do the plays justice. Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall are the collaborating dramatists. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Streets of New York—The songs, by a bright new team—Barry Alan Grael (lyrics) and Richard B. Chodosh (score)—and the direction of Joseph Hardy transform Dion Boucicault's creaky old opus into a thoroughly delightful musical comedy in which every performer is highly satisfactory. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. Sometimes comic and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays, at 2:30.)

The Trojan Women—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the aftermath of the Trojan War is always clear and visually satisfying. Michael Cacoyannis was the director, and the beautiful translation is the work of the late Edith Hamilton. The individual performances vary considerably in quality. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Trumpets of the Lord—A musical adaptation of "God's Trombones"—a series of poems in the form of sermons by the late James Weldon Johnson—which is by turns (and at times simultaneously) jubilant, witty, moving, and fervent. The all-Negro cast is made up of three good actors and six good singers. The music is made up of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs. Vinnette Carroll is the adapter. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

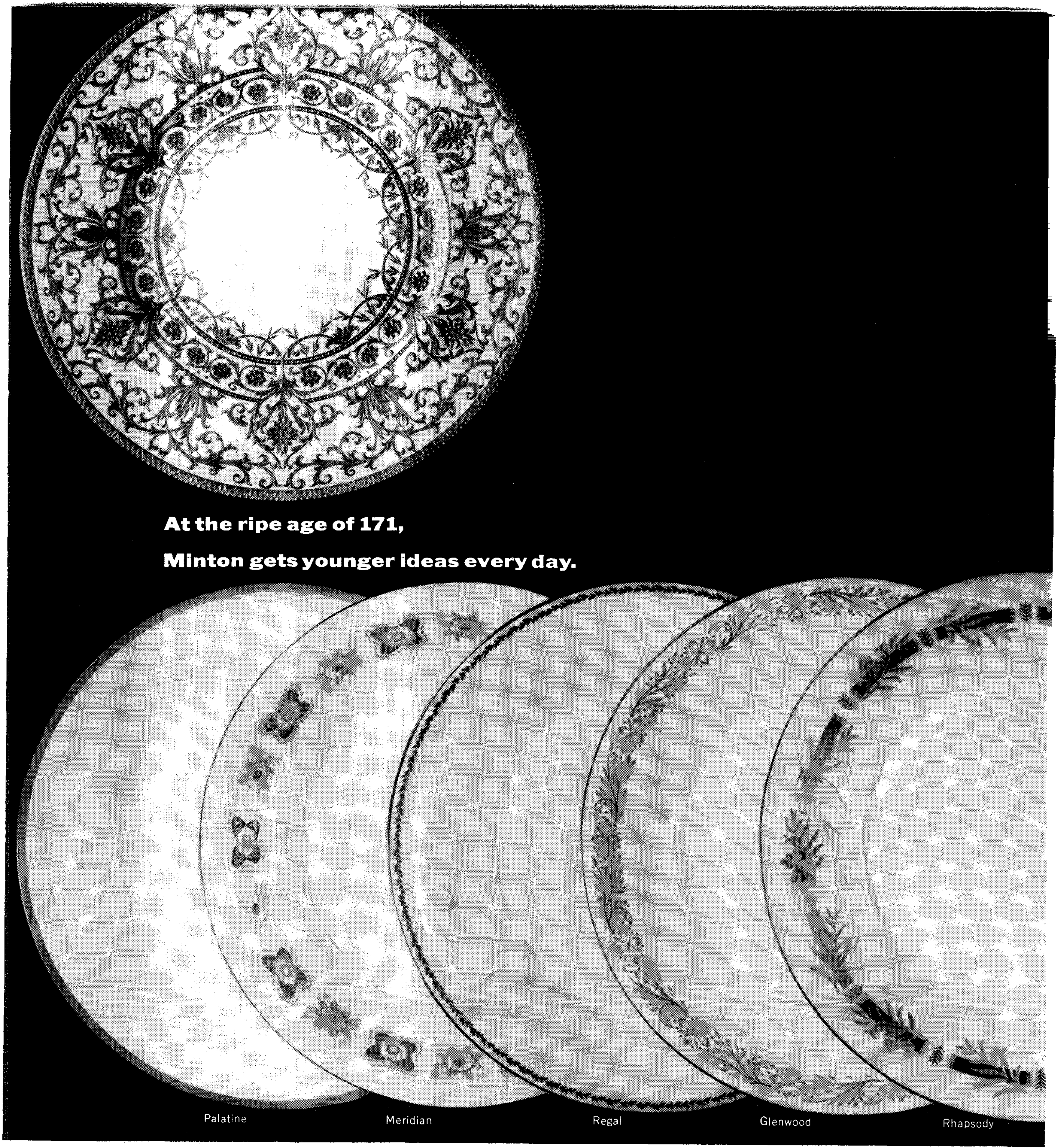
Olé Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. LO 3-1870. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Pearl Lang—With her dance company and Paul Sanasardo. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST. 3-6700. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

A Homage to Shakespeare—Dame Edith Evans, Sir John Gielgud, and Margaret Leighton in the first of two performances of a program of scenes, songs, and sonnets, directed by William Ball. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday, March 15, at 8:30.)

Magic Show—The 1964 edition of "Magic, Mirth and Mystery," put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Brooklyn Academy of



For her best set of china, Empress Catherine of Russia went to a brilliant young English potter named Minton.

Subsequent empresses have continued to do a lively business with subsequent Mintons. And now it's *your* turn.

Minton's newest regal shape is Monarch, a melodious marriage of tradition with contemporary simplicity. ("We must always express the best taste of our own day!" decreed an early Minton. His descendants have complied, as you see above.)

Monarch is offered in nine patterns, ranging from a simple platinum halo to the lushness of an English garden in June. All Minton is hand-made and hand-decorated. All Minton contains nearly twice as much bone as the law requires. All Minton shines like pearl, rings like a bell, is whiter than snow, and thrives in your automatic dishwasher.

For the ancient Minton at the top of the page, haunt London's antique shops. For the modern Minton below, go to the dominant stores. Place settings from $18.75.

May we send you a color brochure of 39 Minton patterns?
Minton, Inc., 11 East 26th Street, New York 10, N.Y.

The world's most beautiful china **MINTON English Bone China**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, 7th Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The happy nursery rhymes of our childhood ("Pennies from Heaven," "Blue Champagne," and such) are getting the benefit of those sumptuous Glenn Miller orchestrations, from the band of the same name, in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. Tex Beneke, who was around when, leads the band; Ray Eberle and Paula Kelly, who were ditto ditto, lead the singers. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The very floral—well, practically florid—dining room is inhabited by George Anaya's assortment of Cuban crooners and bandsmen, who make sitting-down music from eight to ten, and then getting-up music from ten to one. No music at all on Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—Some of the latecomers who still do business here during wee hours report regularly for duty, and—in this burgeoning neighborhood—there are always enough newcomers for them to complain about. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra play industriously for the entrancemakers. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—*Comme il faut* is the house rule in the dignified Café Pierre, where a spunky little Ben Cutler band does the dance music and Renato Rossini, a grand hand with a guitar, lends an air of nobility. Mr. R. lays off Mondays, but the band plays on and on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Dinner and supper in the Persian Room are improved by Caterina Valente, who has so many good songs to sing so well that she has no time for small talk. This blessing is enhanced by her guitar, Emil Coleman's orchestra, and Bernie Leighton's just-right piano. Dancing to the strains of the Colemans and Mark Monte's small assortment of pepper shakers. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. The LeFleurs stay home Mondays. . . . ¶ After eight, the Palm Court is flown to Europe, to become a curbside café, and a truly romantic one (the moonlight is lavender), in which—as one downs pastry, ices, and a cold bottle—Gunnar Hansen's violin suits itself to the mood. This goes on until one every night but Sunday.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin's band is burbling in the Maisonette. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a dinner-and-supper-with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town ramble along from eight to two every night but Sunday.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—In the Columns, Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six to eleven. Closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—Little Egypt, though not quite the one that made the Chicago World's Fair famous, even if the country dances put on by the clientele are sometimes quaint reminders of the lady in question. The scenery is a rollicking suggestion of the Cairo hostelry called Shepheard's; the dance music, non-stop from eight to four, is a blend of American electronics and real musicians.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

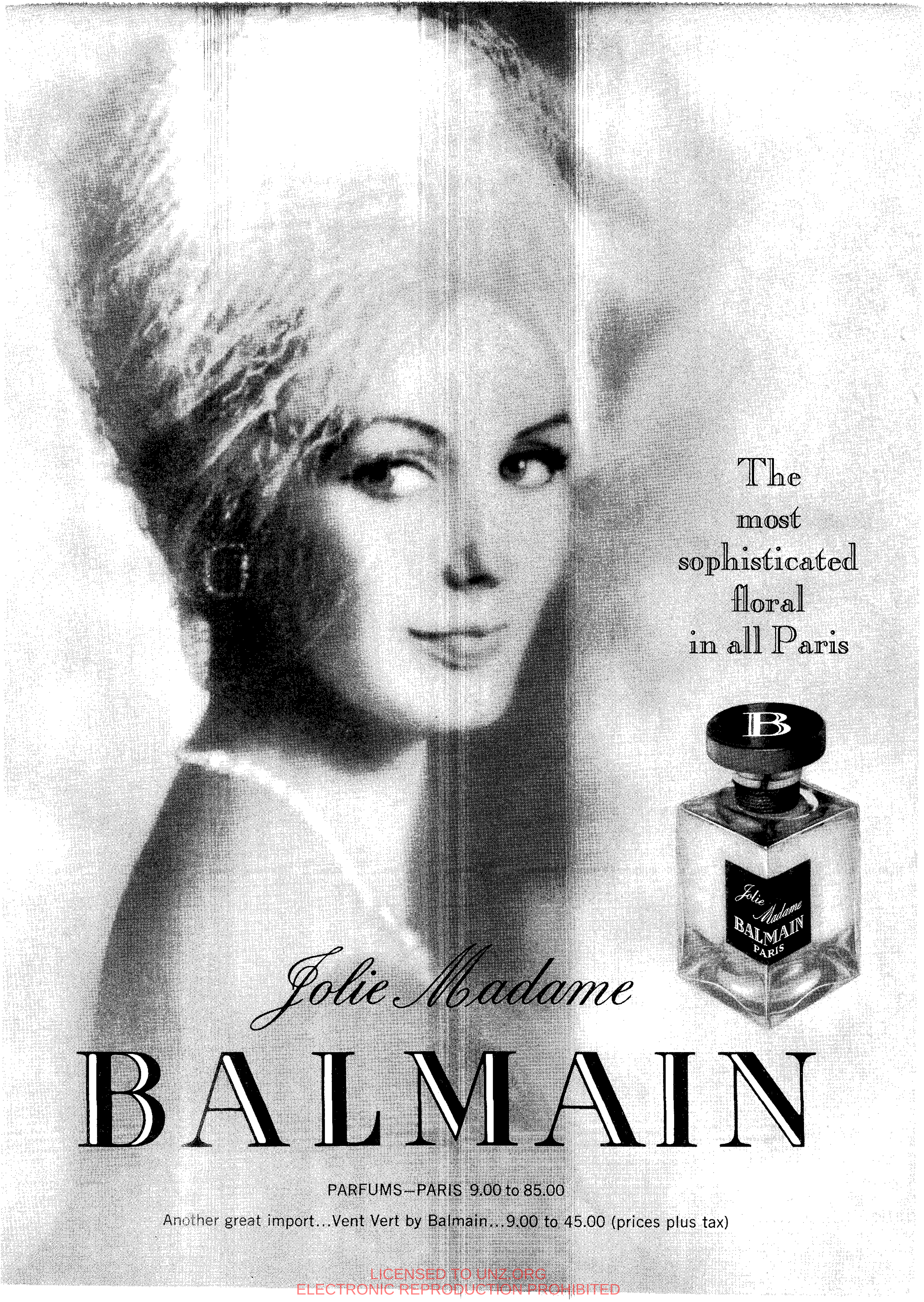
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The tripping in the Embassy Club is light and fantastic, for dancing has been restored there, now to the sound of Milt Shaw's band, which operates from eight to one during the week, from nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jack Carter, once content to rely upon his skill as a quick-firing monologuist, has embarked upon a new venture—the comedy of manners, mostly bad. The result is on exhibition, at great length, during dinner and supper in the Empire Room. The whole evening is the range of the two dance bands—a perky Meyer Davis orchestra and Horace Diaz's regiment. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A coëducational discussion group of all ages keeps fairly steady hours at both bar and grill. The moderator is Goldie Hawkins, who plays piano off and on during the evening (Wayne Sanders is his alternate), and then does double piano with Mr. S. after the theatre. Sam Hamilton runs one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A walled garden in Florence where, among the dinner tables, a number of wicked ghosts (Scarpia and Pinkerton among them) can comfortably reënact, in song and story, the scenes of their crimes. The tiny opera company that provides the necessary personnel a couple of times a night is under the baton of Aldo Bruschi, a pianist who often joins in with his choristers. Thursdays through Sundays, there's leisurely dancing, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Grand gestures are quite in keeping with this scenery, in the midst of which Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A sort of royal road to cocktails, dinner, and supper. Most of the time, Forrest Perrin strolls with judicious calm up and down his piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARCHIE'S,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (EL 5-9395): Beneath a glorious turn-of-the-century chandelier, Hugh Shannon is doing piano and ballads (the jauntiest of which are almost coeval with the chandelier) in the sturdy, cheering voice these airs deserve. Michael Burr is his bassist. Ten to bedtime is Mr. Shannon's gamut; Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): An old-school, or spare-no-expense, French solution of the housing problem. Norbert Faconi, the court musician, makes his violin speak more lovingly than words. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about domestic architecture, which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves another. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A small Latin Olympics takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, is gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the restrained but calorific flamenco guitar wielded by Gustavo Lopez, from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with a jazz threesome, or just to tablehop. Sundays, a jazz twosome does duty. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to seven-thirty and from nine to two. No music Saturdays. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life moves at such a becomingly petty pace that the diners (the banquets are Roman and North of Italy) hardly notice when it's time to go home. The piano starts at five, the dance trio at nine-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays a brace of singers join in; there's a sliver of dance floor, too. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer's featherduster piano is the accompaniment from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Total recall of a banished Budapest is the primary occupation of the zimbalonists, fiddlers, sopranos, and tenors (Tibor Rakossy, the major-domo, to name one) who are on hand every night but Monday. Dancing. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney. (BU 8-2300): One knows that there is still a St. Petersburg whenever Marina Fedorovskaya sings, with great calm, the moody Russian and French songs of another day. She, piano, and violin carry on from seven-thirty until early morning. The chef, too, still dreams of St. Pete. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A wayside inn on the great trade route between Broadway and Park Avenue; i.e., East and West *do* meet. After ten-thirty, there's dancing at the south end of the pavilion. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty, and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop does her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League hollow oak. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Jules Kuti, whose piano makes the


The
most
sophisticated
floral
in all Paris
B
Jolie Madame
BALMAIN
PARIS

Jolie Madame

BALMAIN

PARFUMS—PARIS 9.00 to 85.00

Another great import...Vent Vert by Balmain...9.00 to 45.00 (prices plus tax)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

transition from Rodgers and Hart to Debussy with ease, is on duty (cocktails until eleven) in a state apartment of Napoleonic splendor. Closed Sundays. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): Piano, sober and without gymnastics, is the dinner menu; the pianist lends lyrics to his recital after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar, which is the stuff that decorators' dreams are made on, has now acquired Mimmo del Sud, a flip young Latin with a succinctly strummed guitar and succinctly rolled "r"s. His strolling concert goes on from half past nine until one-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It is the amiable conceit of Rita Dimitri, the incumbent soprano, to do what looks like a parallel of Theda Bara or some such, with songs to boot. Sometimes the piano and guitar of Stanley Brilliant, the music master here, joins in the nonsense; sometimes there's quiet music in a corner; sometimes one can dance a bit. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Lovely womanhood, stooping to lovely follies, is the dominant theme of "Diamond Fair," an opulent pageant that has thirty sterling examples of l. w. on its staff. Among the other starters are the customary excellent European variety acts and mile-high Eleanor Powell, whose lazily swinging long legs indicate that tap-dancing is by no means a lost art; there's also someone named Ruth Wallis, whose songs don't belong in this company, or any other, either. The Misses Powell and Wallis will be succeeded, on Wednesday, March 18, by Eddie Albert, once of Broadway, and his troupe. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The voice of decision is Sarah Vaughn's, exploring a wide area of the Jazz Age; the voice of anecdote is Pat O'Brien's, which goes back a long, long way. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Mort Sahl, who's been around the world enough to discover that it's flat, has not a few rambunctious ideas about how to get it back on its feet; Barbara McNair, who trills so beautifully, takes a much more what-care-I attitude toward the situation. Dancing by both the Copa all-girl ballet and the customers.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

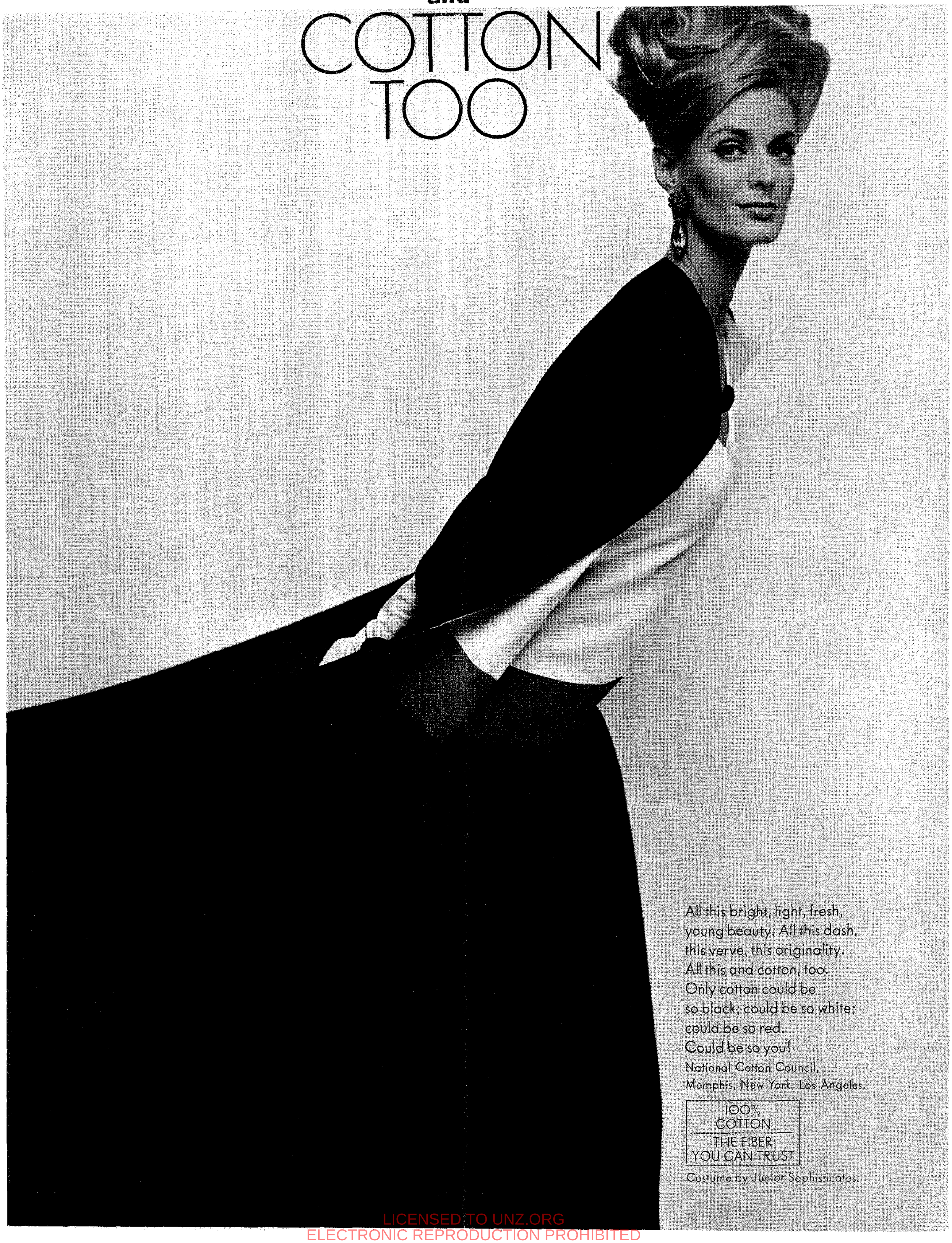
PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Baker's Dozen," the new Julius Monk revue, heaves plenty of well-bred sighs over the sorry state of affairs—metropolitan, national, and amorous. The sighs are mixed with so many verbal plays and ploys that binaural attention is an absolute requisite. Gerry Matthews and Barbara Cason lead a very, very glib cast that also contains Jamie Ross, Nagle Jackson, Delphi Harrington, Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The orchestra is the pianos of William Roy, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. The hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Jackie Vernon, a young member of the spate-of-words set, retires from office on Friday, March 13. Next evening brings back Rolf Harris, whose Down Under short stories are—like the kangaroo in his best-known folk song—highly original and a bit gamy. Ketty Lester, that pleasurable little soprano, arrives the same night. The entertainment begins right after dinner and goes on through supper. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST:** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The junior varsity of the Second City troupe now mans most of the posts in the revue that takes place here, but nearly all the ideas expounded are still upper-class or post-graduate. Tom O'Horgan is sole composer and sole musician. The revue happens Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and dreaming their way through life, accompanied by a set of splendid flamenco dancers named Isabella and Miguel. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Sundays, there's a rampant tea dance, and only one show, at ten-thirty. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ Just off the bar, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of heartfelt song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Twice Over Nightly," a largely entertaining revue greatly helped by the presence of Mary Louise Wilson, Paul Dooley, and MacIntyre Dixon, ends its career on Saturday, March 14. It sets to at nine-fifteen and midnight. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): "The New Establishment," the third of a series of revues with a distinct flavor of London, is a seething mass of skits (Peter Cook is the author of most of them) that have the glitter and menace of Excalibur. The unfailingly excellent players are Peter Bellwood, Alexandra Berlin, Francis Bethencourt, and Roddy Maude-Roxby; the singer is the darkling and handsome Carole Simpson; the band is Marian McPartland's gently on-with-the-new trio. Like nearly all the players, the menu is British as can be. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven-thirty, Sundays at four and eight. The McPartlands do reprises in the bar after the late show. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Some of the doings onstage are fair-to-middling Latin-American rumpus; the main point, though, is Tito Guizar, a Mexican troubadour who doesn't get to town much any more. The cuisine, too, is Latin American. Dancing every evening, and on Sunday afternoons from two to seven. . . . **CAFÉ AU GO GO,** 152 Bleecker St. (SP 7-4530): A neat-as-a-pin new coffeehouse, and to some extent steakhouse, that serves as a rostrum for Irwin Corey, author of some of our best extemporaneous editorials on the state of show business, the nation, and (last but never least) himself. He begins his labors at about nine, and labors not on Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Miles Davis, sometimes a remote-control operator of his quintet, lets his horn tell its tale in mournful numbers. The trio of Bob Dorough, a madcap country-style singer and pianist, helps out. Their final night is Sunday, March 15. On Tuesday, March 17, Dudley Moore, of "Beyond the Fringe 1964," starts playing his close-coupled piano at the head of a trio. Sundays, business begins as early as five and goes on without alterations. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, the place will be open to receive Leon Bibb's big, strong folk songs, the country ballads of the Tarriers, and the acrobatic lyrics of Jon Hendricks (of the lately dissolved Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan), who has acquired the Gildo Mahones trio in the property settlement. On Friday, March 20, this operation will resume full time, with the Tarriers and Herbie Mann's Caribbean septet. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore. The important exponent is Ronnie Gilbert, for many years part of the Weavers. Tuesdays are given over, instead, to visiting undergraduates. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches is usually against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then Gene Krupa's clamorous foursome and Red Allen's die-for-dear-old-Dixie quartet do the blowing. On Monday, March 16, Lionel Hampton's crew will replace the Krupas. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Art Farmer's quartet, which still has Jim Hall on guitar, moves out on Thursday, March 12; next evening, John Coltrane's singsong horn and quartet take over. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Such nature studies as rambles with muskrats are carefully supervised by Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Dave Frishberg, and Yank Lawson. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, whose skill at variations is such that he doesn't really need themes, and his band are plumping for freedom of speech. Walter Bishop's threesome does the rest of the work. Sunday afternoons, there are four-to-eight sessions, too, by droppers-in; Mondays, the Mingus group gives way to the Upper Bohemia Six and David Amram's quartet. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the room noise that goes with it. On the stand is Joe Bushkin, who has sworn in three notable deputies—Jo Jones, Milt Hinton, and Stuff Smith—for his return to the local scene. On Friday, March 20, Bobby Hackett's quartet will operate in their stead, but they'll return next evening. Sundays, someone else always fills in. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Mary Lou Williams, who is the history of jazz piano neatly wrapped up into ten small, convenient fingers, is running a trio inside the oval bar. No music Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday by Marshall Brown, and every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Another New Wave youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the Banjokers is the guileless name they've chosen) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea, with time out Mondays and Tuesdays, when another set of banjoists, called the Red Onion Minstrels, takes over. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): J. C. Higginbotham comes again to life with a band that includes George Wettling and Hank D'Amico. These rare birds fly from nine to three every night but Sunday. Dancing. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): It could be east of Suez or south of Port Said, but at the moment it's the home of Jackie Paris, who does

all this and COTTON TOO

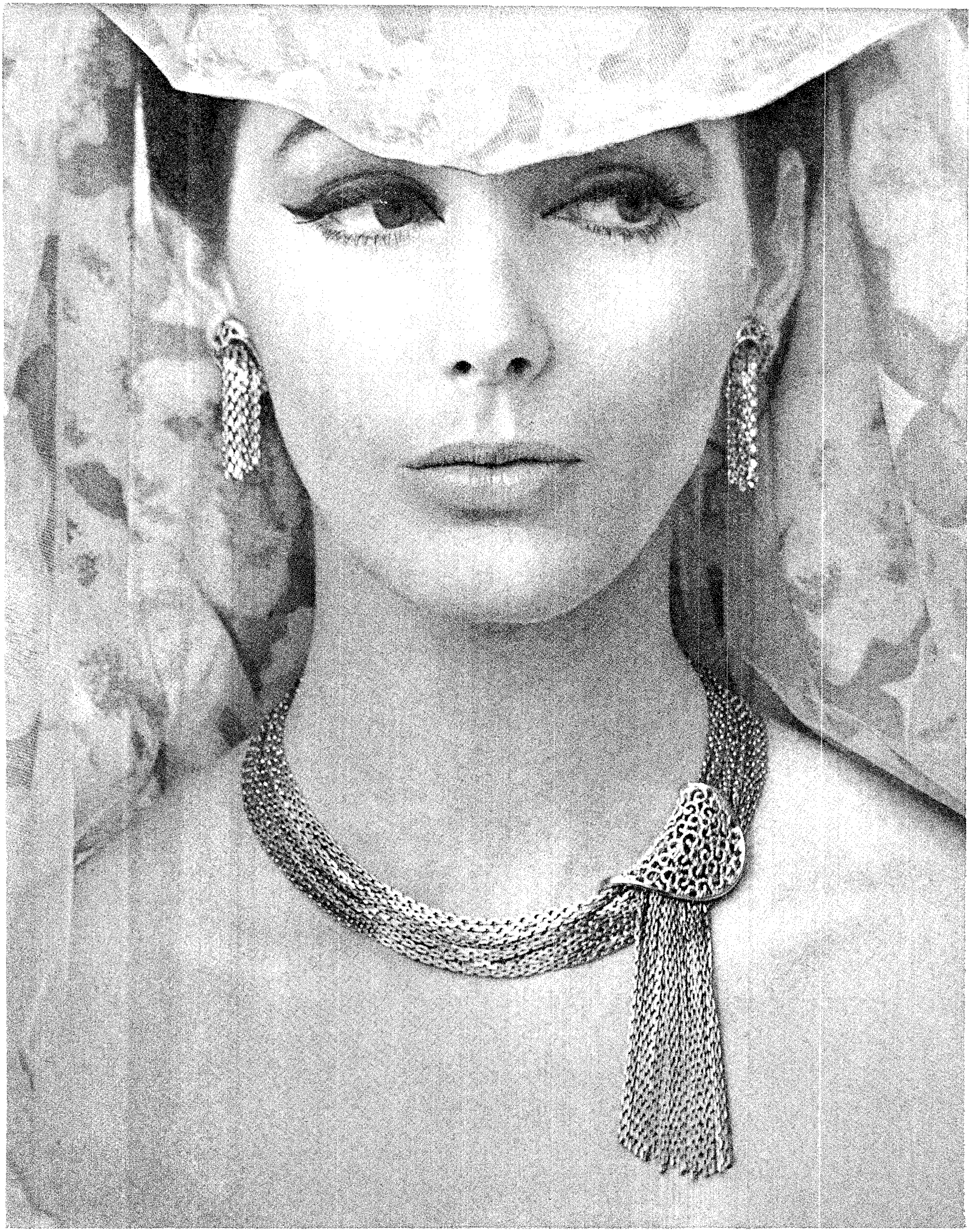


All this bright, light, fresh, young beauty. All this dash, this verve, this originality. All this and cotton, too. Only cotton could be so black; could be so white; could be so red. Could be so you!

National Cotton Council,
Memphis, New York, Los Angeles.

100%
COTTON
THE FIBER
YOU CAN TRUST

Costume by Junior Sophisticates.



MONET, MASTER JEWELER, CREATES THE "TRAVIATA" COLLECTION NECKLACE, $25. MATCHING EARRINGS, $12.50. BRACELET, NOT SHOWN, $15. PLUS TAX. AT THE FINEST STORES.

jewelry in the golden manner of **Monet**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

artful dodging through a flock of ballads. Ernie Furtado's trio makes the music. Sundays, another threesome is the whole deal.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Darrel Austin—Figures, beasts, and landscapes; through April 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sondra Beal—Abstract wooden sculptures; through Saturday, March 14. (DeNagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Roger Bolomey—Sculptures; through Saturday, March 21. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Doris Caesar—Bronze nudes; through March 28. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Sally Cook—Abstractions; through April 4. (Feiner, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Corbett—Abstract paintings; through March 28. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roberto Crippa—Abstractions by a young Italian artist; through Saturday, March 14. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St.)

Leon Dabo (1868-1960)—Watercolors and drawings; through March 28. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Adolf Dehn—Lithographs, 1920-63; through March 28. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Léon de Leeuw—Expressionistic landscapes of Tuscany; through March 28. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

B. F. Dolbin—Drawings, portraits mostly, from the period 1909-62; through March 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—An exhibition of oils, watercolors, drawings, and memorabilia, commemorating the hundredth anniversary of his birth; through March 28. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Perle Fine—Geometric paintings; through March 28. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Golfinopoulos—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, March 21. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maurice Grosser—Landscapes of Greece; through Saturday, March 21. (Banfer, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon Hartl—Still-lifes and landscapes; through March 28. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Childe Hassam—Landscapes and still-lifes by the American Impressionist; through Saturday, March 14. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Abstract paintings; through March 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Buffie Johnson—Abstract paintings; through March 28. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

William King—Wood carvings and bronzes, some done by the lost-wax process; through Saturday, March 21. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

W. H. D. Koerner (1878-1938)—Paintings of the Old West; through March 31. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Gaston Lachaise—Fifteen portrait heads make up an exhibition that is running concurrently with the showing of his works at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, March 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Mon Levinson—Relief sculptures; through Saturday, March 14. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Richard Lindner—Figurative paintings; through March 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marisol—Wooden figurative sculptures; through Saturday, March 21. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Maryan—Large brush drawings; through March 28. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Henry Niese—Still-lifes, landscapes, and figures; through Saturday, March 21. (Grippi & Waddell, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Picasso—Paintings executed during the past three years; through April 4. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abraham Rattner—Paintings, 1961-63; through March 28. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St. Closed Mondays.)

Siegfried Reinhardt—Symbolic drawings and paintings; through Saturday, March 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Jeanne Reynal—Mosaics; through March 28. (PVI Gallery, 173 E. 73rd St.)

Shirley Plaut Schaefer—Paintings; through Saturday, March 14. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St.)

George Segal—Plaster-cast people in environments; through April 4. (Green, 15 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sills—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Saturday, March 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

George Sugarman—Abstract sculptures in painted laminated wood; through April 4. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Toulouse-Lautrec—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings, drawings, lithographs, and posters, marking the centennial anniversary of his birth; through Saturday, March 14. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Louis R. Williams—Paintings of nudes and bathers; through March 29. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Fritz Wotruba—Stone and bronze figures, plus watercolors, drawings, and etchings, by this leading Austrian sculptor; through April 4. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sculptures—At the **STAEMPFLI**, 47 E. 77th St.: Stone, wood, and metal sculptures by American and European artists, among them Harry Bertoia, Max Bill, and Jean Tinguely; through Saturday, March 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Pieces by Peter Agostini, Robert Mallary, David Weinrib, and seven other sculptors who represented the United States at the São Paulo Bienal; through March 28.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Six Early American portraits (by Robert Feke, John Wollaston, Charles Willson Peale, Gilbert Stuart, and Thomas Sully), plus a group of drawings; through Saturday, March 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Oils by Ogden M. Pleissner, Stephen Etnier, and Adolf Dehn (to mention a few); through Saturday, March 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: "The American Conscience," an exhibit of paintings reflecting historical and social scenes by such artists as Charles Burchfield, Edward Hopper, and Mark Tobey; through April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: "The Painter's Eye," a show demonstrating how still-lifes, landscapes, or collages may serve as points of departure for abstract paintings. Hedda Sterne, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Pousette-Dart are three of the seven participants. Through March 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Mainly watercolors and drawings, by Hal Lotterman, Jacques Hnizdovsky, August Mosca, and others; through Saturday, March 14. . . . **SLOAN**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through March 28.

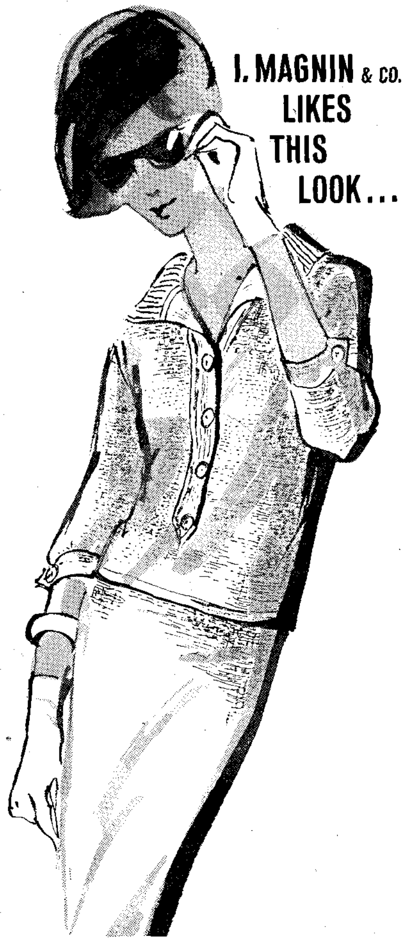
Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, among them Helen Frankenthaler, Theodoros Stamos, and Guitou Knoop; through Saturday, March 21. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: "2 Generations: Picasso to Pollock," an exhibition bringing together works by twentieth-century French artists, from Fauvism to Surrealism, with

Lord & Taylor

The new coat—

shaped just this much,
double breasted and
buttoned with brass
coins—freshest way
a coat can look now.
Lumay's design—white,
pink or blue wool-mohair
bouclé. Sizes 6 to 16.
Second Floor—80.00
At all Lord & Taylor stores

I. MAGNIN & CO. SAN FRANCISCO • OAKLAND
PALO ALTO • SACRAMENTO • CARMEL • FRESNO
LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • SANTA BARBARA
PASADENA • LA JOLLA • SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
SANTA ANA • PORTLAND • SEATTLE • PHOENIX


I. MAGNIN & CO.
LIKES
THIS
LOOK...

THE OVERBLOUSE DRESS IN A TRAVEL-WISE KNIT BY GOLDWORM . . . A CRISP, COOL BLEND OF LINEN, ARNEL-TRIACETATE AND WOOL IN NATURAL BEIGE, PASTEL PINK OR YELLOW, 8 TO 18 SIZES 50.00

MAIL ORDERS (ADD 55¢ FOR SHIPPING) TO UNION SQUARE SAN FRANCISCO OR TO 3240 WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES OR TELEPHONE YOUR NEAREST I. MAGNIN CO. STORE

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

examples by leading American Abstract Expressionists; through April 4. . . . **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Still-lifes by, among others, William Merritt Chase, John Singer Sargent, and Max Pechstein; through March 28.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER,** 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.: Lord Leighton, James McNeill Whistler, Albert Moore, and Charles Conder are the exhibitors in a show of English art entitled "Painters of the Beautiful;" through March 28. . . . **HAHN,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Delacroix, Gauguin, Renoir, and other nineteenth-century French masters; through March 28. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"World's Fairs—The Architecture of Fantasy," an exhibit of prints and photographs covering sixteen expositions and focussing on such structures as London's Crystal Palace in 1851, the Eiffel Tower for the Paris Fair in 1889, and the 1939 New York World's Fair Trylon and Perisphere; starting Friday, March 13. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 21 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until mid-May, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Fourteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five works by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"The Art of Mughal India," containing examples of the arts of the Mughal dynasty (1526-1858)—book and album paintings; vessels of jade, glass, and crystal; arms and armor; fabrics of gold tissue; and rugs. Through March 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—"Venetian Baroque Painters," a loan show of works by (for instance) Bernardo Strozzi, Domenico Fetti, and della Vecchia; through April 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Huntington Hartford's new museum will open on Saturday, March 21, with a permanent exhibition of paintings and sculptures from Mr. Hartford's own collection, including works by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein, plus a showing (ending April 22) of paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The Fourth Guggenheim International Award Exhibition, consisting of a painting apiece by eighty-two artists, including Alberto Giacometti, whose "Large Nude" won first prize. Twenty-four countries are represented. Through March 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A ten-year retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Jasper Johns, a leading member of the New York School; through April 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Designs for the Performing Arts," a display of original costume and scene designs (by Adrian, Cecil Beaton, Robert Edmond Jones, and others) from the Museum's collection; through Aug. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Designed for Production: The Craftsman's Approach," an exhibit of two hundred and twenty-five items, chiefly in the home-furnishings field; through May 3. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—A show entitled "Seafarers of New Guinea: Art of the Massim Area" (carved canoe prows and paddles, dance shields, and the like), together with a showing of paintings of primitive sculptures by Miguel Covarrubias; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-ninth annual exhibition, composed of nearly four hundred oils, sculptures, prints, and watercolors by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Maine and Its Artists: 1710-1963," a survey of paintings and sculptures ranging from eighteenth-century portraits and nineteenth-century romantic landscapes to the present, by such artists as Robert Feke, Winslow Homer, Marsden Hartley, and Andrew Wyeth; through March 22. . . . ¶ A retrospective of figures in bronze, marble, lead, and alabaster, and drawings, by the French-born American sculptor Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935); through April 5. A good complement to this exhibition is the Lachaise show (ending Saturday) at the Robert Schoelkopf Gallery, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, March 12: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 13: "Eugene Onegin" (in English), with Leontyne Price, Joann Grillo, Barry Morell, Morley Meredith, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 14: "La Bohème," with Renata Tebaldi, Laurel Hurley, Sándor Kónya, Frank Guarrera, Jerome Hines, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 14: "Lohengrin," with Leonie Rysanek, Nell Rankin, Jess Thomas, Hermann Uhde, and Ernst Wiemann. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 16: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Fernando Corena, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 17: "Faust," with Lucine Amara, Janis Martin, John Alexander, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 18: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Mignon Dunn, Arturo Sergi, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Franke. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 19: "Macbeth," with Birgit Nilsson, Cornell MacNeil, John Alexander, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 20: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Farrell, Joann Grillo, Arturo Sergi, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, Nicolae Herlea, and Franco Ghitti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 21: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, Rosalind Elias, Anselmo Colzani, Luigi Alva, and Mario Sereni. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 21: "Otello," with Zinka Milanov, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and Paul Franke. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—George Szell conducting on Thursday, March 12, at 8:30; Friday, March 13, at 2:15; and Sunday, March 15, at 3 (all with Maria Stader, soprano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, March 14, at 8:30 (with John Corigliano, violin). . . . ¶ George Szell conducting on Thursday, March 19, at 8:30; Friday, March 20, at 2:15; Saturday, March 21, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 22 at 3 (all with Pierre Fournier, cello, and William Lincer, viola).

VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting, with Philippe Entremont, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 8:30.)

CINCINNATI SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Max Rudolf conducting, with David Bar-Illan, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 16, at 8:30.)

FRIENDS OF FRENCH OPERA—Robert Lawrence directing performances of Fromental Halévy's "La Juive" in concert form by seventy-one members of the American Symphony Orchestra, with the Schola Cantorum of New

Ambush
Dana
Ambush
perfume by
Dana

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Navy and white knit

complete with brass buttons sums up spring in three elegant parts . . . with the flip-tie white blouse acting as another jacket any time you choose. All "Soiecette" textured acetate supple as silk and styled by Rona. Also in black and white. Sizes 10 to 20. (*N-20*) **45.00**
3rd Floor

Mail and phone orders filled—PLaza 9-2000

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

York; Suzanne Sarroca, soprano; Richard Tucker, tenor; and Norman Treigle, bass-baritone; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, March 17, at 8, with Chester Watson in place of Mr. Treigle.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting a performance of Richard Strauss's "Salome" in concert form, with Margaret Tynes, soprano; Margaret Roggero, mezzo-soprano; Norman Kelley, tenor; and Morley Meredith, baritone. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Concert Opera Association—Thomas Scherman directing the New York première of Richard Strauss's "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" ("The Woman Without a Shadow") in concert form, with Marianne Schech, soprano; Mary Davenport, contralto; William Lewis, tenor; and others. The final offering of the season. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, March 16, at 7:30.) . . . ¶ The Association will hold a preview of "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700) on Saturday, March 14, at 2:30.

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Die Wiener Solisten. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Sunday, March 15, at 4:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Thursday and Friday.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting a Mozart-Haydn program, with Rosina Lhevinne, piano. The final program of the season. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Interlochen Arts Academy Symphony Orchestra—Joseph E. Maddy conducting an orchestra of eighty-five players between the ages of twelve and eighteen. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Die Wiener Solisten—A chamber orchestra, in an all-Mozart program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Doctors' Orchestral Society of New York—Lester Salomon conducting, with Dr. Richard Ziter, piano. (Stuyvesant High School. First Ave. at 15th St. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting the final program of the season, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, March 21-22, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Columbia University Chorus—Peter Flanders directing, with a wind ensemble. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2081.)

Robert Shaw Chorale and Orchestra—Robert Shaw directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Philadelphia String Quartet—With Gilbert Kalisch, piano, and Jerome Margolis, narrator. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 12, at 8:30.)

Mieczyslaw Horszowski—The last in a series of programs of Mozart piano sonatas. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

Nicanor Zabaleta—Harp. (Town Hall. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 13, at 8:40.)

Ida Presti and Alexandre Lagoya—Guitarists. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Benefit Recital—Beveridge Webster and Paul Harelson, piano; Frances Magnes, violin; Louise Natale, soprano; and Michael Webster, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, March 15, at 2:30.)

Rolf Björling—Tenor. (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 17, at 8:30.)

Richard Cass—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Kohon String Quartet—The last in a series of recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Wednesday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Fou Ts'Ong—Piano. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The Festival Winds. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, March 20, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—A six-week series of weekend performances. On Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, Randy Weston's quintet, Ray Copeland, Booker Ervin, and Big Black are scheduled to appear. (Little Theatre, 238 W. 44th St. BR 9-6100. Fridays at 8:30 and at midnight and Saturdays at midnight.) . . . ¶ The Orchestra U.S.A., conducted by Gunther Schuller and Harold Farberman, with Coleman Hawkins. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 13, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Joe Bushkin's band. (Town Hall. Friday, March 20, at 9.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 15, at 2:30.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, March 13: Eddie Cotton vs. Johnny Persol, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. Friday, March 20: Joey Archer vs. Holly Mims, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.) . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 18, at 8: Golden Gloves Eastern Championships. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 15, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Final match of the National Intercollegiate Championship Tournament and a non-tournament match. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Saturday, March 14, at 8:30.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, March 16, through Saturday, May 30. *The Swift, Friday, March 20, and the* Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 21. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, March 21. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 14, and the Governor's Gold Cup, Saturday, March 21.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Paul Draper, tap dancer. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 21, at 11.) . . . CITY CENTER GILBERT & SULLIVAN COMPANY: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Saturday, March 21, at 2:30.) . . . CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: The last in a series of programs, this one devoted to the life and works of Puccini, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 21, at 3.)

Stage Shows—By the CHILDREN'S THEATRE WING: "The Tinder Box." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood." Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.) . . . MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS: "Gabriel

Ghost." (Public School No. 198, Third Ave. at 96th St. Saturday, March 14, at 11. Tickets at the school only, after 10:30 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted. . . . ¶ Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Sunday, March 15, at noon.) . . . **MERRI-MIMES:** "The Firebird." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Fortunately." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Year of the Quiet Sun," studies the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE—Starts at *noon on* Tuesday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 86th Street.

POETRY READINGS—W. H. Auden reading from his own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, March 12, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office only, after 6 on the day of the reading.)

COLISEUM, Columbus Circle—**COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR:** Where collectors will find European and Oriental furnishings and art objects; Americana, including Bennington pottery, Sandwich glass, and cigar-store Indians; and many other rarities. (Thursday through Saturday, March 12-14, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 15, from 2 to 7.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW:** The ultimate in horticultural achievement. In addition to floral displays, ranging from the daffodil to the orchid, there are tools, gadgets, and outdoor furniture for both the city and the country gardener. (Thursday through Saturday, March 12-14, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, March 15, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, March 13-14, at 1:45: Georgian and other furniture, Royal Worcester porcelain bird statuettes modelled by Dorothy Doughty, Georgian and other silver and silver-plated ware, porcelains, Chinese semiprecious-mineral carvings, bibelots, drawings and watercolors, paintings, and Oriental and other rugs; the property of Mrs. Harold Stanley and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 17, at 1:45 and 8: Rare books, including Grabhorn Press and other California examples of modern American literature, eighteenth-century French illustrated books, and English and American first editions; collected by Mrs. Robert M. Strong, Jr., and others.

ESTABLISHED 1818

OUR UNIVERSITY SHOP
invites undergraduates to see
our new Spring suits and sportwear

We have a good-looking selection of tropical weight suits, Orlon® acrylic and wool blazers and well-tailored Odd Trousers for right now...as well as wash-and-wear clothing you'll wear later. All of it reflects Brooks unmistakable styling and good taste, and is moderately priced for quality merchandise. In sizes 35 to 42.

*Tropical Dacron® Polyester and Worsted Suits, $65 and $70**

Dacron® Polyester and Cotton Poplin Suits, $45

Navy Orlon® Acrylic and Wool Blazers, $50

Our Own Make "346" Cotton Oxford Button-down Collar Shirts, from $6

Also Older Boys' Clothing, sizes 12 to 22,
and "346" Clothing, sizes 37 to 46.

**slightly higher west of the Rockies.*

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVE., COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

America America—A picturesque account of a young Greek's fierce journey to the land of his heart's desire. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Becket—The witty tragicomedy by Jean Anouilh has been brought to the screen with surprising success. Richard Burton plays the murdered bishop and Peter O'Toole plays Henry II. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Billy Liar—An English comedy, in which the brilliant young actor Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through March 17.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An acting out in human terms of the fierceness of the queen bee's desire for motherhood and the fate of the drone who dares to satisfy her. Unlikely as it seems, an extremely comic picture. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 13.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A superb comedy about the not at all comic subject of atomic war. Produced and directed by Stanley Kubrick, and starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Easy Life—An Italian melodrama, featuring Vittorio Gassman and directed at a fantastic pace by Dino Risi. (Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323; through March 15.)

The Fiancés—A wistful Italian study of a lower-middle-class couple who find it hard to make their way in the world and still be happy. Directed by Ermanno Olmi. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Fire Within—An exquisite French film, written and directed by Louis Malle, about a charming young wastrel and his doom. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454; through March 15.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—The first Cinerama comedy, bursting with actors and scary camera stunts but far too long and too unfunny. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Seven Days in May—A ruthlessly exciting melodrama about a right-wing plot to take over the government. John Frankenheimer has directed with great verve a cast that includes Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Silence—Still another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's long cross-examination of God, who has proved a reluctant witness. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Stray Dog—A classic Kurosawa thriller, shot in 1949 and starring a very youthful but characteristically intense Toshiro Mifune. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788.)

The Suitor—A lineal descendant of the good old days of silent American comedy, directed by and starring a bright young Frenchman named Pierre Etaix. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting March 13. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

This Sporting Life—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is compelling as the tragic hero, and so is Rachel Roberts, opposite him. Lindsay Anderson is responsible for the pretentious direction. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through March 17. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting March 18.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed—The Italian comedian Alberto Sordi plays a dreamy Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255. . . . ¶ Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; through March 14.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's poetic account of a young barge captain on the Seine, who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; March 12.)

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 14.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 13-16.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave French film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 12.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 15-17.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting March 13.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; March 13-16.)

Chaplin Comedy—"His Night Out," a memento from the silent past. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 17.)

David and Lisa (1962)—A study of adolescent schizophrenia. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 17, tentative.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—A Japanese film dealing with revolt, passion, and suspense in ancient Nippon. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting March 17.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Charlie Chaplin telling off the dictators. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 17, tentative. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 13.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French film that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuele Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; March 12. No afternoon performances.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting March 18.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet in the Dashiell Hammett yarn. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; March 12. No afternoon performances.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting March 13.)

Never Let Go (1963)—Peter Sellers in a tale of London crooks. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200.)

Shanghai Express (1932)—Revolutionaries and politics in the Orient. With Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 12.)

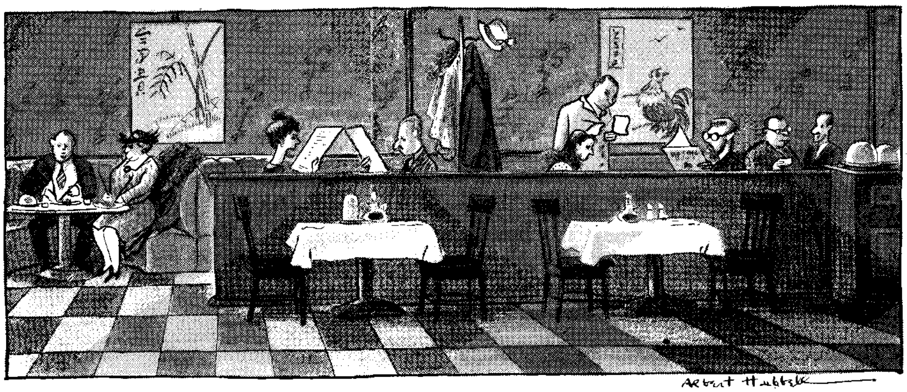
Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through March 14.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 15-17.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting March 13.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—A forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy of life among schoolchildren, written and directed by Jean Vigo. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; March 12.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen in May.



THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through March 17: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda.
From March 18: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

Loew's Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Best of Cinerama," a film composed of excerpts from the first five Cinerama movies. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through March 18: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through March 17: "Two Are Guilty" (in French), Anthony Perkins, Jean-Claude Brialy.
From March 18: "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
STRAY DOG (in Japanese).

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE FIANCÉS (in Italian).

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
March 12: **THE MALTESE FALCON**, revival; and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
From March 13: **THE SUITOR** (in French); and "On Approval," revival, Beatrice Lillie, Clive Brook.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 17: **BILLY LIAR.**
From March 18: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through March 17 (tentative): "Fantasia," revival.
From March 18: To be announced.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through March 17: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen.
From March 18: "Night Must Fall," Albert Finney, Susan Hampshire.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED (in Italian and Swedish).

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
Through March 17: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Follow a Star," revival, Norman Wisdom.
From March 18: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
"4 for Texas," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through March 14: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (in French), revival.
From March 15, at 9: "La Bonne Soupe" (in French), Annie Girardot, Marie Bell.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE GREAT DICTATOR, revival.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through March 14: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish).
From March 15: "They All Died Laughing," Leo McKern, Janet Munro.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
TOM JONES.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Doulos—The Finger Man" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charade," Cary Grant, Audrey Hepburn.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through March 16: "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.
From March 17: "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 17 (tentative): **DAVID AND LISA**, revival; and **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival.
From March 18: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 17: **BILLY LIAR**; and **CHAPLIN COMEDY** (silent).
From March 18: **THIS SPORTING LIFE**; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"One Man's Way," Don Murray, Diana Hyland.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 17: "The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.
From March 18: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Surf Party," Bobby Vinton.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
March 12: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and "Paris Belongs to Us" (in French), revival, Betty Schneider.
March 13-16: **THE BLUE ANGEL** (in German), revival; and **CASABLANCA**, revival.
From March 17: **GATE OF HELL** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Lady with the Dog" (in Russian), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 14: **THE BALCONY**, revival; and "Expresso Bongo," revival, Laurence Harvey, Sylvia Syms.
March 15-17: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**, revival.
From March 18: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 17: "The Big Time Operators" (formerly called "The Smallest Show on Earth"), revival, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna; and "Your Past Is Showing!," revival, Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.
From March 18: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
BEAT THE DEVIL, revival.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 17: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Surf Party," Bobby Vinton.
From March 18: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda; and "Phony American," William Bendix, Christine Kaufmann.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
BILLY LIAR; and **NEVER LET GO**, revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through March 17: "Man's Favorite Sport?," Rock Hudson, Paula Prentiss; and "Hide and Seek," Ian Carmichael, Janet Munro.
From March 18: "Dead Ringer," Bette Davis, Karl Malden; and "Young and Willing," Virginia Maskell.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Two Are Guilty" (in French), Anthony Perkins, Jean-Claude Brialy.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
Through March 15: **THE EASY LIFE** (in Italian).
From March 16, at 8:30: "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni. (Opening night by invitation only.)

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
March 12: **ZERO FOR CONDUCT** and **L'ATALANTE** (both in French and both revivals).
From March 13: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (both in French and both revivals).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through March 15: **THE FIRE WITHIN** (in French).
From March 16: "The Servant," Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Der Rosenkavalier," a Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
AMERICA AMERICA.

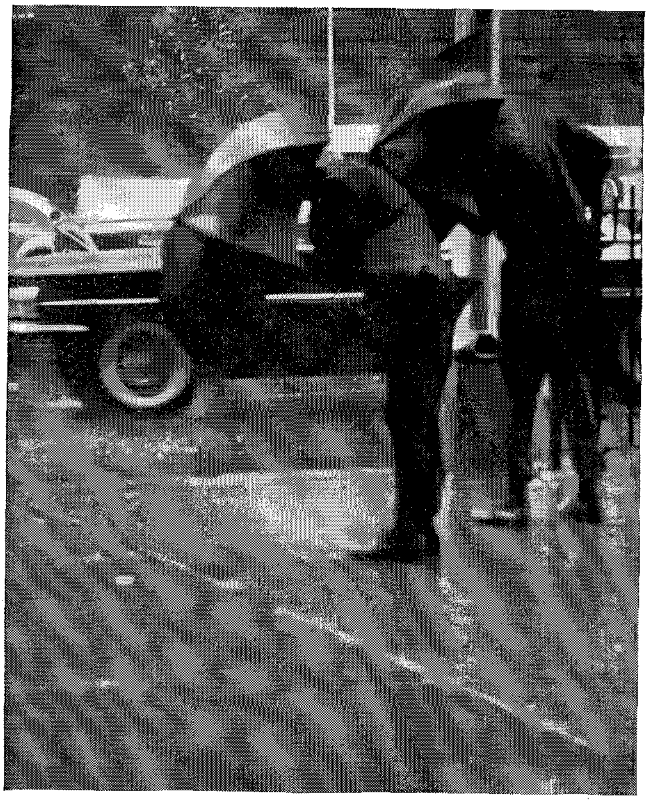
Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"The Victors," George Peppard, George Hamilton.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 12: **SHANGHAI EXPRESS**, revival; and "Blonde Venus," revival, Marlene Dietrich.
From March 13: **MOROCCO**, revival; and "Every Day's a Holiday," revival, Mae West, Edmund Lowe.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 17: "Love with the Proper Stranger," Natalie Wood, Steve McQueen; and "Time Out for Love," revival, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle.
From March 18: "Sunday in New York," Cliff Robertson, Jane Fonda; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 12: "The Lady with the Dog" and "Eugene Onegin" (both in Russian and both revivals).
From March 13: **THE CONJUGAL BED** (in Italian); and **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
BILLY LIAR; and **NEVER LET GO**, revival.



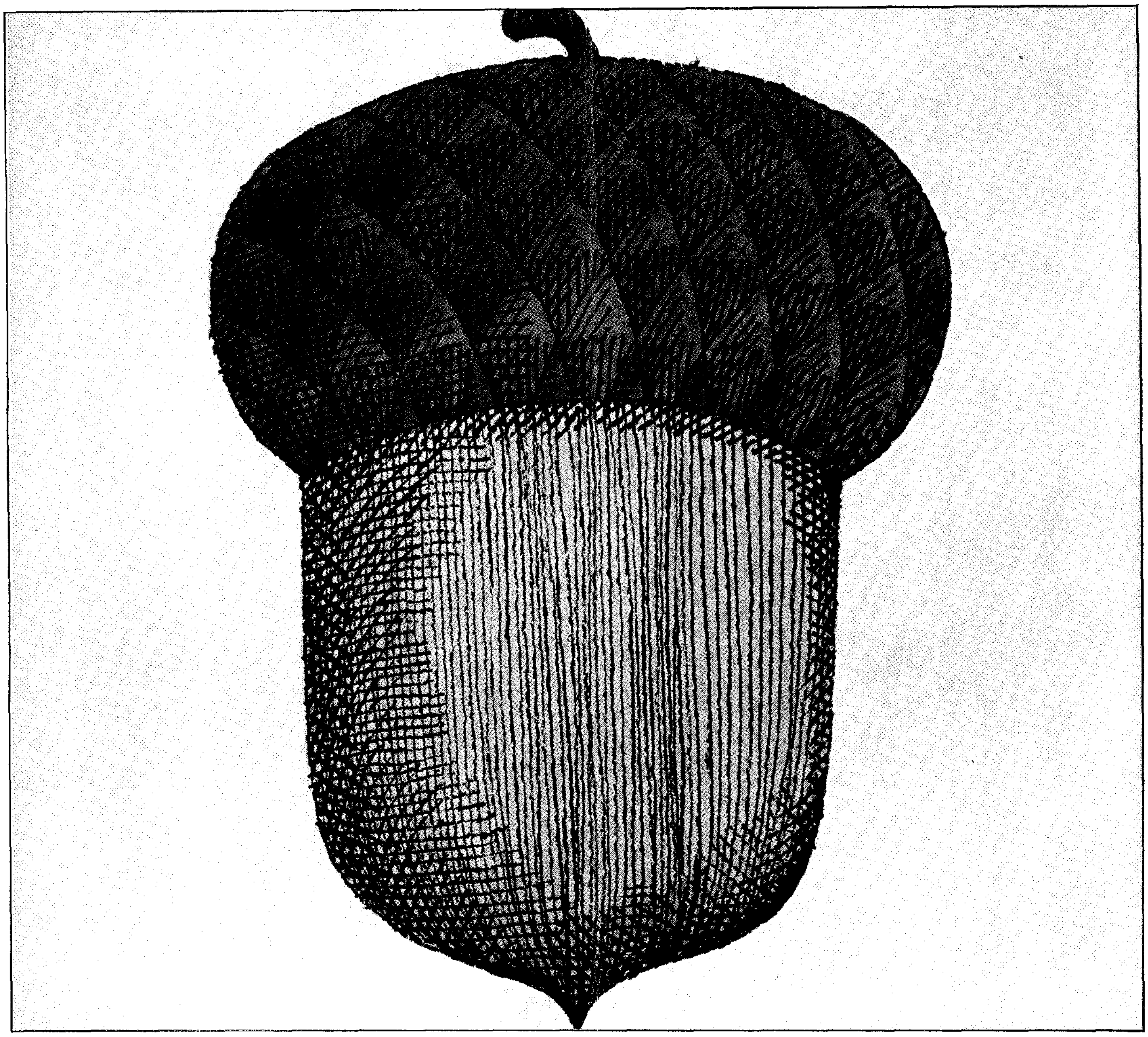
When you wish you had a Wales.

A real raincoat definitely for drizzles, downpours, deluges and every day that's pluvial. Looks smashing. Keeps you dry. Newsiest in Dacron* polyester/cotton/Lycra* spandex, the fabric that looks like silk and stretches for action. This precipitation sensation, $49.95 in black or natural, at Sterns, New York City & branches; Kennedy's, Boston & New England; Bon Marche, Seattle; Benson-Rixon, Chicago; Hecht Co., Washington D.C. & branches; Jordan Marsh, Miami; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, and other fine stores wherever it rains.

**DuPont's registered trademarks*

A Lord Raglan by Wales, makers of fine rainwear for gentlemen
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 19, N.Y.

GROWTH



Today, GT&E is quite an acorn. ■ We conduct research, manufacture telephone equipment, print telephone directories, and operate telephone companies in 32 states. ■ But wait till you see the oak! ■ We're planted in the areas of America where the growth is greatest. We've branched out into the complementary fields of electronics and visual communications. And to make sure we keep growing, we continue investing more in basic research and plant facilities. ■ More reason for the dynamic and continuous growth of GT&E.

GT&E

Sharing greatly in America's growth

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS

730 THIRD AVE., N.Y. 10017 • GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Cos. in 32 states • GT&E Laboratories • GT&E International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric

Ken W. Purdy Writes About Porsche:

"YOU CAN STAMP ON PORSCHE BRAKES ALL THE WAY DOWN A MOUNTAINSIDE...

". . . and they'll stop you straight and sharp when you hit flat country.

"You sit there, secure in the car's fade-proof brakes, fantastic acceleration, thought-quick steering. In this amazingly roomy little car, cradled in big bucket seats, you can, with small effort, believe that the seat of your trousers is a part of the automobile. No automatic transmission is as fast as the butter-smooth Porsche transmission. Driving used to be fun but it's a bore now—for most people, driving most cars. Not for the Porsche driver, though."

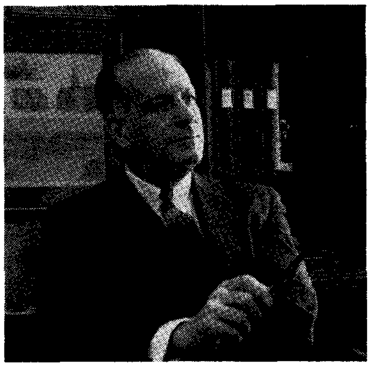
PORSCHE

Porsche shuns annual model changes, but not significant engineering advances. Latest: New 1964 model includes race-tested disc brakes, the first disc brakes to meet Porsche standards. And now you get a more powerful engine, even better performance for about $4200.

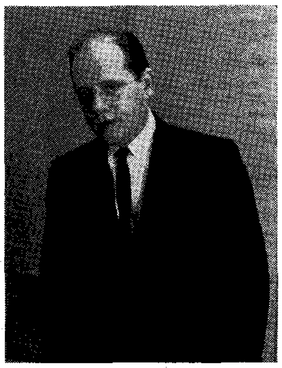
■ Read Ken W. Purdy's fascinating exploration of the Porsche legend. For this new, beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Porsche Story," look up your nearest dealer or write Porsche of America Corp., Dept. 67, 107 Wren Avenue, Teaneck, New Jersey.

Enro shirt company shares secret with prospective advertising agency

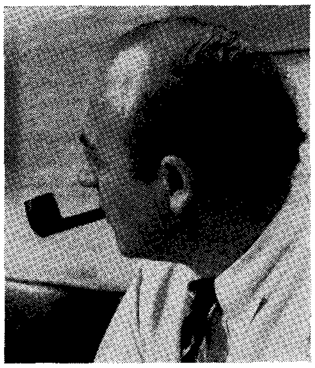
Mr. R., we've got to come up with a style exclusive, something that's **all yours.**



We have several . . . how about our new cordovan **stripes?**



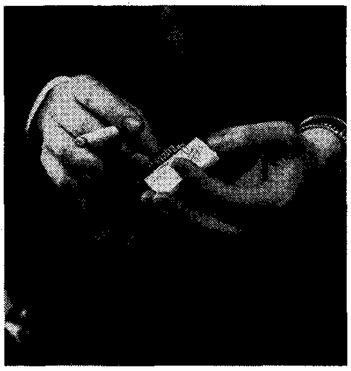
Cordovan stripes?



Cordovan stripes, Mr. M.

Nobody **else** has them?

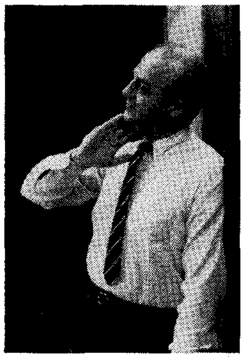
Not to our knowledge.



And these are **shirts?**

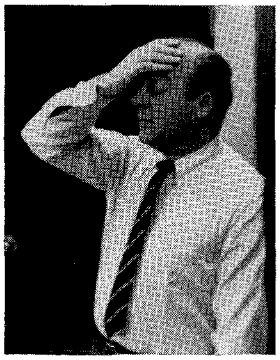
Certainly they're shirts, Mr. M. What else would they **be?**

I always thought a cordovan was a sweater with **buttons** up and down the front.



That's **cardigan,** Mr. M.

Then what's a cordovan?



Enro

(shirtbuilders)

©Copyright 1964 by the Enro Shirt Co., Louisville, Ky., a Division of Wilson Brothers

Report from dairymen:

IBM computers help cows produce 50% more milk

ONE out of every twelve dairy co in the United States is now fed a "managed" *with the help of a comput*

It all began with the worsening plig of the dairy farmer. Rising costs we shrinking his thin margin of profit.

Lacking capital to buy better milke he faced an obvious problem. He had increase milk output per cow. But ho

After long study, the Dairy Herd I provement Association came up with recommendation. Perhaps the answ to higher milk production lay not or in better breeding, but also in bett *feeding*. But this posed a problem of own. How could the dairy farmer fi the time to keep the extensive recor

Cows fed according to data from IBM computers produce an average of two tons more milk per year

necessary for any new feeding plan?

In 1951, the Association thought of a solution. A data-processing system could handle that tedious, analytical job for the dairyman.

Computer enters the picture

The idea was tested on dairy farms in Illinois and Utah, and then the system went into large-scale operation on farms from New England to West Virginia.

The yield of hundreds of thousands of cows was analyzed by computer and improved feed prescribed.

Results: milk output of whole herds, ordinary milkers as well as champions, soared 25% to 60%. The good news spread fast. Today, 1,500,000 cows in our country are fed and managed by computer-determined data.

In 1962, these cows produced an average of 11,742 pounds of milk. That's about 50% above the national average, or two extra tons per cow.

This meant over $200 million a year extra in milk checks to dairy farmers.

How small dairymen use IBM computers

These farmers regularly use computer centers such as the Dairy Records Processing Laboratory at Cornell University. In 15 seconds, an IBM computer analyzes a herd's records, relating thirty-eight factors affecting feeding and milk output. Then, for each dairyman, it prints out feed recommendations for each cow and advice on the herd.

This is only one example of how computers are serving agriculture today, helping farmers increase their income in ways *never possible before.*

The Farm Quarterly says, "Within the next decade it is expected that virtually all of agriculture's major farm management decisions will be made on the results of electronically computed data."

IBM®

Guerlain
Paris
SHALIMAR
Guerlain
SHALIMAR...INTERNATIONAL SYMBOL OF ELEGANCE

PATTINA takes a shine to the bare-back look

A shine that keeps its sparkle with a swish of water ...maybe a little soap. PATTINA* pooh-poohs peeling, chipping or cracking. It's undaunted by dry, wet, hot or cold weather.

And vice versa

This Chanel-inspired sling by I. Miller is more bare than there. It's trim and light and bright in PATTINA by Du Pont. At I. Miller. $32.00

pattina*

*PATTINA is DuPont's trademark for its olefinic shoe upper material/Stocking of DuPont CANTRECE nylon

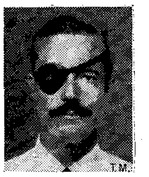
DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

The fabric is *Hathaweave**—with an uncanny knack of staying white. Also available in 6 pastel shades.*

Hathaway and Kodel® revive the cult of the crisp white shirt—and this one stays crisp and white



HOW many times have you bought dazzling white shirts—only to see them turn dingy and gray after a couple of launderings? Infuriating.

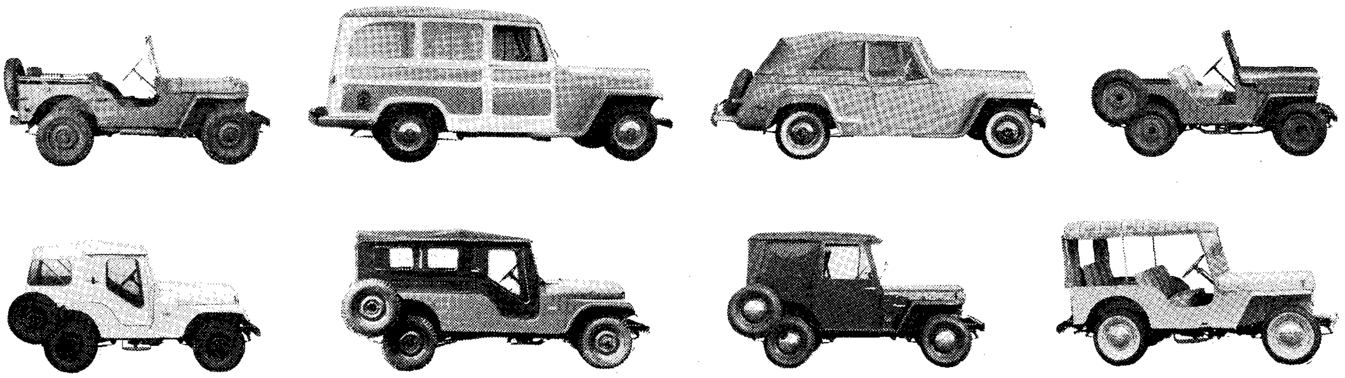
But it never need happen again. This crisp little classic will *stay* white.

The secret is in the fabric—65 percent Kodel* Polyester and 35 percent cotton. This ingenious new fiber is whiter at birth than any other polyester. And thanks to a process known to only seven living men, it *keeps* its sparkle.

What's more, it shrugs off dirt and makeup smudges. Stays crisp and wrinkle-free for 24 hours. Drips dry. And feels deliciously silky. Magical stuff. Hathaway tailors it with tiny stitches you can barely spot at two paces. And look at that outrageously flattering bow, which makes a face look *soft*—and triumphantly feminine.

Price? About $9.95. For names of stores, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.

*Kodel is the trademark for Eastman Kodak's polyester fiber.



Evolution

Revolution

The world-famous army 'Jeep' vehicle started it all. Then came the evolutionary changes. Sensible changes. Like more ground clearance. Stronger suspension. Weather proof tops. Fun changes. Like pink and white striped upholstery. Fringed surrey tops. Lively colors. A sports roadster. A station wagon — rugged, durable, designed for work and play.

Then came the 'Jeep' Wagoneer. A revolution! The Wagoneer is so revolutionary, it's hard to recognize your old 'Jeep' friend. It's a station wagon. *And* a looker! You'll be stunned. Slide into that luxurious interior. Beautiful. Comfortable. Visibility unlimited!

Turn the ignition key. You've got an overhead cam engine purring for you. The only one in any American production car. Try that steering. Power.* The brakes. Power again.* The transmission. It's automatic.* Feel that ride. Pure luxury.

And the 'Jeep' heart and spirit are still there. Pull one simple lever and you're in 'Jeep' 4-wheel "Drivepower."† Then there's hardly a hill that can keep you down . . . hardly a mud hole that can bog you down. In fact, there's scarcely any driving situation that can get you down. You're free to go anywhere with the traction to pull you through.

Drop in on your 'Jeep' dealer. He's so enthusiastic about the 'Jeep' Wagoneer he'll be *glad* to give you a test drive. Actually, he gets a kick out of it himself!

*Optional items at slight extra cost.

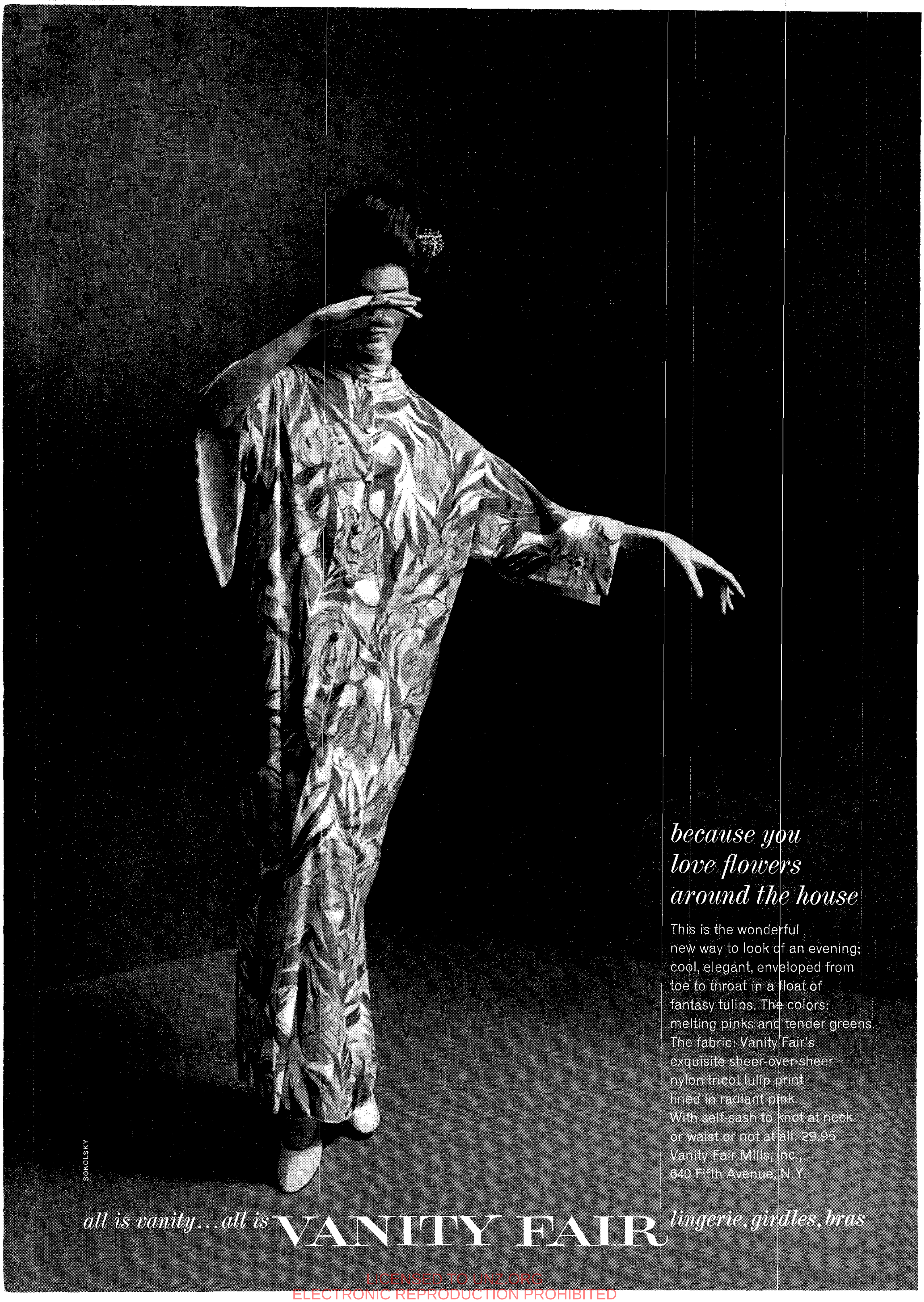
KAISER Jeep CORPORATION Toledo 1, Ohio

---

†*"DRIVEPOWER"* is Wagoneer station wagon's new, improved and exclusive 4-wheel drive system.

ALL NEW 'JEEP' WAGONEER.

See the Wagoneer demonstrated on "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH," Tuesday nights, ABC-TV Network.



SOKOLSKY

because you love flowers around the house

This is the wonderful new way to look of an evening; cool, elegant, enveloped from toe to throat in a float of fantasy tulips. The colors: melting pinks and tender greens. The fabric: Vanity Fair's exquisite sheer-over-sheer nylon tricot tulip print lined in radiant pink. With self-sash to knot at neck or waist or not at all. 29.95

Vanity Fair Mills, Inc.,
640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.

all is vanity...all is VANITY FAIR *lingerie, girdles, bras*

No other cruise experience can give you the grace and charm of the

SOUTH SEAS

No other cruise experience gives you a more wondrous assortment of sun, sea, relaxation, impeccable services, happy companionships, and fascinating discovery than your 42 South Seas days with Matson.

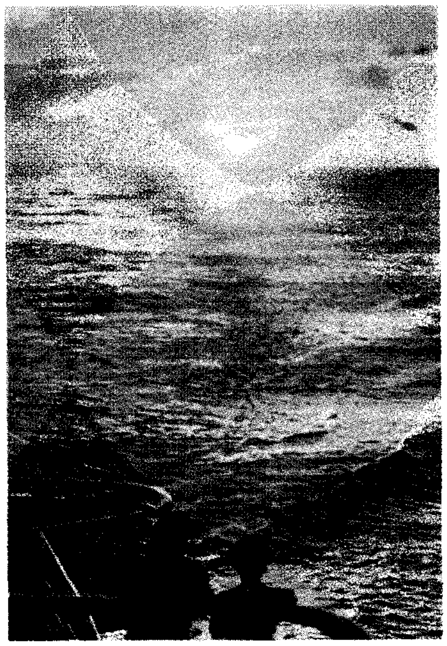
Your Matson cruise makes you a first-hand authority on ten of the most enchanting places left on earth. In Polynesia, Melanesia, New Zealand, Australia. Only Matson regularly cruises these colorful ports. Exploring them is pure fascination.

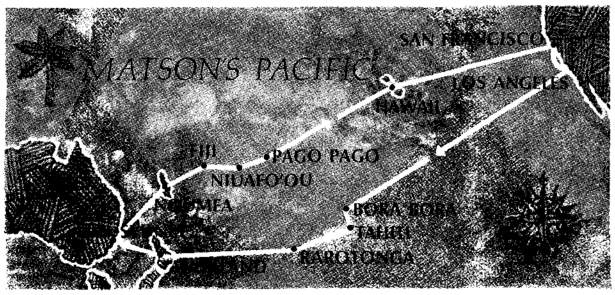
Shipboard life is casually elegant. The beautiful SS Mariposa or SS Monterey are exclusively First Class, completely air-conditioned, spacious, gyro-stabilized, and fastidiously operated. Every stateroom has a private bath.

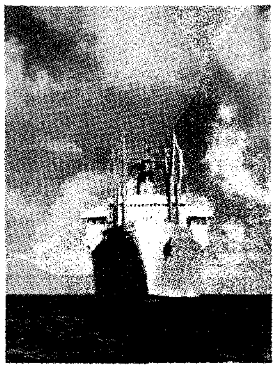
Each sea day there's an inviting choice of pleasant pastimes to share with charming, new friends. Of course, if you just want to laze in the sun and watch the sea slip by, that's wonderful, too.

And from your first port-of-call, lovely, serene Bora Bora, right up to the last, Honolulu, the South Seas will enfold you in its charms and graces, and become a treasured richness in your life adventure.

Just ask your Travel Agent. He'll book you on one of their beautiful white ships, sailing every third week from San Francisco or Los Angeles. Or write Matson Lines, 215 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.







Matson Lines®

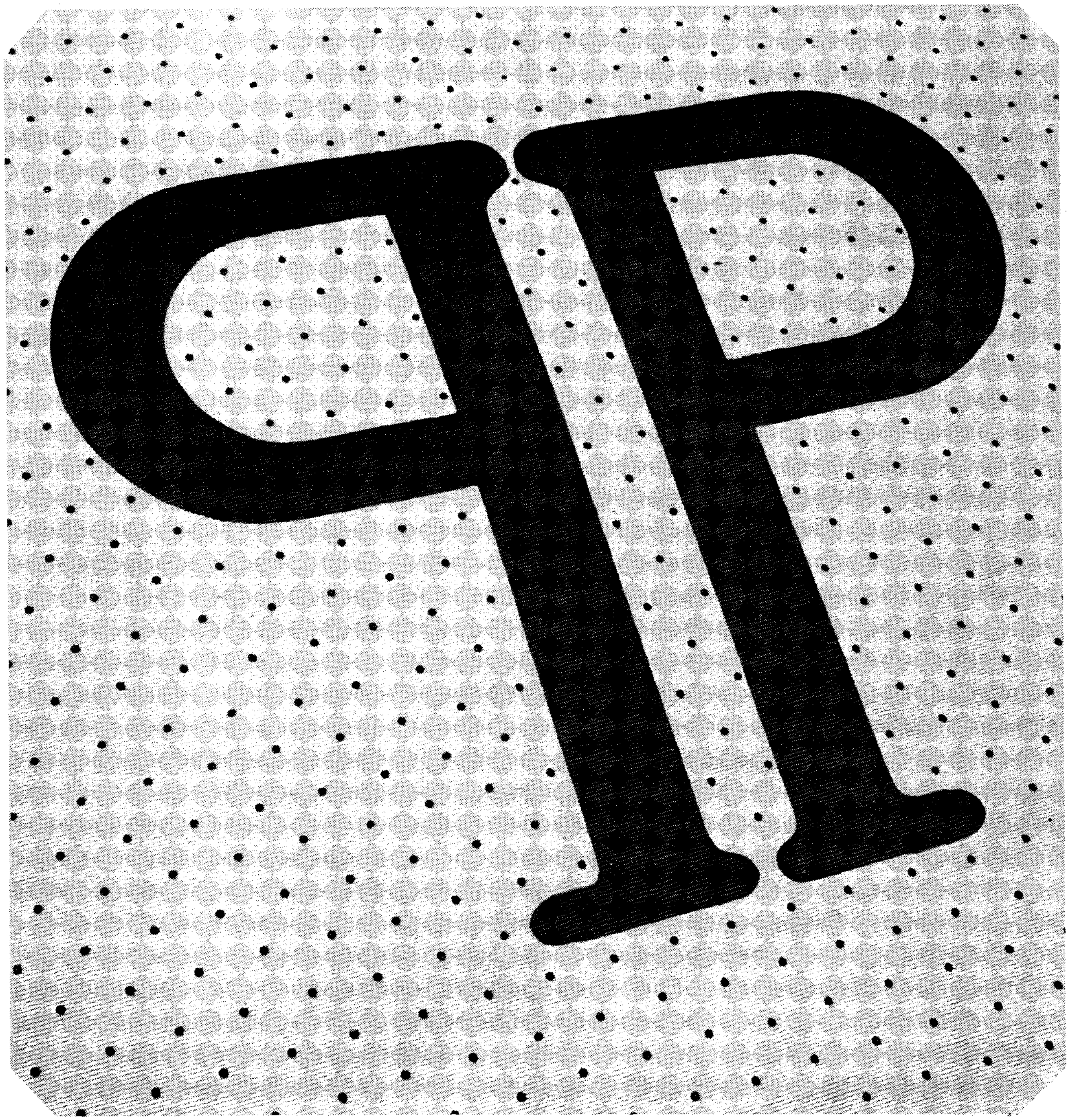
BIG TENT 'ONE LOOK' THEME IN SHEETS, BLANKET, BEDSPREAD, TOWELS, BATH RU

"Mother's taste is improving...

Now don't misunderstand, mother has good taste.
She had Fieldcrest coordinates in her bedroom and bath...
though not in mine. Then she updated her outlook, and
my rooms, by decorating them with bedspread, sheets and
towels in Fieldcrest's circus theme. I complimented her
discernment. She thinks I'm precocious. Doesn't every mother?"

Fieldcrest®

COORDINATED FASHIONS
FOR BED AND BATH



New York has a wide selection of World's Fair welcome mats

You'll find this one just outside The Plaza on Fifth Avenue at 59th Street. Look no further. It welcomes you to a fair world of good living, good food, good service, and good night.

It stands for the fun you'll have before and after your trip to the Meadow. In the Persian Room. The Edwardian Room. The Oak Room and Bar. The Palm Court. Good times in good taste.

Good night begins in each of The Plaza's large, lovely, and fully air-conditioned guest rooms. Each room has been redecorated with visiting royalty in mind. One of them should be yours. Call PLaza 9-3000 for reservations, or see a travel agent who owes you a favor.

But hurry please.

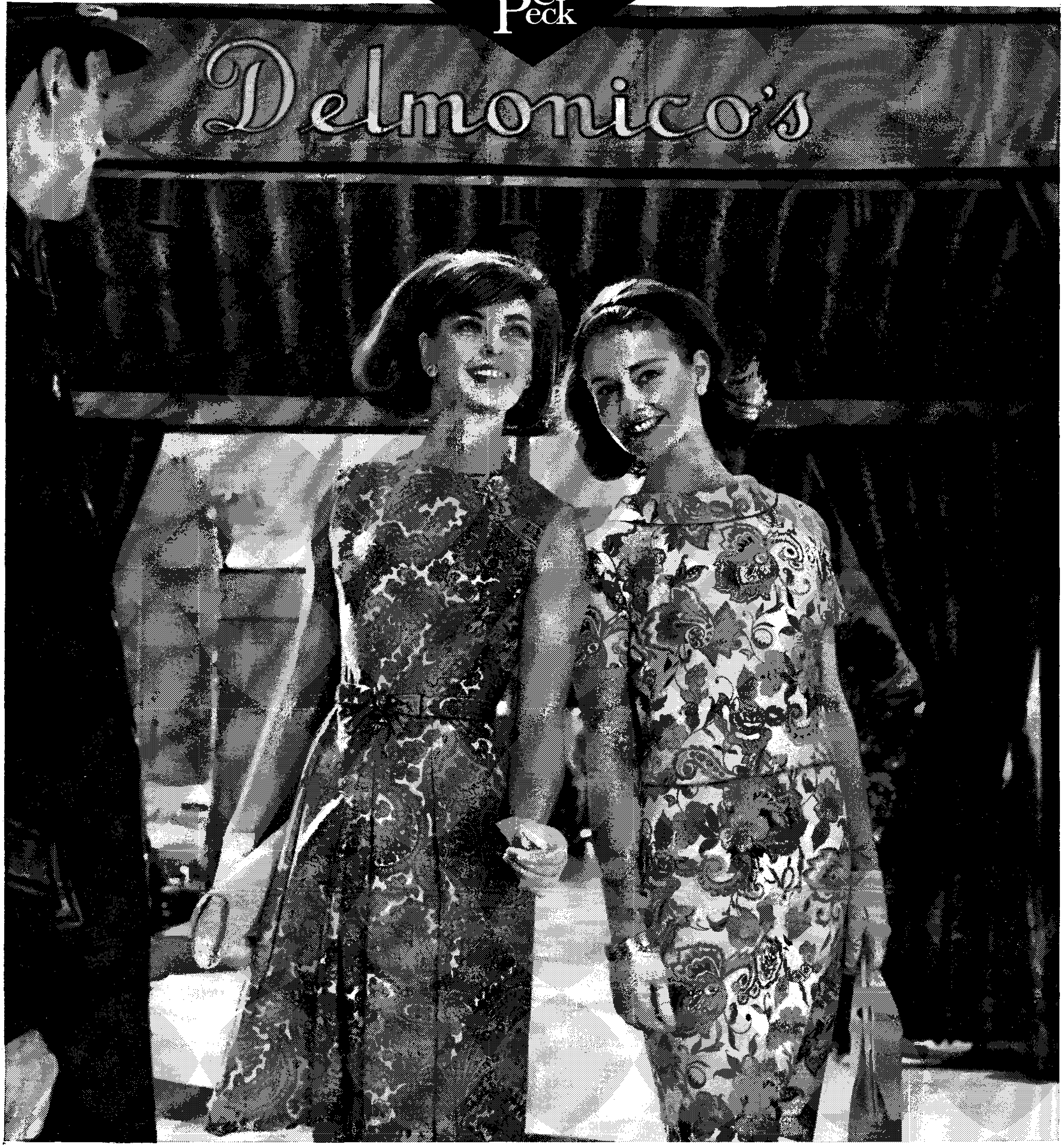
Our welcome mat is selling fast this year.

To get it, step on it!

THE PLAZA

HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Peck
&
Peck



Patterns of Spring for the Peck & Peck Jr: seen at Delmonico's Hotel in New York

Haberdasher Jrs. in a gentled mood—a new turn of fashion this Spring in line with Delmonico's turn-of-the-century atmosphere. *Left:* softly blended polyester and rayon print in a medley of misty blues, *25.00* *Right:* the two-piece look with soft roll collar. Spun rayon print in blues or greens, *23.00* Both 5 to 15.

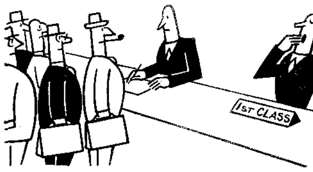
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK • CHICAGO • BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • ROCHESTER • BALTIMORE • DETROIT • CLEVELAND • ST. LOUIS
TWIN CITIES • INDIANAPOLIS • WASHINGTON, D. C. • ATLANTA • CINCINNATI • KANSAS CITY • HARTFORD • BUFFALO • PROVIDENCE

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN a large advertisement that has been appearing in a number of newspapers and magazines of late, American Airlines has been unburdening itself of what it calls "Thoughts on First Class Travel." The tenor of these thoughts is indicated in the ad by a headline reading, "In 1917, Russia took all status away from its officers. It ruined the Army," and by a picture—First World War vintage—showing a ragged line of Bolshevik soldiers. "No titles, salutes, or privileges. Troops only followed orders they liked. Of course, when the Russians saw the mess this made of the Army, they restored their officers' first class status completely," the accompanying text reads. Having thus dipped into Russian revolutionary history to find an object lesson, the airline ad leaps forward to the American present to find a parallel means of overcoming an egalitarian trend that has apparently developed in the prevailing system of civilian transportation here—specifically, a noticeable tendency among businessmen who are flying on business trips to settle for "economy" seating instead of buying first-class tickets. "Status is also the reason many firms ask their men to fly first class," the American Airlines manifesto declares, getting to the point, and it goes on to say that not only does a company's sending a man first class on a business flight provide him with a place to work en route but it also provides itself with "an investment in his frame of mind." Then, zeroing in on the question of the mental outlook of the company's executives, the ad proclaims firmly, "A man simply cannot think 'poor' on his way to a client and then think like a vice-president when he gets there."



After we had read this stern warning about the perils of unaffluent thought in an affluent society, it seemed to us that something akin to that notion had been presented prominently in print not very long ago, but in the news rather than in the ads. To jog our memory, we looked over the front pages of the *Times* for the past few weeks, and before long we found the item that had been in the back of our mind—a report on a speech that Senator Barry Goldwater had made before the Economic Club of New York. The story was summarized in the opening paragraph: "Senator Barry Goldwater criticized President Johnson's war on poverty last night and suggested an inquiry into the question of whether 'the attitude or the actions' of the poor had contributed to their plight." Senator Goldwater's theory is an interesting one, and it seems to us that it deserves as much consideration as the American Airlines theory of class consciousness in contemporary America. Indeed, we think that if Senator Goldwater is correct in his suspicion that poverty exists because of a tendency of the poor to think poor, he and the American Airlines people might profitably get together. Between them, they might decide to take a stab at wiping out poverty by loading up American Airlines' first-class seats with Senator Goldwater's poor. And then *everybody* would be thinking like a vice-president.

WE were also struck the other day by a full-page ad that the P. Lorillard Company, the makers of Kent cigarettes, took out on the back page of the *Times*. The ad was printed in the sort of institutional type face that advertisers customarily reserve for announcing important scientific breakthroughs, and it read, in letters an inch and a quarter high:

NO MEDICAL EVIDENCE
OR SCIENTIFIC ENDORSEMENT
HAS PROVED
ANY OTHER CIGARETTE
TO BE SUPERIOR TO
KENT

We must admit that, accustomed as we are to the peculiarly Aesopian language of cigarette advertisers, who are always trying to tell us something that the words of their ads don't quite say, we had to read this particular proclamation over several times before we got its cryptic message straight in our mind. Finally, having pondered its wording and its obvious relationship to the recently published report of the Surgeon General's advisory committee on smoking and health, we concluded that the translation is simple enough—that what the Lorillard people are really proclaiming, in such bold type, is that no medical evidence or scientific endorsement has proved any other cigarette to be less harmful to health than Kent.

Project Alpha

LAST Thursday morning, we received an invitation of such irresistible irony from the Coca-Cola Company that though we had resolved to swear off promotion press conferences for a therapeutic month or two, we promptly accepted it. The invitation requested our attendance that very noon at a banquet, whose purpose, the Coke people said, was to introduce their latest liquid concoction, a dietetic soda pop called Tab, which contains only one calorie in every six ounces. Now, the prospect of feasting untold millions of new diets into existence had a certain obvious charm, so we quickly shelved our good intentions and headed for the Ponti Auditorium suite of the Time & Life Building, where the party was already getting under way.

A monumental pyramid of Tab bottles—knurled-glass affairs liberally printed with stars—stood just inside the door to the suite, and, peering around it, we spotted several equally formidable displays. A passing tray supplied us with our first calorie of Tab—it tasted, we thought, like a good, tart Coke—as we stole past a corps of C.-C. executives chatting in soft Georgia drawls behind the pyramid and made our way over to an exhibit of magazine-ad layouts, for a preview of the Tab sell. The first ad we came to depicted a bottle of Tab in the impressive company of a silver ice bucket, two cut-crystal goblets, and a tray of what appeared to be the very best Beluga caviar. In the second ad, we found Tab sharing a table with some choice Steuben glass, a wedge of Camembert, a bowl of ripe fruit, and an antique ivory chess set. And then—so soon after our consideration of the perils of thinking poor—we fell to puzzling over the think-rich psychology of Ad No. 3, in which the Tab was dimly but seductively spotlighted by a rare French chandelier. At that moment, one of the Georgia gentlemen, who proved to be Charles Adams, the Coca-Cola vice-president in charge of public relations, whisked us into the auditorium for the mandatory few words before lunch. At least a hundred reporters were milling about in there, graciously swigging Tab, and Mr. Adams mounted the dais to say hello to them.

"My friends call me Charlie," Mr. Adams, who is large and jolly, said by way of introduction. He then called on an Atlanta colleague, Thomas Law, Jr., identifying him as the president of the Fanta Beverage Company, the Coca-Cola subsidiary responsible for the new drink. Mr. Law told the reporters that Tab was conceived early in 1962, after his computers chanced to inform him that twenty-eight per cent of the country's population was watching its weight. "We began the research for Tab that same day," Mr. Law said. "Gave it top priority. Called it Project Alpha."

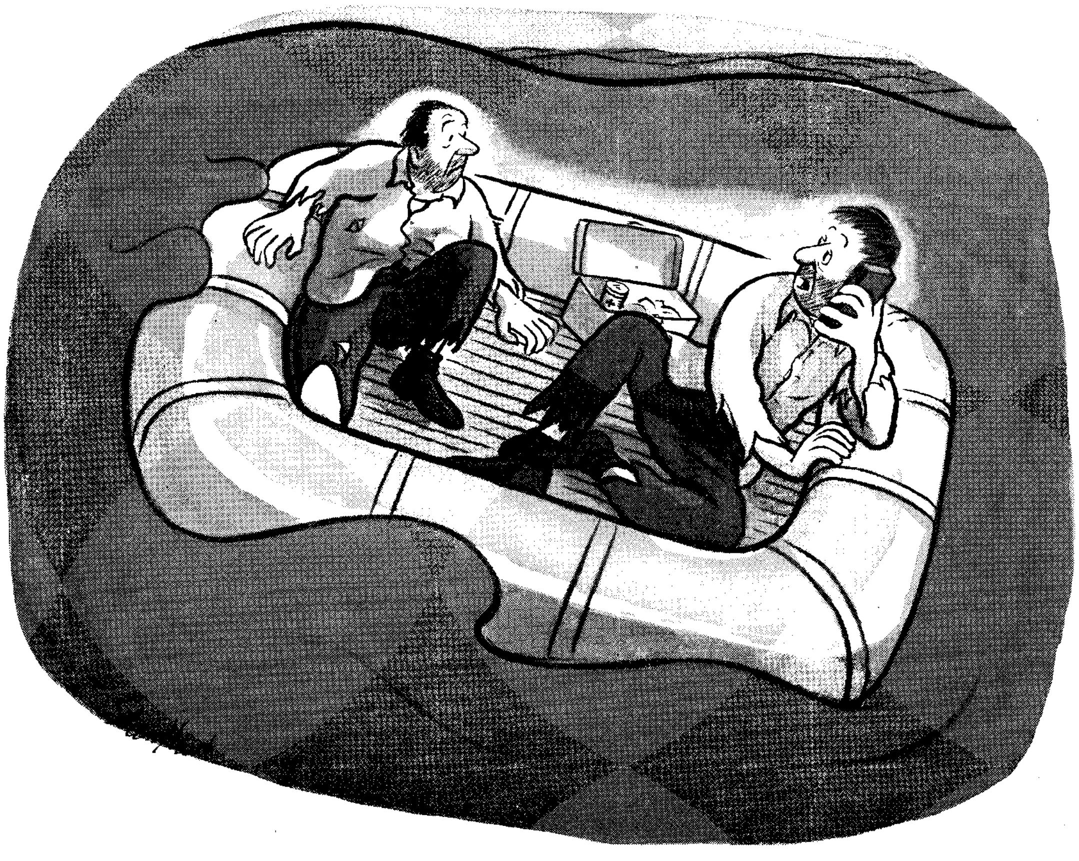
Mr. Law stepped down, to proud applause from the Coke corps, and J. Peter Jaffé, who is the president of the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of New York, replaced him on the dais. Mr. Jaffé, it turned out, wanted everyone to know that on Monday morning the nineteen million people in his distribution area would be able to get their Tab. "Monday is T Day," Mr. Jaffé said in the ringing tones of a beachhead commander.

When Mr. Jaffé had finished, another president—Stuart Watson, who heads the administration of the McCann-Marschalk advertising agency—took the floor. To "Project Alpha" and "T Day," Mr. Watson added the phrase "market shakeup." "Tab will be a market shakeup," he informed us emphatically. "Our ads will be all flavor and pleasure. Not a word about dieting and self-denial in any one of them." He called for some slides. The auditorium lights went out, and, one by one, blowups of the caviar, chess, and crystal ads that we had admired earlier were projected onto the wall. "See?" cried Mr. Watson, beaming, as a television commercial rife with champagne-cork pops, bubbles, and butlers was shown. "Takes Tab right out of the austere, doesn't it?"

Mr. Watson then ordered one more celebration round of Tab, and with that the banqueting began. We were seated at a table with Mr. Jaffé and Mr. Adams, and we listened attentively while these gentlemen talked low-calorie talk straight through the cocktails, the shrimp course, the stuffed squab, the papaya, and the pastry. Over coffee, we asked Mr. Adams about the champagne-cork sound effects punctuating the commercial we had seen, and Mr. Adams confided to us that when a bottle of Tab is chilled to precisely the proper temperature, it will open with a vintage sound. "It's a positive sound," he said. "Tab's a positive product. You think about pleasure, not dieting, when you drink a Tab." We sipped our Tab contemplatively, bit into a chocolate-cream-filled pastry, and agreed with Mr. Adams that this was certainly true.

•

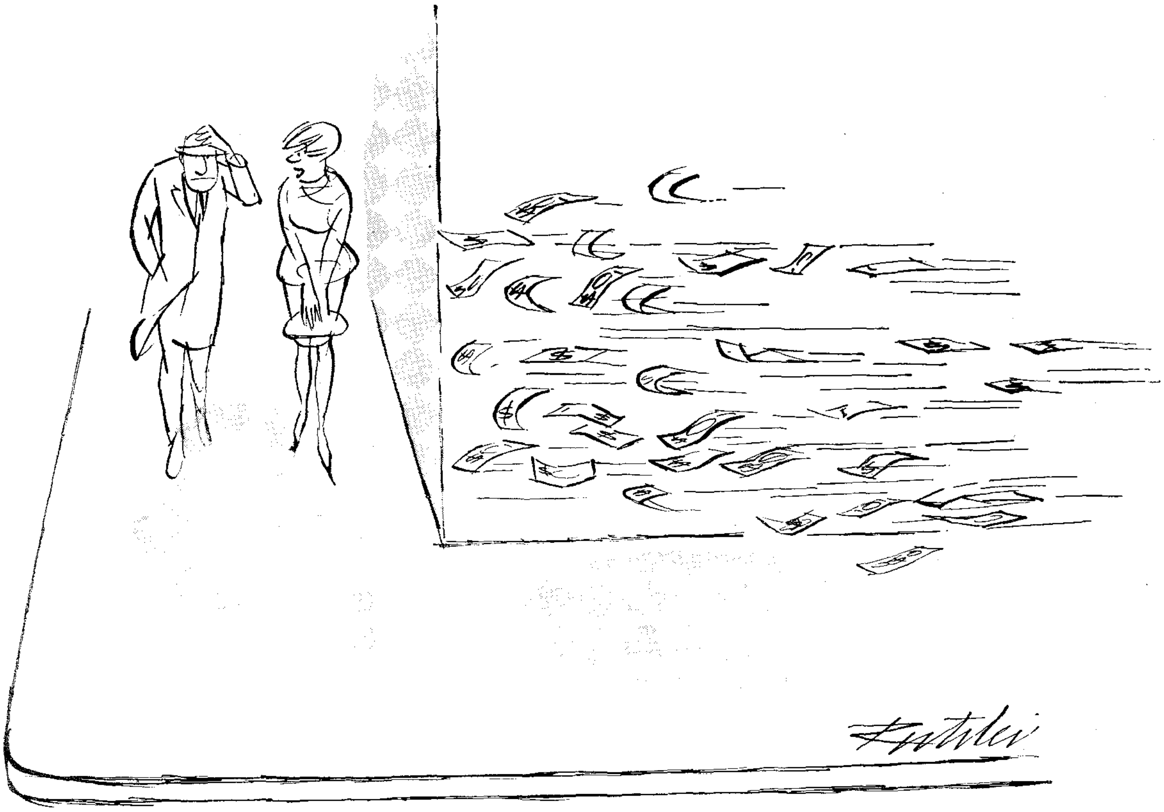
OVERHEARD under a Saks Fifth Avenue canopy, one well-tanned lady to another: "And what did she get out of it? A marriage, that's all."



"Alternate-side-of-the-street parking has been suspended."

Sister

AT the behest of the James Joyce Society, one of Joyce's three surviving sisters, May (Mary Kathleen) Monaghan, recently paid a visit to New York from her home in Dublin. Her principal hostess here was Miss Frances Steloff, the founder of the Society and the proprietor of the Gotham Book Mart, which stands right in the middle of the diamond district, on West Forty-seventh Street, and early in Mrs. Monaghan's stay we extracted from Miss Steloff a promise to introduce us to the visitor. Accordingly, one morning shortly before Mrs. Monaghan returned by air to Ireland from Kennedy International Airport, we went over to the Gotham Book



"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Mart to see both ladies.

We were received in the rear of the store—a book-jammed area decorated with several pictures of Joyce—by Miss Steloff, a lively gray-haired woman who at the moment had a white pencil stuck sidewise in a bun gathered at the back of her head. "May hasn't arrived yet, but I expect her any moment," Miss Steloff said. "She's such a warm, beautiful, charming person! I first met her in Dublin in 1962, at the time the Martello tower where Joyce lived with Oliver St. John Gogarty for a while was dedicated as a Joyce museum. It was love at first sight, and I told her that she must come over to the States. Well, early this year I thought that the time had arrived for her to visit us as a guest of the Society. At first, we were hoping to be able to get her over for the Society's annual meeting on Bloomsday, which is June 16th, but it turned out that Joyce's birthday, February 2nd, was a more convenient day for the big turnout this year, so May came over for that. We had a wonderful meeting, right here in this room, as usual—all these tables are collapsible, and we just move the books away to accommodate everybody—and everybody was delighted to make May's acquaintance. Since her arrival, she has been wined and dined by everybody. She's been entertained at some of the most beautiful homes in the city. Richard Kelly, the lighting consultant, entertained her at his home, and Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt had a tea for her. Marjorie Barkentin, who dramatized 'Ulysses in Nighttown,' took her to Sardi's, and had her pose for a picture with Zero Mostel, who, as you know, played the role of Bloom in that production. And Mary Ellen Bute, who has been producing a film based on 'Finnegans Wake,' showed her some of the rushes of the film. In the middle of all this, May flew off to Toronto for a while to visit her daughter, who lives there. Today she'll be having lunch with Professor William Tindall, of Columbia, who has been conducting Joyce seminars for many years."

At this point, a rather short and very fresh-faced woman wearing a gray satin turban with a large blue stone at its center front stepped briskly into the back of the store, and even before she spoke to Miss Steloff, there was no doubt that it was Mrs. Monaghan; a curious delicacy about her cheekbones and a certain dish-shaped configuration of the lower part of her face gave her a quite definite resemblance to James Joyce.

Miss Steloff introduced us, and Mrs. Monaghan, sitting down on a blue-painted bentwood chair that stood amid a great clutter of books, said politely, "Oh, I've had a wonderful time over here, and met so many interesting people. Mme. Steloff has been very good. The big event, of course, was the meeting of the Joyce Society. Maria Jolas was there, and Padraic Colum interviewed me with a tape recorder, asking me for my recollections of my brother."

We inquired of Mrs. Monaghan whether she was often interviewed in Dublin on the subject of her brother.

"No, not really," she said. "I think people over here are much more interested in my brother than the people of Ireland are. In Dublin, people don't talk so much about him. The literary section there, they're not so interested in him. It takes the Americans, with their enthusiasm. Quite a few American people have come to see me from time to time to ask me questions about my brother. Of course, they want to know what I remember about him, and what he was like at home; they want to know whether the family recognized when he was young that he showed signs of becoming famous in the literary field. Being interviewed about my brother is not easy for me. The main reason is that I was so much younger than Jim—eight years younger—and I was just a child when he was a grown student. When you're growing up in a family, you're not looking for this, that, and the other thing that in future you're going to tell about. There were ten of us at home, and because I was so far down in the family, I suppose, Jim and I weren't really intimate. But he was very gentle with me. He was a warm man. He wasn't cold, as some people have implied. Like shy people, he would build up a wall. But he had great warmth. Jim had a very good voice. He was a tenor. He liked to sing Moore's melodies, and he would often sing things from 'Aïda' and 'Tosca.' My father sang well, too. Jim was very proud of Father; he was amused by his wit. In 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man,' he portrayed my father as a character and a wit but a man who squandered money. Father was a man-about-town, and, like a lot of such men at that period, he drank a good deal and would spend a lot of time at the Ormond Hotel or at the old Brazen Head, which is still there, I think. About my mother I think Jim had remorse. He hurt her badly by his way of life. She always was ambitious for him. She knew that he was very clever and probably would make a name in writing, but she was saddened by his falling away from the Church. I think my father would have preferred it if Jim had taken a more ordinary way of life. I was only fourteen when my brother left Dublin. He was very much in the public eye by then. When the 'Portrait' was published, it really embarrassed us a lot to see the family details given to the public. Later, when 'Ulysses' came out, the rest of the family were shocked quite a bit, too. But we were always proud of Jim, even if we were embarrassed by what he produced. I've read through his books, except for 'Finnegans Wake.' I can't read 'Finnegans Wake.' I've heard portions read and I could make sense of those parts, but I can't read it myself. The books I understood best were 'Dubliners' and the 'Portrait.'

"The last time I saw Jim was in 1909 or 1910, when he came back to Dublin from Trieste for a brief stay. In later years, I didn't have much contact with him, even through the post. He sent cards, mostly, and unfortunately we didn't keep any. He didn't write much to anyone in Dublin, you know. What he generally wrote was greetings from himself and his family at birthdays and at Easter, and they'd all sign their names. His son, Giorgio, lives in Munich now—he works for a bank, I think—and his daughter, Lucia, is still in a hospital in England, where she has been for years. Of our family, there are just myself and my two sisters now—Florence, who lives in Dublin, and Margaret (we always called her Poppy), who is a nun in New Zealand. In Dublin, I live with my son, who works in a bank, and my four grandchildren, and they do keep me on the go."

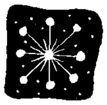
◆

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Fanning Personnel Services, Inc., a local employment agency, interviews female job applicants in what it calls its Cinderella Suite.

Lassie's Future

LASSIE, our favorite television star, was in town last week for personal-appearance shenanigans at the Coliseum Sports Show, and, with all the rumors going around that the Lassie program was going to dump the kid stuff and go adult, we took the opportunity to get at the truth about Lassie's future. A telephone call to the vice-president-in-charge-of-Lassie of the Wrather Corporation, producer of Lassie's TV program (and owner of, among other things, Muzak), got us an interview with Lassie in her midtown hotel suite, which she was sharing with her trainer, Rudd Weatherwax, and with a friend, a two-year-old silky terrier named Silky, who is also an actor. We took a friend of our own along—a pretty little girl named Amy, who is ten. It was a joy to Amy and to us to find Lassie looking—unlike everybody else in television—a hundred per cent secure and untroubled. She looked great—exactly like her golden image, except for an expression in her eyes which strongly resembled Cary Grant's. After graciously permitting Amy to shake her paw and granting five straight minutes of ogling time, Lassie stretched out on the sofa of her suite, with Amy lined up alongside and Silky establishing a claim on Amy's lap. This arrangement left a small space at the end of the sofa, which we grabbed. Mr. Weatherwax, a handsome, hard-muscled, flat-stomached man with a salt-and-pepper crew haircut, took an armchair, stretched his legs and arched his back, and said crisply to Lassie, "Lassie, put your head on your right paw." Lassie did.

Amy got straight to the main and burning question. "Is it true about Lassie not belonging to the little boy Timmy any more and not being on the farm and being taken away from Timmy?" she asked.



"Get it right, now, for God's sake!" Mr. Weatherwax said to Amy, in the same crisp, commanding tone. "I'll tell you the way it will be. Timmy's father, Mr. Martin, gets a government job to go to Australia to show American know-how to the Australian farmers, and he accepts, not knowing the law that says you can't take a dog into the country. Then the kid is broken-hearted—and all this you will see next September—so the kid leaves Lassie with the old neighbor, Cully, where Silky lives. And the forest ranger, Corey, comes to the Martin farm after the kid has taken off for Australia with his folks, and finds them gone, and so he goes over to Cully's, and there Cully asks him to take Lassie back to live with *him*. That's the way it will be. The old crowd appears once, in the first episode, and then they're all out of the picture. All except Lassie. Course, I'm going to miss that little kid, but he's made enough money to live in comfort for the rest of his life, and his mother wants him to go to school, even if he is rich at fourteen."

"Does he get *paid*?" Amy asked.

"God, the kid makes sixty thousand a year," Mr. Weatherwax said.

"Does *Lassie* get paid?"

"In excess of a hundred thousand a year," Mr. Weatherwax said. "The kid won't miss Lassie, because he comes to the ranch every weekend to play with Lassie, and Lassie won't miss the kid, because Lassie has his own family. Me and my wife are Lassie's real family. Why, this dog before he had his eyes open was sleeping next to my skin. Every three hours at night, I'd get up and feed him his bottle, and when he got his eyes open, the first one he saw was me. This dog is the grandson of the original Lassie, who was in the movies seven years and lived to be nineteen. This one's father, who was also Lassie, is twelve, and he'll be in the house while I'm giving commands to this one outside, and he'll be doing everything in the house that this one does outside. Lassie, here, is going to be five in November. By now I guess everybody knows we use a male collie for Lassie, because the males are bigger than the females and, also, the males don't shed. I'm always training two or three collies to be Lassie. But you can train one for a couple of years and still you don't get a *Lassie*. You can't have a Lassie who is scary or spooky. And you can't have a vicious dog, but still you need a dog with nerve enough to fight forest fires and jump cliffs and swim the rapids and buck the snow avalanche and save Corey's life and—"

"And save Timmy's life," Amy said.

"Not any more," Mr. Weatherwax said. "I *told* you. Lassie will be with Corey, the forest ranger. They've gone into the problem thoroughly back home, and everyone feels it's time to go on to more adult programs. We've outgrown two kids, and for ten years we've written about the Martin farm. We want to get *away* from the Martin farm. They've gone into every aspect of the problem as a show for adults, and you can be sure they know their ground. This series is Lassie's series. Bob Bray, who plays Corey, doesn't resent working with a dog—which a lot of actors do, because the dog steals scenes from them. Bob Bray is going to be a real popular type, along Clark Gable lines. He's a very happily married man of forty-two, has eight kids, lives up at Lake Arrowhead, follows nice, clean living, and keeps himself in marvellous condition. He doesn't mind it when he has to carry Lassie—ninety-two pounds. I can tell when people like dogs."

"Was Lassie's mother an actor?" Amy asked.

"No, just the father," Mr. Weatherwax said. "I wouldn't have anything but a great strain of collie for the mothers, but the only two great dog stars have been male. When I was a kid, it was Rin-Tin-Tin, and although Strongheart, a German shepherd, and Buck, a Saint Bernard, got to be well known, they never became stars, like Rin-Tin-Tin and Lassie. Wherever I take her, Lassie gets star treatment or I won't go. I do rodeos and fairs with Lassie when we're not working on the series, which we do from the end of June to the first week in February, but I won't go anywhere unless Lassie can be the top star. I know there's a big adult audience for Lassie, because I see the way the grownups look at him when I walk him around. Their eyes dance. They all push the little kids out of the way so *they* can touch Lassie. Come here, Lassie."

At the abrupt summons, Lassie slid slowly off the sofa and ambled over to the trainer.

"You're my baby, aren't you?" Mr. Weatherwax said, like any other dog-babier. "Turn to your left," he said conversationally to Lassie. Lassie did. "Turn to your right," he said. Lassie did.

"Does he know left from right?" Amy asked.

"Don't *you*?" Mr. Weatherwax said. "Watch this one. Lassie, yawn." Lassie did.

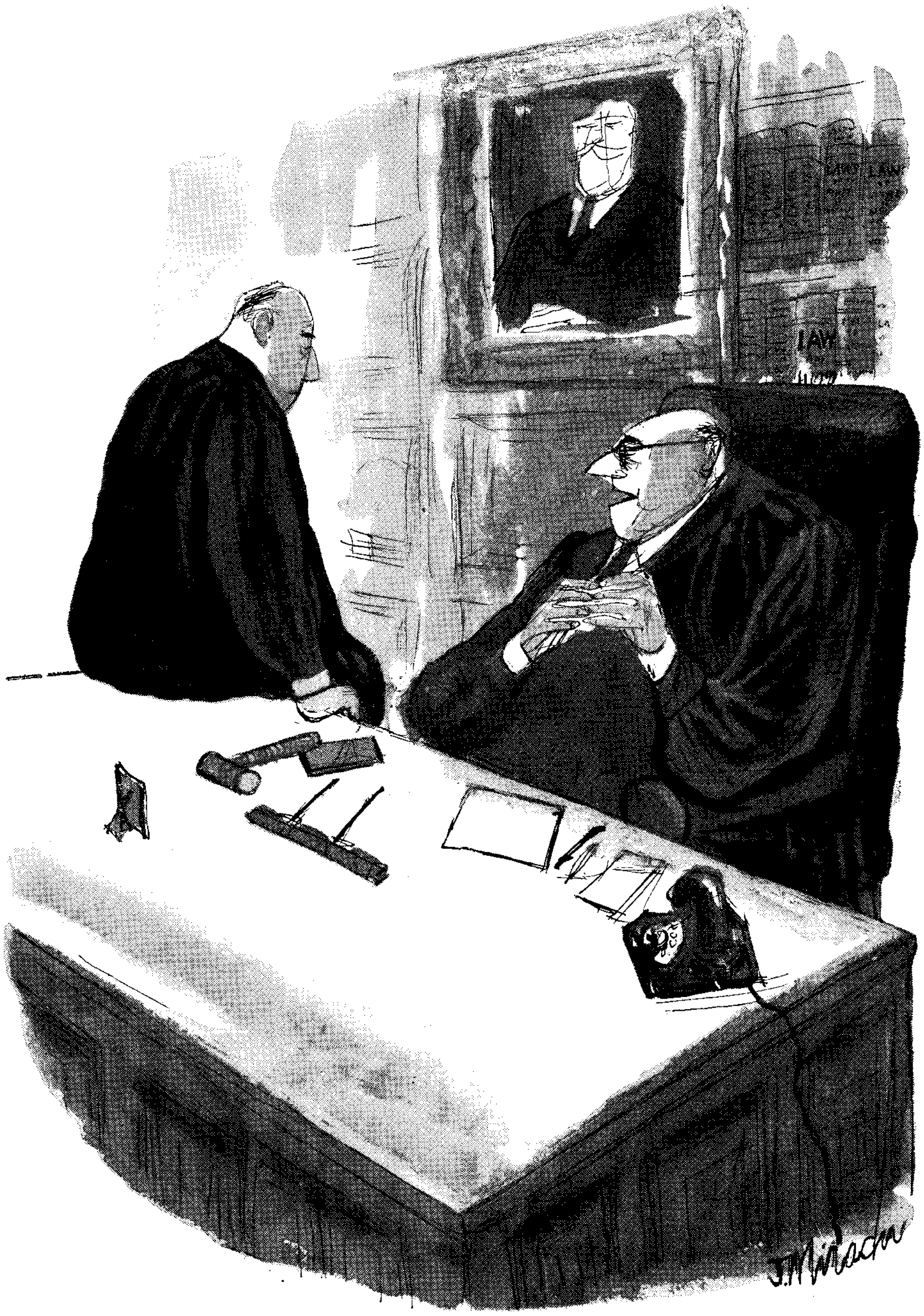
Mr. Weatherwax went to the kitchen and returned with some raw ground steak. He put the steak on the coffee table. "Snarl," he said to Lassie. Lassie snarled. "All right, eat it," Mr. Weatherwax said. Lassie complied.

"Watch this," Mr. Weatherwax said, setting an empty ashtray on another table. "Push it off the table," he told Lassie, and Lassie stood on her hind legs and nudged the ashtray off with her nose.

"That's my baby," Mr. Weatherwax said, and, turning to us, continued, "This dog is taken care of better than most kids. When we go anywhere on a plane, she has her own seat. Even though she lies on the floor of the plane. But she pays half fare, because she's under twelve. She doesn't eat on the plane, and doesn't drink, either, so the airlines save money there. She has an award from one airline for having flown more than a million miles, and another airline has given her its most-coöperative-passenger award. I always bring bottles of distilled water for Lassie wherever we go, and I always get a suite with a kitchen, so I can fry two pounds of ground sirloin for her supper. I bring Silky along so Lassie can have company. Lassie doesn't mind traffic in New York. If he can fight forest fires, he can negotiate the New York taxis."

"Sometimes you call Lassie 'he' and sometimes you call Lassie 'she,' " Amy said. "Why?"

"Because Lassie is in a class by Lassie's self," Mr. Weatherwax said.



"Look at it this way, Harvey. Given the opportunity, they'd have no compunction about putting us behind bars."

• •

Visit

A FRIEND of ours who is convalescing in a local hospital after a minor operation has written to us about an experience there that left him bemused. While he was reading in bed one morning, the door to his room was gently pushed open by an elderly lady, obviously a fellow-patient. The lady advanced into the room, and then, looking up, suddenly realized that she was in the wrong place. She excused herself, and our friend smiled. The lady turned to leave, but on her way out she caught sight of something on a shelf near the door that interested her. Without saying a word, she walked over to the shelf, picked up two large safety pins and a clean towel, and then moved on, closing the door behind her carefully, so as not to disturb anyone.

JIMMY BENNETT DOESN'T WORK HERE ANY MORE

FOR a moment, there was this crazy thought about how Sunday used to settle down to a slow pace while you made your way through the fat gray wilderness of the newspapers. Which could take you all day, but you didn't care. You didn't care a bit. But now you're reading the new *Herald Tribune*, and there's a helluva difference.

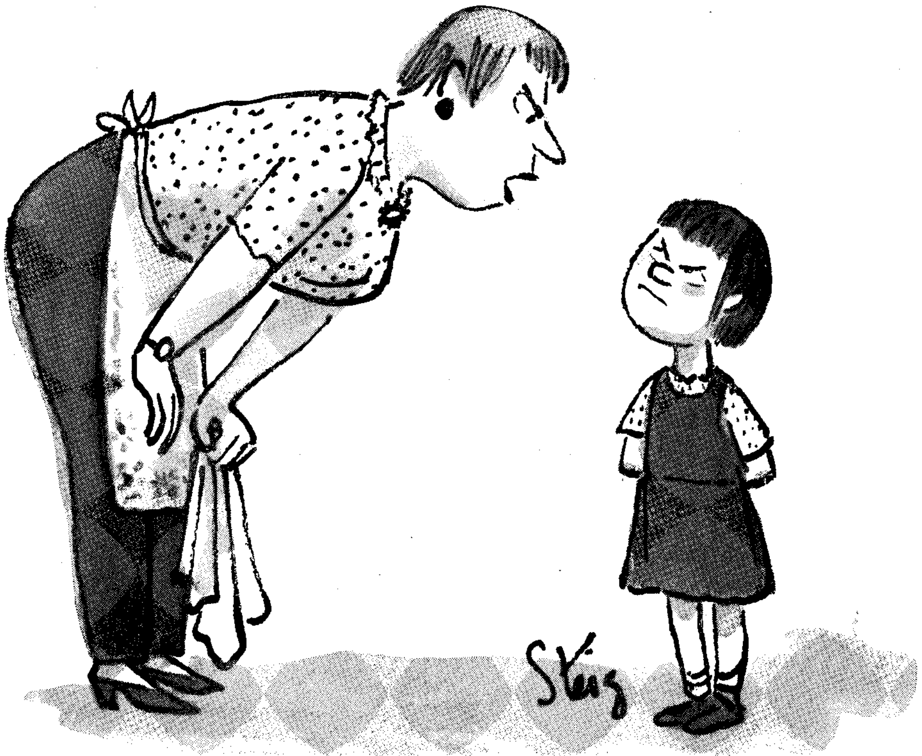
You care. You care a whole lot. You know that now there's a guy sitting behind a desk at the *Trib* who cares, a guy who must feel the heartbeat of this city and maybe of the whole world, a guy who knows that things matter. All kinds of things. You've just turned with a tremendous sort of urgency in your fingers to Jimmy Breslin, and in a moment you're with this one buzzing the traffic on Pitkin Avenue in a fire chief's red Dodge. You're suddenly right plunk in the middle of life, right where things matter. You've been all kinds of places with Jimmy Breslin before. Like down on the Bowery the other Sunday, or out to the Big A or the trots, or digging up streets with the Sicilian Asphalt Paving Company. Anyplace there's life, life with its insignificant joys and pointless little tragedies. But now you're in the chief's red Dodge on Pitkin Avenue and you're counting the streets and the heartbeats of the city while you're whipped along the floors of Brooklyn's canyons to the sadness of a siren's electric screams. Which is while Breslin writes, the icy wind tearing at his notebook:

> At the next intersection, a blue panel truck decided to make it across. You hoped he wouldn't stall because there was no stopping this car you were in on a dime. Behind this chief's car a big brute of a Ward-La France hook-and-ladder was rolling at a speed which could not be stopped easily.

Right here you stop the speed because it's Sunday morning and that's no time for so much excitement, particularly involving you. You turn the page hoping for a change of pace and here you find a story written by a guy name of Tom Wolfe. You remember a writer name of Tom Wolfe, but when you start reading you know right off this isn't the same Tom Wolfe. You just know it. This Tom Wolfe writes:

> You know how it is in New York. You are walking across the street, with the light, when some winner who combs his hair straight back from the bridge of his nose comes hauling around the corner in a panel truck.

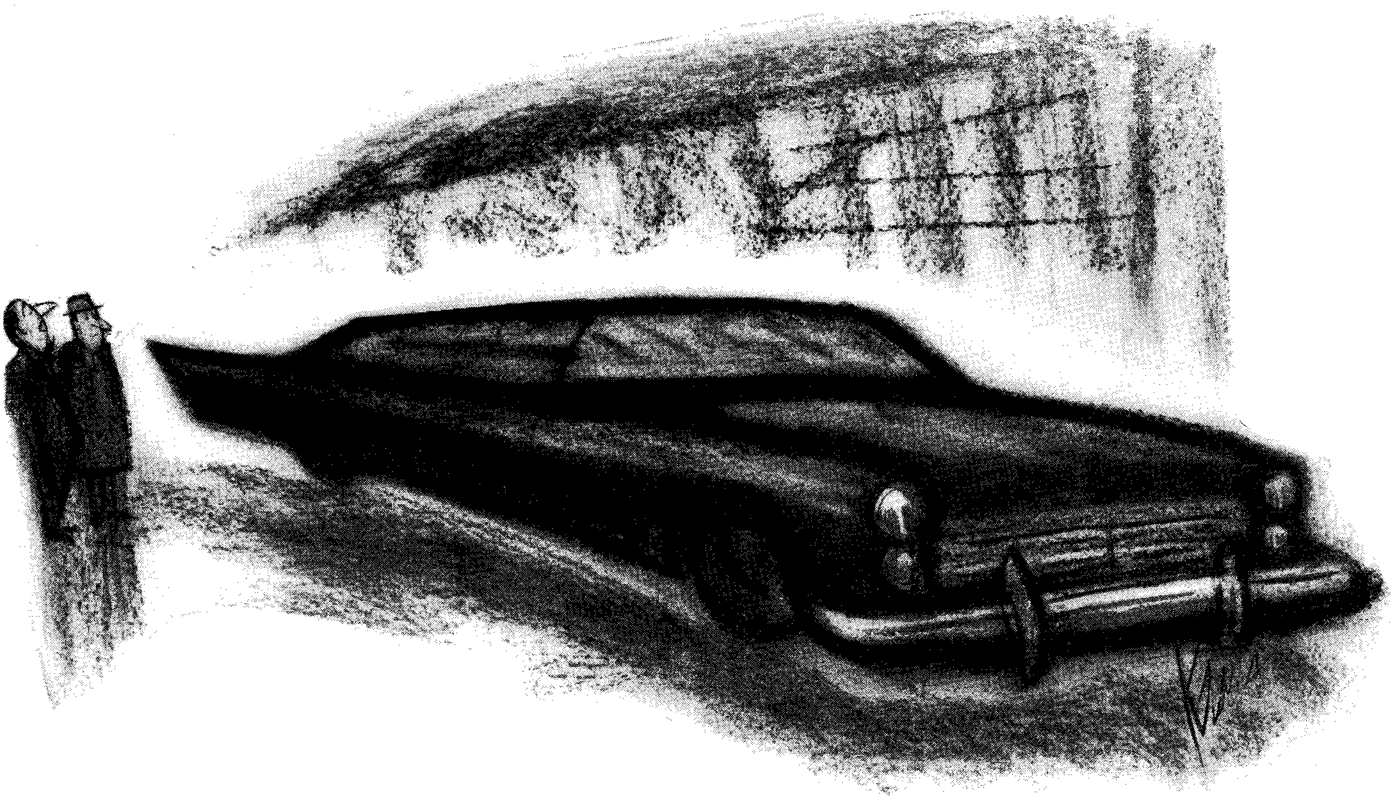
And so on. Which is most likely the panel truck that almost rammed Breslin's red Dodge back a few pages. You can just see this winner Tom Wolfe borrowing a panel truck from Jimmy Breslin. Which makes you wonder if some guy somewhere in this mass of experimental fragments called the *Sunday Herald Tribune* may possibly be able to write something in the third person—an important sort of person maybe, one who stays off the streets. Or even in the first person, if he's got to be obtrusive about it. Which is to say, anything but that editorial "you." And you wonder if other writers on the staff might start to write like you did when you were a sophomore in college who dreamed about having your own obtrusive little column in *PM* or something like that. Back then, you knew you didn't have to button your shirt or quite begin sentences you'd just finished, as long as you realized in your big heart that it was Pitkin Avenue and the little, dull things in life that really matter. You knew you could sprinkle magic on those little, dull things with your beatup Smith-Corona. You could *make* things matter. You were the big guy who wrote about little guys, and you did it in the second person singular most of the time so the reader got the feeling he was really the big guy.



"You are not the center of the universe!"

FOR a moment, there was this crazy impression that a blue panel truck had just three-wheeled it around this slushy corner and dropped a bundle of *Tribs* at your feet. From which you hustled a paper and opened it quickly to Walter Lippmann. Lippmann's a pundit, and you felt the need of a pundit right about now. It's just that kind of a Sunday, the kind when a guy wants to feel detached. Like you always can feel about big and important things when pundits tell you about them, or like you can feel about all those big and important people you can't ever quite identify with, not little guys like you. If you detached yourself now with a couple cans of brew, anything could happen, just like anything could happen down at the *Herald Tribune* if the influence began to spread, if you get the picture. Which you get after a few cans, and you find Walter Lippmann's in Moscow this morning.

"You know how it is in Moscow," he writes. "Cold like a witch, and it's bound to get colder if this big guy fluffs it at Geneva. You amble over to the Politburo to see what the scuttlebutt is, but these boys aren't exactly in love with the working press, so who needs them? You just collared a guy in Red Square named Ivan Ilyich Rimsky. This one here's a Ukrainian with a broad, toothy



"It's a lot of car for the money, assuming you want a lot of car and have the money."

• •

smile and he shakes about three hundred pounds when he laughs. When you talk with Rimsky you know everything will be all right. You just know it. Later you walk away from him into the snow that whirls across the square and off over the gray of the plains, and you know you've been talking with a little guy who wears mighty big shoes. You just know he wears big shoes. But you've got a deadline at the cable office and you know the world just won't wait. What the big winners in Washington will think about all this is anyone's guess. Which at the moment doesn't seem to matter, and you find yourself wondering if it ever really will. Back at the correspondents' hotel you just pour yourself a Bloody Mary and think for awhile about a guy named Ivan. These days you find yourself doing a lot of thinking about this guy named Ivan. A lot of guys named Ivan."

The message may have reached Walter Kerr at about the same time, and suddenly there's this Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center, parked somewhere along east of Washington Square, and Walter Kerr's there now. Which is, until they finish work uptown, in a new theatre well back from the curb, where life goes on.

"It may be new," Walter writes, "but it's one of those warm, unhurried places where the Inner Life hasn't given up yet. You know the sort of place. You just knew there'd be this big, warm guy there, this Artie Miller, and this one you got to like because you knew him first way back when you both hung outside Fat Flora's candystore, and he was making dreams with a pencil even then. And onstage there's another one named Robards and he gives you a warm, forgiving smile because he knows it's ten o'clock and you're due back in the city room ten minutes ago. You're due back because the world won't wait while you listen to that last half hour of heartbreak up onstage. Anyhow, you figure, who needs it? During intermission you've been watching the warm, appreciative eyes of the crowd in the lobby and the pretty young girls, giggling and all, and these are the things you'll carry uptown with you in your head. Which really matter."

Now you wonder if Emily Genauer, or even let's say Clementine Paddleford or Roscoe Drummond, might someday be made to see the point. It all has something to do with Heart. Something that pumps warmth through the city's main arteries like an old Ward-La France hose truck, and might just reach the rest of the *Trib's* pundits, or even the little guys who write that big cold stuff on the front page without a byline even. You can imagine the lead under an eight-column headline someday beginning:

"The whole bunch were hanging around yesterday at Finerty's place over on Second near the bridge (Ike Finerty was a juggler years ago on the old Keith circuit) when life on earth as we know it came to a fiery end. You could see Finerty's warm smile in the flash of the fireball that levelled New York. Finerty always smiled like that on a finger or two of the house whiskey. A little guy who his wife will tell you has one helluva temper, and who may not always understand the complexities of the age, sure. But you know in your heart . . ."

A helluva lot's been changed since James Gordon Bennett could whiten his mustache with a five-cent beer in Herald Square, and you can bet some other things in the world will change, too. Things that matter. Bet your bottom dollar. A helluva lot of things.

Which is the way it is.

—J. Q. PURCELL

•

Bing Crosby taped special program in Spanish under guidance of Family Theatre's Father Peyton for use in Portuguese-speaking Brazil on national holiday last Sunday.—*Variety.*

What else has he been doing?

JUDGING KELLER

KELLER writes in his notebook, "I am sitting on a dunce's stool at the kitchen counter, being defeated in war by my son, who keeps dropping the cards on the floor. If it is a game of luck, why do I always lose? My daughter is in her room. I can hear her playing a popular love song on the Hum-A-Zoo I bought her at the Feast of St. Anthony, a street fair. She is not playing for me but for Barbie and Ken and Barbie's best friend, Midge, the dolls that are advertised on television. My son tells me, with a wonder I have mislaid, that it is snowing out."

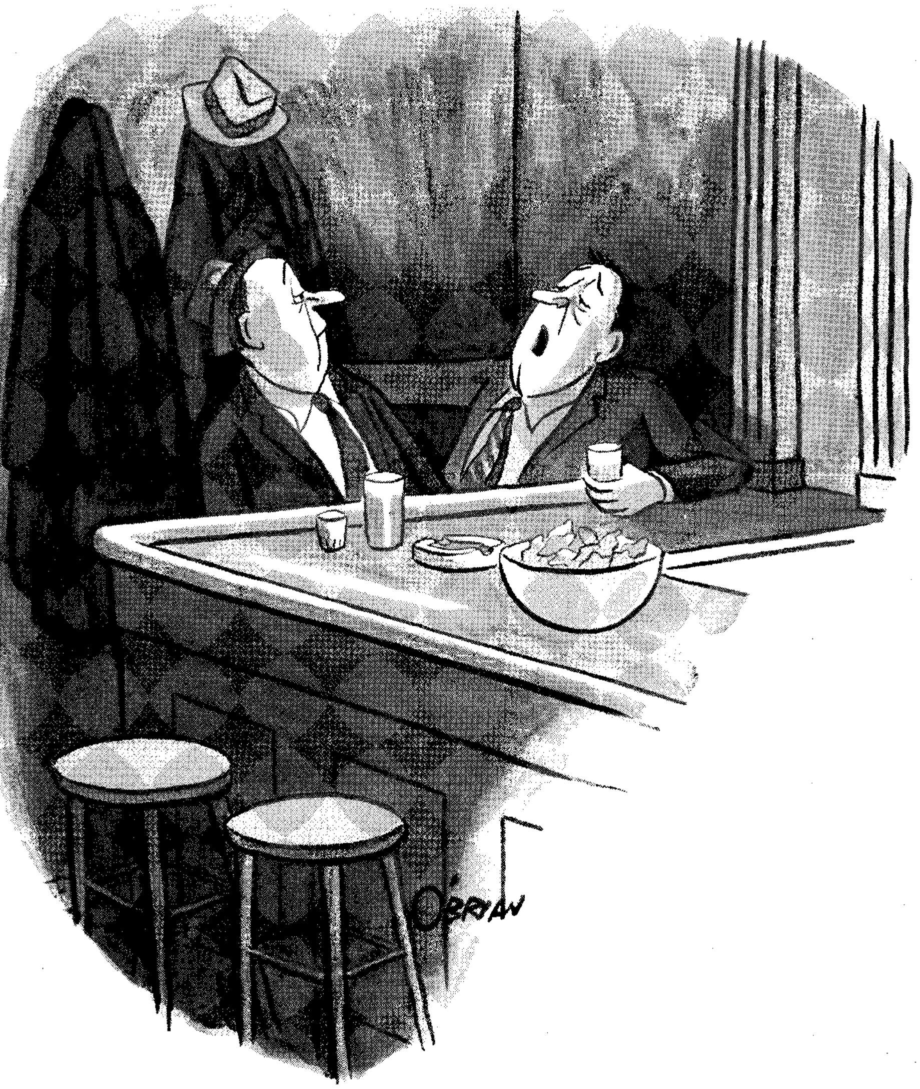
IN fact, Keller is sitting beneath an awning in a launch. There are three launches drifting as one in the lagoon of the atoll; they are held together by hands on the gunwales. In the boat with Keller is a child who he believes is dying of meningitis. With her are her parents, her brothers and sisters, and a group of friends and relations. The two other launches are similarly loaded. Everyone is waiting for the flying boat that will take the girl to the hospital. In respect for the occasion, the natives are dressed as though they were going to church. The men are wearing shirts, and several have woollen sports jackets on, too, despite the heat; the women wear dresses printed with flowers they have never seen. Keller has gathered that someone must have radioed for the plane, as it normally comes only on Thursdays and Sundays and today, he is quite sure, is Saturday. Keller is not at all clear about what is going on; he does not speak either French or Polynesian. For instance, they still think he is a doctor.

KELLER's incertitude began, in one sense, when he examined the hydrographic chart of the archipelago before arriving at the atoll three days ago. In another sense, indecision, bafflement, and unease had been Keller's company for some years. The chart was full of cautionary and foreboding notations. Stirred by these disquieting auguries, Keller made a list of them:

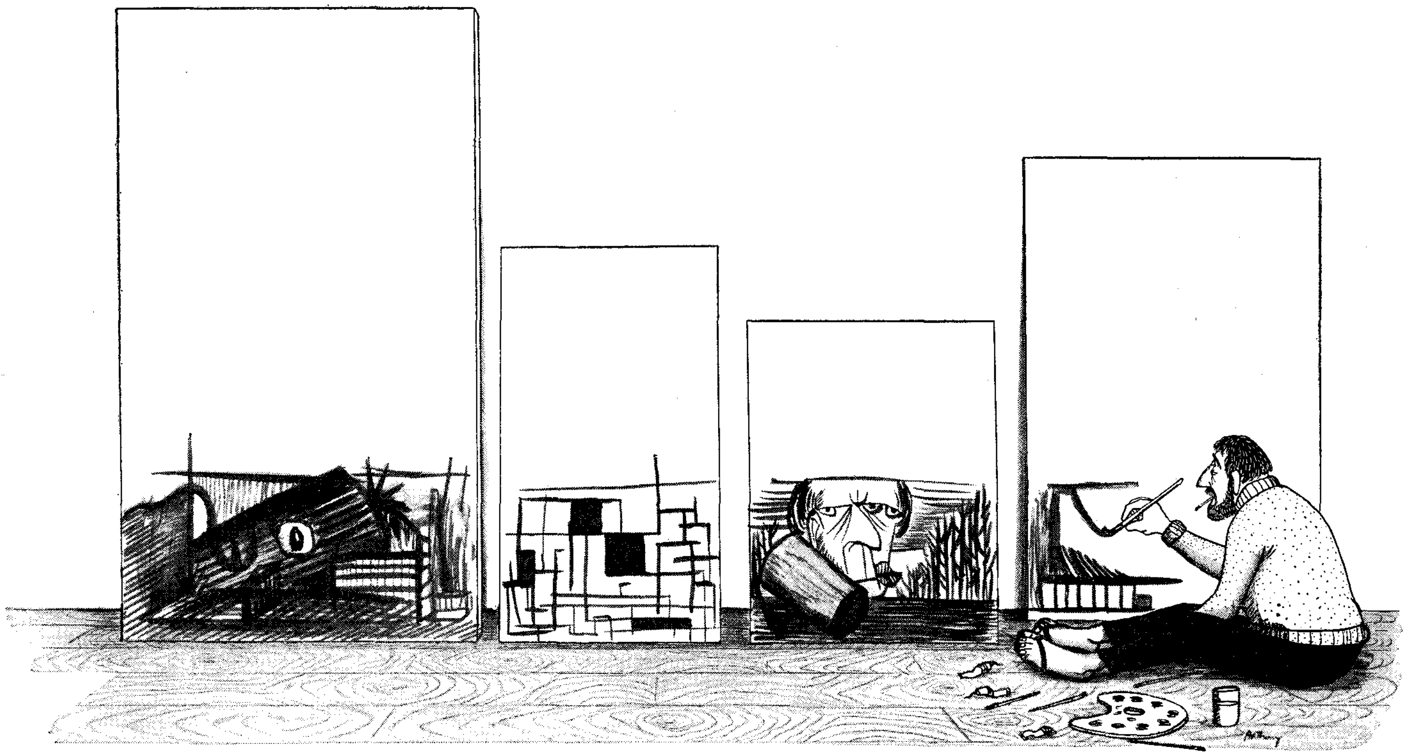
The geographic positions are approximate.
The north point lies 3 miles further west.
Reported to be 2 miles closer than charted.
Soundings in fathoms reduced to approximately Lowest, Low Water.
The lights are reported unreliable.
Disappeared 1938.
Very strong currents.
Remarkable gap.
Dangerous.

He felt, besides, that if someone had sounded and surveyed *him* he would, no doubt, have published just such indeterminate and apprehensive findings. But then, weren't they always fumbling over him with a plumb line and transit? Why was he so frequently assailed and indicted by moralistic cabdrivers and unrepentant relief doormen, reproached by the sullen glances of subway change clerks? Not long ago, a cabdriver had told him, full of condescending sorrow, that he, Keller . . . Well, he had said, after Keller had criticized him for missing a light, "Mister, you're a mean man." Then he had explained that at sixty-seven he was twice Keller's age, that his reactions were no longer as quick as Keller's, and that he had, only the other day, buried his wife of forty-three years. Keller would never forgive him for the last, gratuitous blow. What right had that anonymous old man in a madras cap—no doubt he was wearing matching Bermuda shorts as well—to involve him in his anguish? He *buried* her! *That* was an achievement! Had he shovelled the clods in with his own hands? A final presumption.

Shortly after that judgment, Keller had been confronted by Mr. Gallagher. Mr. Gallagher had owned a laundry called Mrs. Gallagher's French Hand Laundry & Dry Cleaning. From time to time, Mr. Gallagher would post a sign in the window announcing that the laundry was moving to a new and larger location, but the new store was always darker, more cramped, and meaner than the old one. Keller often found occasion, in one store or another, to reprove Mr. Gallagher—buttons were missing or broken, a shirt was torn or had phenomenally shrunk. Mr. Gallagher would tell him, with wrath, righteousness, and fatigue mixed in his rasping voice, that the laundry business



"I've finally learned what facing up to reality means. It means doing what your wife wants."



was not what it once was, that help these days was indifferent and clumsy and demanded not only higher wages but hospitalization—and, at last, that he, Mr. Gallagher, would make it up to him. Mr. Gallagher would then punch the "No Sale" key on his rickety cash register as though he were detonating a charge that would mercifully blow him to bits. The cash drawer was generally empty, so Mr. Gallagher would next grub in his pockets—he wore, like a scarecrow, ill-fitting and unlikely garments abandoned by customers—until he came up with, besides the tatters and rubble of ancient Kleenexes, a few soiled bills that he would tediously smooth out. At least he didn't tell Keller what had happened to Mrs. Gallagher.

Exhausted and unnerved by this ritual, Keller surreptitiously switched to a Chinese laundry. One day, walking by Mr. Gallagher's latest store, he noticed that it was empty and that there was a "For Rent" sign in the window instead of the usual doomed prophecy. A few weeks later, Keller came home on a Monday night and found a new relief doorman sitting on a bench in the lobby. He was wearing a uniform that was much too small for him, and he had drawn his visored hat over his eyes as though he were ashamed to admit his identity. His feet, however, were thrust contemptuously forward, revealing white cotton socks and extraordinarily pale, venous legs expressive of age and hard times. The doorman was, of course, Mr. Gallagher. He did not get up or greet Keller as Keller walked to the elevator, only stared at him with disdain, anger, and ponderous suffering before turning away. Keller ascended, assailed by rage and guilt, hardly relieved by the thought that he would not have to face Mr. Gallagher until the following Sunday. No, this man hiding bitterly in the shadow of a borrowed hat had been pulled down so harshly by circumstance that he had been stripped even of "Mr." and of "Gallagher." Now he had only a first name—Keller wondered what it would turn out to be—like, say, a draft horse.

But their next encounter never came about; several days later, Keller was flying toward the South Pacific, encumbered, as he often was on planes—was it a factor of altitude?—with sentimental wellings and constrictions. He smelled strange soaps and toilet waters on his hands and tenderly inspected them. What had he been doing last night, stumbling up and down the withered hills among the eucalyptus that emitted the odor of urine, of fear and childhood, amorously holding a sleeping child in his arms? On his stopover in Los Angeles, he had taken out this little girl's mother. They had left the child at a neighbor's, and afterward he was carrying her in the dark to her bedroom, where a dusky cat sat on the sill; he remembered climbing the stairs, frightened that he would drop her—he was really very drunk and she had become terribly heavy—or that her lolling head would hit the banister. As he climbed, he thought, at the same time aware of his pretension, of Abraham burdened and tormented by Isaac. Was the soap, then, the child, the toilet water the mother? Their sweet, confiding traces consoled him. He wished he could be mapped at that benevolent moment. He would even lay back his skin and tissue and expose the soft machinery, each organ brightly and childishly colored like the different countries on a tin globe.

KELLER writes in his notebook, "I am sitting against the wall in the smoking section of the Leroy Street pool, facing the sun. I would be no more dazed and acquiescent if a firing squad should march casually out of the men's locker room and, turning, confront me. I gather I have done something wrong—or not done something, an act of neglect that was just as much a fundamental crime or error—and eventually I am to be punished. I have been callous and lofty; self-righteous, too, I suppose. I cannot confess, either to commissions or omissions, for I am not sure what it is they expect of me. But I am so agitated when faced with only the *possibility* that I have offended that I simply accept my doom and give up. I know I exaggerate, but in this mood the water in the pool seems as viscid and murky as that in which hippopotamuses might lurk, where stones knocked together underwater would not be heard. One hippopotamus, two hippopotamus, three hippopotamus. Several kids are playing a game in front of me. They have dropped a book of matches—the cover advertises the Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes—on the concrete and are trying, without success, to spit on it. My left arm is about my son, my right arm is about my daughter. When they judge me with rifles, they will have to judge us all. But, for the moment, we are talking intimately, conspirators three, about our new apartment.

"My daughter says, 'My room is going to have either pink or lemon-yellow walls, depending on whether I get a pink-and-white or yellow-and-white canopy bed. The yellow has to be lemon yellow, but the pink can be just pink. I think I'd rather have it lemon yellow and with curtains that come all the way down to the floor. It's going to be my house on rainy days and my brother can't make it dirty. If I let him inside, he has to clean his feet first.'

"My son says, 'I'm getting awfully sick of the word "lemon yellow." '

"I want to say, 'Can I hide in there with you?'

"My son says, 'In *my* room I want a little modern desk and a little modern typewriter, one little toy cupboard—because I'm going to give most of my toys away to little kids—one medium-sized window and my light, my little light, my light.' "

Keller looks about him at the ring of dark, committed faces. Oppressed by their trust and reverence, he takes the child's wrist. Her pulse is faint and rapid. He lays his head upon her chest as though he were lowering a great, unwanted weight, and wishes he could reside, obscurely penitent, on that hard, hot, ribbed casket. The flutter of her heart intrudes and he looks at his watch. Her pulse must be two hundred. He sits up and futilely examines the empty sky. The others obediently follow his gaze. The girl cries out. What was it they called it in "Introduction to Neurological Medicine"? The hydrocephalic cry? Now the rest are watching him again. Simon says write in your notebook or you will lose your mind. Keller feels the intolerable burden of his upper lip upon his lower.

Keller did not like islands, but he was drawn passionately to them the way the salmon is tugged upstream. He had once met a penniless alcoholic who had drifted infallibly from San Francisco to Miami one summer, vaguely searching for an ex-wife. This man could not have told you the purpose of his pilgrimage; the ex-wife was the same sort of perhaps sentimental goal as a grave is, or a mountaintop. As it turned out, by the time he got to Miami his ex-wife was in Ohio, but he found instead, as though he had spied it from afar and it had been his target all along, a half bottle of Marie-Brizard crème de menthe hidden behind a giant, economy-size box of Tide in the cupboard beneath the kitchenette sink. He finished it, replaced the empty bottle in a flourish of guilt, and presumably returned, without solace, to San Francisco. Another time, in the same vein, Keller had crossed paths with an elderly Chinese. He had seen this solitary three times in as many months, pausing, in pensive regard, hands clasped behind him, bent slightly forward as though at a high window: in Geneva, before a bed of plants growing in the image of a swan; considering flounders and soles in an aquarium in Göteborg; in Rome, scrutinizing a statue of a hermaphrodite. Keller imagined that the Chinese was undertaking a vast and penitential journey. Behind him, in the distance, there was death in a hall bedroom, disorder in the kitchen garden.

The more remote and the smaller the island was, the more desperately Keller sought it out; once it was achieved, he settled into melancholy and desolation, tranced by the impositions of his austerities. He was an admirer of St. Simeon Stylites, who dwelt on higher and higher pillars. Many years ago, Keller had observed in a restaurant a large, grave, and somehow ecclesiastical trout that maintained itself by cursory strokes of its fins in the exact center of a fish tank. The tank was too small to permit the trout to advance or retreat more than an inch, or to turn around—and, of course,

---

JOHN PEEL, SHAKE HANDS WITH 37 MAMAS

BISHOP DEWOLFE GREETS 37 DEBUTANTES ON L. I.

. . . At the cathedral, the debutantes . . . were escorted up the aisle . . . to where the Right Rev. James P. DeWolfe was enthroned on the bishop's chair before the altar. Each girl received a medallion and a blessing from Bishop DeWolfe.—*The Times.*

Oh, blithe it is to bless the hounds
Before the hunt begins,
That they may blood the wicked fox
Unshriven of his sins.

What will avail his wily ways,
His heathenish heroics,
Against such Anglican battle hymns
As "Tallyho!" and "Yoicks!"?

No more his magic bag of tricks
Shall serve the cunning stunter;
His mask and brush this day shall prove
That God is with the hunter.

So let us start a sterner chase
Before momentum ebbs;
If bishops bless a pack of hounds,
Why not a pack of debs?

Thus Heav'n's good will is now invoked
For maiden, not for bachelor;
Small wonder that he feels depressed
As tongue beneath the spatula.

Small wonder that his blood runs chill
As maids receive the benison,
For he, today a running stag,
Tomorrow may be venison.

At each soprano "View halloo!"
His palms grow cold and damp;
In vain he doubles on his tracks
To club or fishing camp.

The pack is snapping at his heels
In virginal battalions;
No ruse or stratagem can prevail
'Gainst blessings and medallions.

Each trophy room is now complete,
Aswarm with little nippers.
Beside the fox's brush and mask
We find a pipe and slippers.

—Ogden Nash

• •

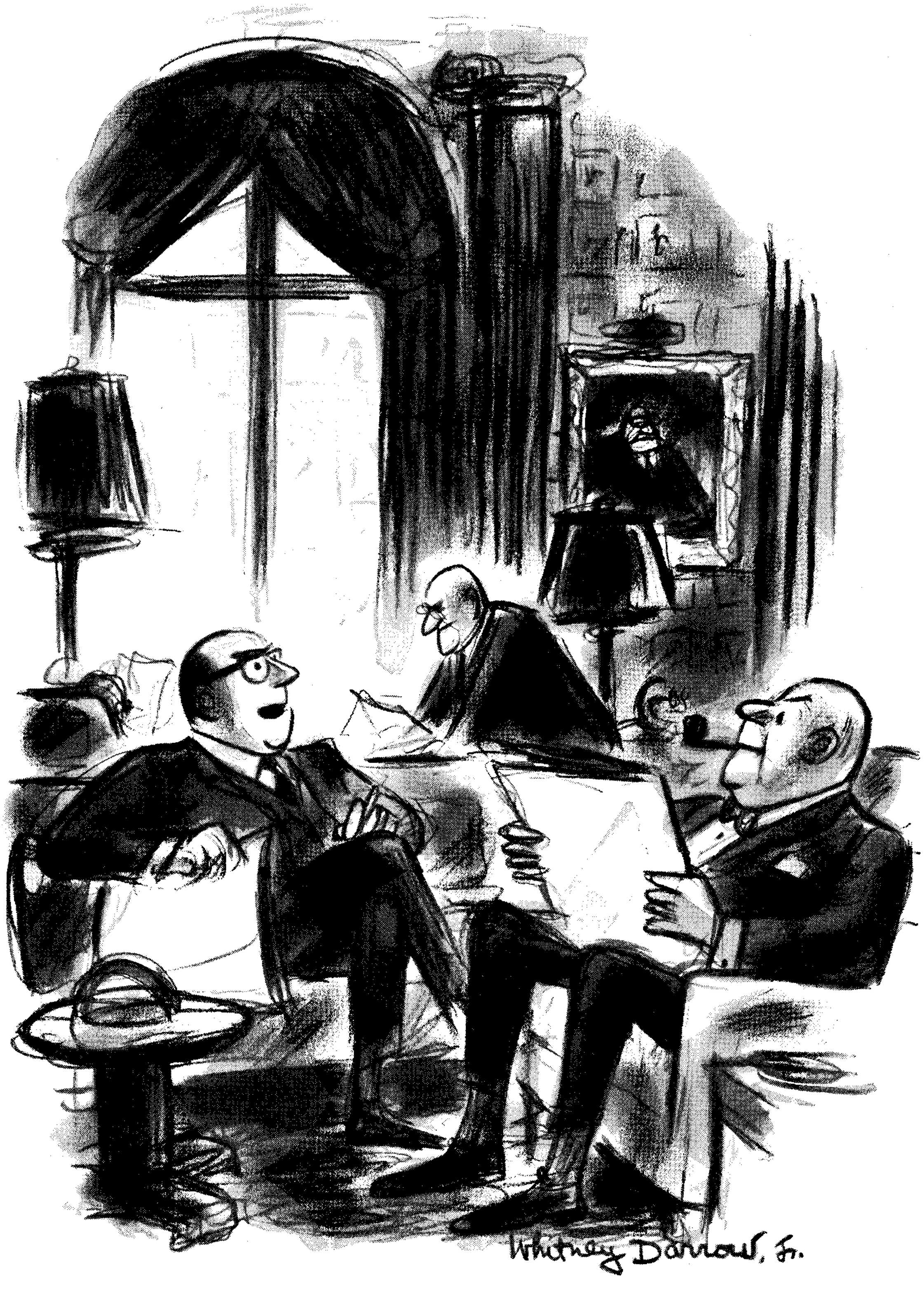
its destiny was assured and imminent, and Keller envied it its equilibrium.

On this occasion, Keller was visiting the most populous of the islets that, configured like a jawbone, made up the atoll. In the afternoon, he would walk through the coconut palms to the bleak esplanade of the reef and moon about it in his tennis shoes, at times stooping to examine a sea urchin or a turbinate shell, at others gazing sententiously at the Pacific. He would often speculate about the intricate foundations upon which he was standing. He understood that the reef was a great mausoleum composed of the skeletons of innumerable animals, but he wondered whether the coral was still silently dying beneath his feet, whether he was, at this moment, precariously balanced and uplifted by rapid generations.

Death and its relics, though they were less monumental and ingenious than the coral reef, seemed to be impinging upon Keller in recent months. While packing for this trip, for instance, he had come across an artificial pink egret plume that had been hidden under some shirts that still bore the mark, or stigma, of Mrs. Gallagher's French Hand Laundry. The plume came from the scanty costume of a French dancer; it had fallen, too light and gaudy to be a presentiment, into Keller's lap during a lounge show in Las Vegas and he had saved it. He had later read that the dancer had asphyxiated both herself and her toy poodle—also dyed pink, the paper reported—in her efficiency unit in the Paradise Valley Apartments. The plume retained, years afterward, the not wholly agreeable odor of her makeup.

There were, too, Sylvia's letters, which he kept in a shoebox, along with old Christmas cards, on an all but unattainable shelf at the top of his hall closet. Sylvia had, over the years, glanced across Keller's life like a stone shied across water, but it was only when she sank—in reality, leaping from a hotel window in, of all places, Baltimore—that she became lodged in his consciousness. The last time he saw her, he was standing on a dim platform in Pennsylvania Station; they had just said goodbye. Looking through the window of the parlor car Miles Standish, he had watched her revolving gravely in her chair. He waved, but she was turning faster and faster, as though on a carrousel, and apparently did not notice him.

One day, Keller took the letters


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"He's just at that awkward age—too old for the Boy Scouts and not old enough for the Young Republicans."

• •

down and read them over, copying passages in his notebook that underscored his irreparable failure and default.

I have been thinking [she had written] that I'll take your abominable overcoat to the cleaners, so that you'll look more like the sterling young man you are when you get back. Would you please *send me* a valentine. Since fifth grade I have never gotten one except from Ginger [Sylvia's daughter] and she usually makes me make the one she sends me. Ginger says she would like to work in your office because she likes your sliding door, also the music in the elevator. Thus is youth moulded. (Brit. sp.) . . .

Last night sitting under an arctic moon and eating bean soup, I thought of you. Aren't you the lucky boy to inspire such, ah, er, I can't think of the right word, but something like a religious fervor springing from base carnality. I have managed to fake the morning away and, lo, it is time for lunch. But my mid-morning jelly doughnut lies heavy on my heart, so maybe I'll just walk. Today spring seems to have come to New York. I have an overpowering urge to buy a hyacinth. . . .

My social life has been proscribed by a variety of circumstances that are nauseating to me. I can't do anything with Mitchell because he might try to break another coffee table with my head and/or he is violently on the make, a combination of danger and flattery that I'd rather watch on TV. Henry Lansdorf is not only a fink but absolutely rotten right down to the worm at the core of his being, besides being a pothead and a lush, among other things. I don't like him very much, either. I went to a party last night. A man who is probably an assistant buyer told really dirty, non-funny jokes. The walls were covered with burlap, which makes me sneeze, and I was introduced to a man who once painted a portrait of the Pope and owns all the postcard rights. Diana went to the opening of the new El Morocco. Some of the waiters are Pinkerton men, she thinks. I wish I had somebody to talk to. . . .

Yesterday I washed your telephone and vacuumed your lampshade. Agnes [Keller's maid] says you are out of Mr. Clean. The only mail was from your Daitch Shopwell. *Kel, I miss you. . . .*

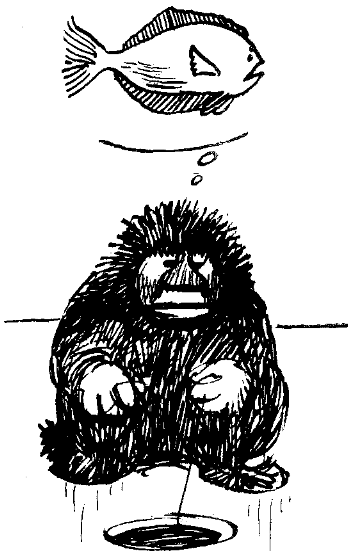
Olivio, the man who feels his own paintings, called just now. "How's your aesthetic boy friend?" he asked. It made me visualize you, chiaroscuro on a beach. Send me a swatch of your skin so I can see how brown you are. I will send you a plastic giraffe filled with bubble bath that is in the window of the Commodore drugstore. I had a long look at myself in a triple mirror the other day and decided that if I don't do something I will soon look like M. Pneu. I think I am going to a track meet. What does one wear? I have never been to a track meet. . . .

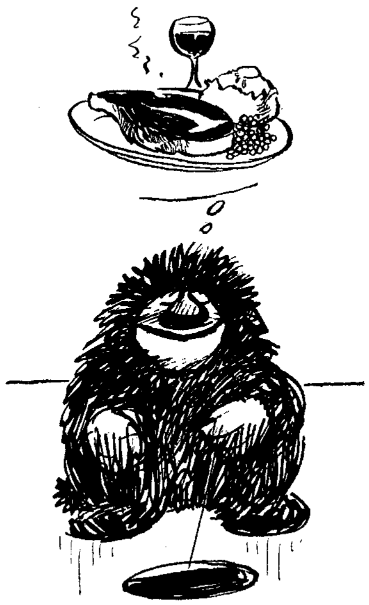
Tell me a joke please, a funny one. . . .

There was another letter, the contents of which he could hardly recall, which he had not copied out passages from, and which stirred him like the *strong movements and sentiments of* a forgotten dream. It was not a letter in the strict sense, having never been

sent. Sylvia had typed it in Keller's apartment; she had gone there on a winter afternoon to water his philodendron. *He found it when he* returned from one island or another with plastic sandwich bags full of shells. He was not certain where the letter was now. After Sylvia killed herself, he mailed it to a mutual friend; it described scenes of her childhood, some*thing about an immense tree that she* climbed and hid in, inconspicuous and vulnerable. The tone was both morose and mocking, and Keller felt that in some fashion the letter expiated him; that is why he forwarded it. At the time, this friend was living in Arkansas, in the Ozarks. He wrote back about the tarantula that had its hole in one of the earthen steps that led to the spring, and the soft-shelled turtles that his neighbor killed; he slit their throats and hung them upside down from boughs along the stream to drain. It was then spring. Sylvia was not mentioned. Months later, Keller got a postcard from a motel in Chihuahua; the friend was pushing south. Keller thought of him *walking in the desert, heavy with re*proof, Sylvia's letter crumpled in his pocket like one of Mr. Gallagher's dollar bills.

Sylvia asked Keller to marry her while they were driving to Key West in an air-conditioned Hertz car with tinted windows which he had rented in Miami. He told her—if he could no longer remember what she said without looking at his notes, or even what she looked like, except that she had a brilliant nose like Petrarch's, he could still hear his own dreadful, commonplace sentence; it groaned in his ear like the artificial ocean in the conch with "Greetings from Key West, Fla." painted upon it which Sylvia bought for her daughter—"It's not that I don't want to marry you, Sylvia; it's only *that I just don't want to get married* now." She moved away from him and stared out through the windshield at the dark, stormy colors of the sea and roadside; the cold, continuous rush of air blew between them; they might have been standing on a platform between railway coaches passing through the Alps. Instead of turning back, they continued to Key West—a shabby dénouement. In the afternoon, they swam in their motel pool; the water was as hot as blood and filmed with suntan lotion. In the evening, they ate in a seafood restaurant that had comically illustrated maps of Key West as placemats. Sylvia kept going to the ladies' room to cry; "Mermaids" was written on the door. That night, they lay under a bas-relief: two snowy egrets and several stalks of bamboo beaten out of copper. She gripped him and implored him to marry her, and he heard himself, carefully selecting his words. . . . Many years before, Keller *had walked barefoot to the end of the* rocky mole that extends into the Adriatic at Venice. It was an unreasonable undertaking, but this lack of purpose or profit was, in a way, its justification. Without actually doping it out in these words, Keller wanted to see—and not very badly, at that—what it was like at the end, although he knew from experience that it would not be dissimilar to the beginning or the middle; all he would find there was the way back. It was July; Italy was suffering a heat wave; the rocks were hot, and their fragments cut into his bare soles. But Keller's discomfort was alleviated by the fact that with each step he was get-





ting closer to his indifferent goal—the light and the fishermen, who had rowed out, sitting about it. The return, however, was entirely an ordeal. It was a reversion, and every step carried him nearer to a place that he had been to, and back to attitudes, briefly suspended, that brought him no comfort. Now, as he spoke to Sylvia, fair-minded and conciliatory, he felt he was picking his way slowly back along the rocks, searching for a smooth foothold, putting his foot down gingerly in the expectation of pain, at turns grieving, bored, and philosophical, the shore appallingly distant.

There was a radio in the wall of the motel room which could not be turned off. Faint, tinny, and incomprehensible voices seeped out of the grille. A man in the room next door was singing "Lady of Spain." As she held him, Sylvia trembled so that he disengaged her arms and legs, got out of bed, and turned the air-conditioner down to "L," for "Low."

When they returned to New York, Keller continued to see Sylvia on and off out of a sense of guilt and pity and, rarely, desire. He knew he was being irresponsible; he had wantonly led her out and now, instead of abandoning her, he was dragging her back. She asked him to marry her several more times, they had tearful scenes, and, finally, she took the train to Baltimore. She said she was going to visit an aunt. When she died, Keller owed her nine dollars. He thought of cancelling the debt by buying a present for her daughter, who was living with her grandparents in Cedarhurst, but he was not sure whether it would be in good taste, and in time he forgot the particulars of his obligation. Keller came to blame himself for Sylvia's death, a position that was not without an element of self-gratification; it gave him, like the fur and skeleton of the slain mouse in the owl's crop, a substantive ache about which he could wind and justify his doubt and discontent. The owl shortly coats and eliminates this sharp, indigestible relic, but Keller preserved his memory of Sylvia as though, in a secret and uncharted crypt, she and his shameful forebear, the sterling young man, lay side by side.

ON his third morning on the reef, Keller heard someone shouting and, looking up, saw a young man in a red *pareu* jogging toward him. He beckoned to Keller and shouted again, "Kel-lair!" For a moment, Keller thought he had run all the way from the village to ask the time. Keller watched him approach with disbelief; he had come to regard the reef as his garden. If he had a garden, Keller thought, it would be like this—bitter and weedy. The intruder tugged at Keller's arm. "Kel-lair," he repeated in an almost sweet, despairing voice, and Keller realized, with wonder and relief, that he was saying his name, and what he wanted was Keller to return with him to the village. As though he felt the draw and agency of fate, Keller submissively followed. To keep up, he had to run. The native led him to a house shaded by breadfruit trees. It seemed to Keller that the entire population of the village was squatting on the front lawn. What had *he* done? Or what was he about to do, more like it. Or was it doomsday or a revolution? The young man took him by the hand and drew him through the silent and ambiguous crowd. Keller stooped as he entered the house, although the doorway was high enough; he felt extraordinarily tall and condemned to make unnecessary adjustments. Curtains hanging from fishing line divided the interior into a series of cubicles and blocked the light. The windows must have been open, for every so often the curtains, which were unevenly drawn, giving the effect of an elaborate maze, billowed theatrically. Keller was led this way and that, baffled and apprehensive. Once, he blundered into a chicken; it plunged into a curtain as though beheaded. At times, he lost sight of his guide as he preceded him around corners; the only sign of his presence was the pressure of his hand. At times, too, a curtain would abruptly part, someone would stare at Keller without expression and then would pull the curtain to. At last, the guide stopped and stepped aside. Before Keller was his reward, a girl of five or six lying on a bed as high as an altar. She was breathing rapidly and held her head in an odd, stiff position. Keller laid his hand on her forehead; she was burning up. He tried to move her head, and she screamed. Appalled and intimidated, Keller stepped back and found his way obstructed by people who had followed him in and stood behind him on tiptoe. He now noticed that there were others crouching on the floor about the bed.

"I'm not a doctor," Keller said fatuously.

There was no reply.

"You don't understand," he pleaded. "I'm sorry, but you're mistaken. I'm really not a doctor. What do you want of me?"

As though in response, a chair was brought to the head of the bed and Keller was gently pushed into it. He did not want to look at the child, but neither could he look at the supplicant and reliant faces of those who surrounded him. They, not she, were to be his clement nemeses. They must have discovered somehow that he had once gone to medical school. Were there clues or ruins in his face, manner, and belongings—the spoor of old declinations? Was it true that hunters could tell by the depth and temperature of the pool of urine how large an elephant had passed how long ago? But did they know, further, that he had left medical school because (he told himself, no doubt falsely) he was unable to endure the pain of strangers—that vast, abstract, public suffering and, more to the point, the infinite and irrational trust? He could not just sit there, eyes cast down, however, for the little girl had begun to twitch spasmodically; he could feel it through his knee, which was inadvertently touching the bed. He yearned to be elevated like St. Simeon Stylites, who was finally sixty feet tall, governing and forgiving by sighs. Perhaps, he thought, if she died here and now he could say—but who would listen?—they came for him too late. No, she was moaning. Keller was fairly trapped. He leaned forward and carefully bent the child's neck. Her legs flexed in response. He pushed one of her thighs against her abdomen, then extended it. She cried out—a cry high-pitched and piteous like that of birds that follow a ship far at sea—and her other leg flexed quickly while the one he held strained against his hand. The signs of Kernig and Brudzinski. She had the classical symptoms of acute meningitis, the lecturer would say, lifting his voice in that high, dingy hall that seemed a place of departures, like a railway terminal. "Hallucinations, delirious states, maniacal episodes, and restlessness." He called them out as though they were stations down the line. Who were Kernig and Brudzinski, anyway? Keller pictured them standing on a snowy corner by the great, dark loom of a hospital near the North Sea, waiting for the last bus. They were identically dressed in long overcoats with fur collars upon which the snow did not melt but built up about their dispassionate faces. Keller forced himself to take the child's pulse. It was a hundred and eighty.

"We've got to get her to the hospital," he announced. Why were all his sentences so banal? It's not that I don't want to marry you, Sylvia. . . . He could have said that, for all they knew, for all that it mattered.

Keller took out his notebook and drew, without perspective, a building with many windows and a cross on it, then a seaplane; a dotted line ending in an arrow connected them. He felt like adding a chimney and a coil of smoke, Kernig and Brudzinski waiting for the bus. He tore out the page and they passed it among them. When it was handed to the last, who was the young man they had sent to bring him here, he nodded and left. The others made lifting motions with their arms. What did they want of him now? Or was it a dance? But celebrating what—or carry her where? He bent and picked her up, and all the curtains suddenly shot back and Keller saw that he was only a few feet from the door. The crowd on the lawn rose as he stepped out and parted with ceremony to allow him to pass. Some went before on the road, and he followed them; looking back, he saw the rest bringing up the rear, joined now by the village's abused and crippled dogs. He felt like a prisoner under escort. They were walking by the harbor. He recalled carrying that other sleeping child through the fragrant and treacherous hills. How many nights ago? Abraham and Isaac, too—that effrontery. The road went by the lagoon. Keller could see the black sea slugs on the bottom; kindred, these. He wanted to withdraw, like the hermit crab, into a tenement of shade. Balancing his trust in his arms, he remembered, imperfectly, the movie about Frankenstein. Wasn't there a scene where a dead girl was being borne through a town? There was round dancing in the street. It must have been a holiday. The rounds broke up as the solemn man and the girl passed through them. Who was it that was carrying the child, the father or the monster? At any rate, wasn't the monster a kindly person who had been misjudged? I mean, Keller thought, he had been treated badly, misunderstood; they had all turned against him, hadn't they?

INGRES'S "LA SOURCE"

The sound of water. Water upon water.
The bright fish darting in the shaken pool,
Silver in silver, motion within motion.
The mirror trembles as we look within it.
Such discourses! Their texts too ponderous
For language of mere water striking water,
The muffled bell notes sounding, sounding, sounding,
As the child's heart beats in the mother's belly.

That child, who grows his gills as if for water
And feels the tides about him as he grows,
Tugging him birthward—he is part of water.
In the spring's outthrust is the weather's motion,
And growth of crops. When, in the breadth of ocean,
A distant whale sends the white water spuming
In drops that catch the lookout and the sunlight,
That, too, is part of what this trickle says,
Jetting among the ferns to leap the rock face.

It looks so gentle,
This clear water, joining rocks to pool;
Falls softly on the fingers, charms the tongue
With mineral coolness as we swallow down
Our mountain water. But it scars the mountain,
Grinds the rocks small, wears smooth those murderous pebbles
With which a David goes to hunt Goliath.

A girl holds
Tilted a jar from which this music flows.

—EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

• •

KELLER writes in his notebook: "My daughter has run away from home. Beneath the lemon-yellow-and-white canopy, her covers are smooth and empty. No one has ever slept there. I look in my son's room. He lies sprawled upon his bed as though he had been flung down from a great height. I go into the kitchen and hear the refrigerator's reassuring hum. On the counter is an unfinished jigsaw puzzle we were working on, once upon a time, the three of us. We were looking one evening for the dancing green men with the flat bottoms that made up a corner and Benjamin Franklin's coat."

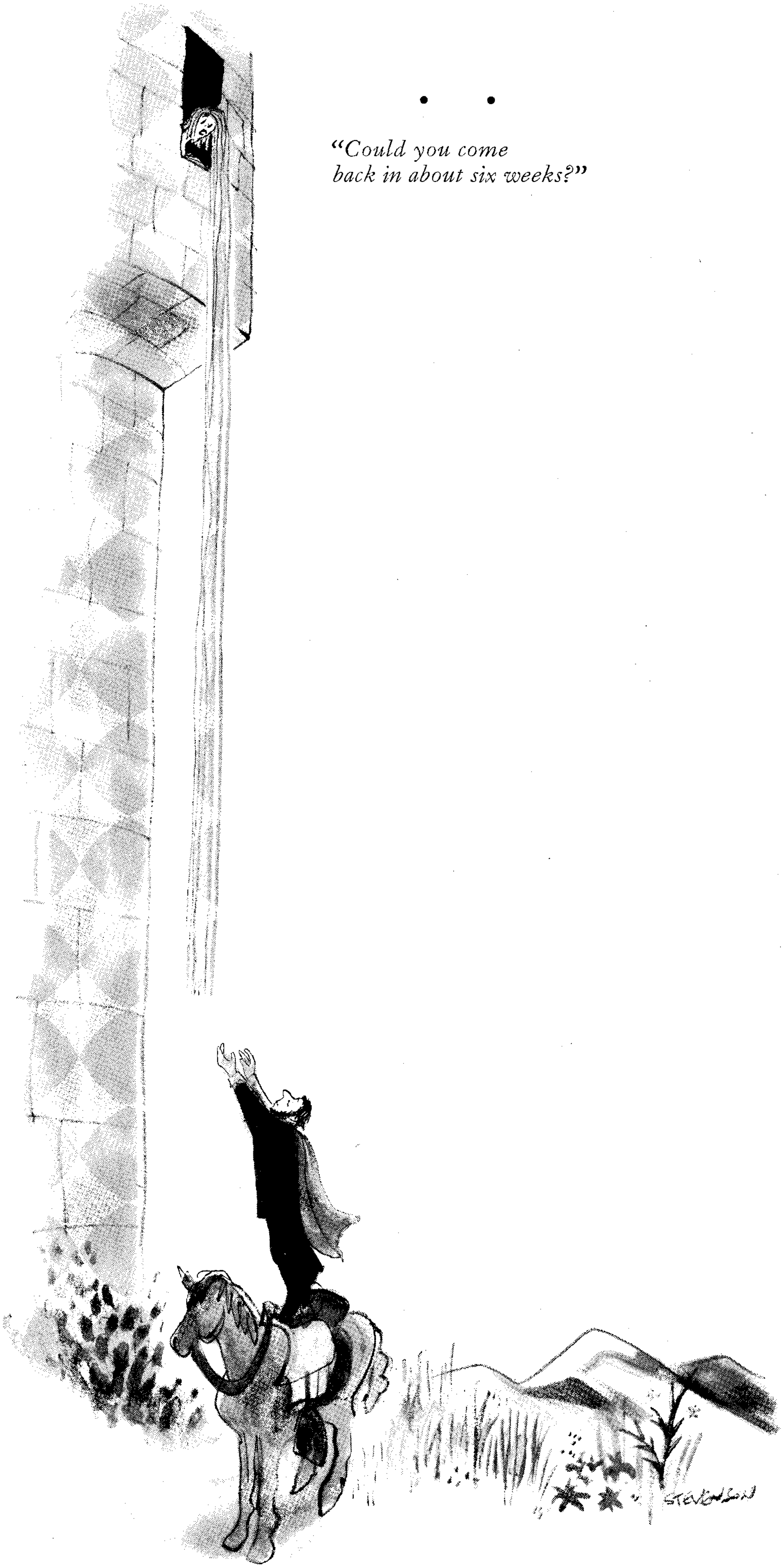
Keller never married and he does not have any children. He writes, with fraudulence and innocence, in his notebook because he feels those in the launch expect him to do something professional—and to remember what never happened or to forget what has. How often can he take the child's vanishing pulse, feel her head? What is left? External cardiac massage? Mouth-to-mouth breathing? Tracheotomy? A drop of sweat falls and lodges along the gold rim at the bottom of one of the lenses of his sunglasses. It shimmers there, creating a spectrum. Keller is diverted. Refraction makes the rim appear to be a chain of gold coins: a sunken treasure, Keller thinks. He knows the child has died, but it is still his secret.

Keller writes in his notebook: "I love you."

He drops the notebook overboard. He hears several splashes and sees that the boats have drifted apart and men are diving into the lagoon like Greeks after the cross. No, I did it on purpose. I don't want it. I don't need it any longer. Please don't bring it back to me. It doesn't make any difference. Why do you all have to be so kind? He has seen these people dive and imagines them kicking powerfully toward the bright bottom, the notebook sinking beyond them into the sea's high, inviolate vault. They will never recover it. If the hydrographic chart is right, it is fifteen fathoms deep where the flying boat lands.

Keller continues to hear splashes and opens his eyes; he had not known they were shut. The men are swimming on the surface. The notebook was too light and gaudy to sink. One of them has it now and is returning to the launch. Had they radioed for the flying boat, after all? They had been waiting for him to drop it over the side, throw it away like a murder weapon, and now they are bringing it back—he has it between his teeth—to confront and condemn him with.

—Gilbert Rogin

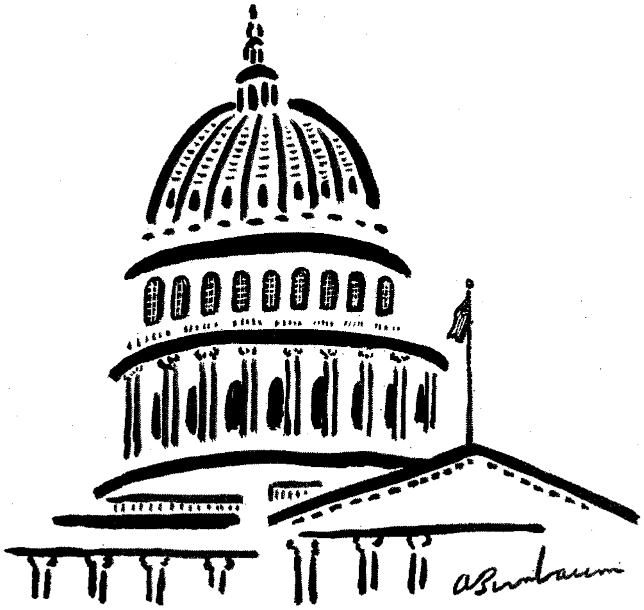


• •

"Could you come back in about six weeks?"

ANNALS OF LEGISLATION

THE REAL VOICE—I



ONE morning early in February of 1951, Dr. Irene Till, an industrial economist who was working part time for the Federal Trade Commission, told her immediate superior, Dr. John M. Blair, about a discovery that her husband—Walton Hamilton, a Washington attorney—had made the day before. He had awakened with a severely inflamed throat, and in the afternoon had gone to see his doctor, who told him that he was suffering from a virulent streptococcic infection, and prescribed one of the new "wonder" drugs—an antibiotic called Chloromycetin. Stopping at a drugstore on his way home, Hamilton learned that Chloromycetin cost fifty cents a pill. For a good many years, he had suspected that doctors in general had little idea of the prices that their patients had to pay for medicine, and he was outraged at this particular price, so then and there he telephoned his own doctor to ask if some cheaper medication wouldn't do. The physician, admitting that he had had no idea of the cost of Chloromycetin, said that either of two other new antibiotics—Aureomycin or Terramycin—would be suitable, and he promised to check on their prices and call Hamilton back.

A few minutes later, he did call back, and reported, "I'm sorry, but they're all the same price."

"Exactly the same?" Hamilton asked.

"To the penny."

"I presume they're all made by the same company, then," Hamilton said.

"No," the doctor replied. "They're made by three different companies."

Hamilton bought Chloromycetin.

When Hamilton got home, he and his wife discussed his pharmaceutical adventures and came to the conclusion that the similarity of prices was worth examining. All in all, they were in a better position than the average couple to get something done. Hamilton, formerly a professor of law at Yale, had served as a consultant to the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice when it was headed by Thurman Arnold, one of the celebrated trustbusters of the New Deal era, and was now a partner in his former boss's law firm—Arnold, Fortas & Porter. Price-fixing and other violations of the antitrust laws are the concern of both the F.T.C. and the Justice Department, but Hamilton felt that the Commission afforded the better line of approach, since at the time it had the discretionary power to issue subpoenas and the Justice Department did not.

After Dr. Blair, who was chief of the F.T.C.'s Division of Economic Reports, and who, like Dr. Till, was a Ph.D. and not an M.D., heard the story, he said the idea was a fine one, and he suggested to his superiors that the Commission make an informal preliminary study. Shortly afterward, a couple of investigators were assigned to look into the matter, but it appears that they didn't look into it very deeply. An attorney who was then fairly high up in the F.T.C. hierarchy later remarked, "For some reason, the Commission decided not to issue any subpoenas, and the investigators got the runaround. In essence, what happened is that they went to the officers of various drug corporations and asked, 'Are you conspiring to fix prices?' When everyone answered, 'Who, *us*?,' the investigators came back and recommended that the file be closed. It was."

Some members of the F.T.C. staff kept hoping that one day the file would be reopened. But then, in 1953, after the change of administration, the Commission was rocked so violently that a good part of the crew went overboard. The new chairman was a Washington lawyer named Edward F. Howrey, and not long after he took over, he made a speech before the New York State Bar Association in which he promised vigorous enforcement of the antitrust laws and noted that this would depend in large measure upon the work of his economists. However, the Select Committee on Small Business of the House of Representatives later reported that Howrey had "failed to inform his audience that under his direction there had been a reduction in force at the F.T.C. . . . with its greatest impact against the staff of F.T.C. economists." The report continued, "Only nine economists remained unaffected. Thirteen had been separated, another had resigned while facing separation, and four had been demoted and reassigned." Dr. Till was one of those who were separated, while Blair was demoted and more or less put on the shelf. So, it appeared, was any plan for investigating the drug industry.

At about this time, Senator Warren G. Magnuson, a Democrat from Washington, began to grow curious about the high prices of drugs—particularly the newer ones. As a member of the Labor, Health, Education, and Welfare Subcommittee of the Senate Appropriations Committee, he had learned that drugs represented a major expense in federal and joint federal-and-state welfare programs. "Back in the early fifties, I started getting a lot of complaints from elderly constituents about drug prices," he has said. "I looked into the matter, and found that some pensioners spent as much as a third of their income for medication. A little later, I was in Sweden, and I happened to notice that some American-made drugs cost only twenty per cent of what they cost here—American-made drugs, mind you." In 1955, control of Congress passed to the Democrats, and control of the Senate Independent Offices Appropriations Subcommittee, which holds hearings on the annual budgets of the federal regulatory agencies, passed to Senator Magnuson. In May of that year, when Howrey appeared before the subcommittee to defend the F.T.C.'s request for a budget of $4,300,000 for the next fiscal year, Magnuson brought up the prices of antibiotics, say-

OPENS TODAY
2 BIG
ALL
HORROR
FEATURES
151ST ST
ORPHEUM
THEATRE

• •

ing that an investigation might show "markups running to four hundred and five hundred per cent of the cost of production," and adding that he thought the field would be a good one for the F.T.C. to study. Howrey agreed. "Your views count with us," he said. "We will begin the antibiotic studies as soon as we can." A year later, when the F.T.C. again appeared before the subcommittee to defend its budget—represented this time by a new chairman, John W. Gwynne, a former Republican congressman from Iowa—Magnuson asked how the antibiotics study was progressing. Gwynne answered that at the moment the Commission was shorthanded but that the study would probably be ready by the summer of 1957. At Gwynne's next appearance before the subcommittee, in April, 1957, Magnuson again mentioned the report, remarking, "I was wondering how you were coming along on that." This time Gwynne was more definite. "We hope to have it in the hands of the printer by June 30th," he said.

A FEW months earlier, another senator, the late Estes Kefauver, of Tennessee, had moved into a spot that would soon enable him to take on the price study Magnuson had been asking for—and a lot more. In January, 1957, Kefauver had taken over as the new chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly. Although he had attained this position through the usual seniority system, he had unusual qualifications for the job. After graduating from the Yale Law School in 1927, he went into private practice in Chattanooga, and, as he recalled in the fall of 1961, two years before he died, "Even in those days I had an interest in monopoly problems in general." He went on to explain, "My mother's double first cousin, Uncle Patrick Estes, was general counsel and part owner of the Life & Casualty Insurance Co. of Tennessee, and I was very close to him. Although he was a lawyer for big business, he was deeply worried about the number of small businesses that were going under. He felt that the important economic decisions were made in the cities and that the little fellows who were affected across the country couldn't do much of anything about it. I became convinced that the only possible way to change the trend was to increase competition. To do that, we have to apply the antitrust laws that we have more vigorously, and if they're not enough, we have to revise them. I believe that a man who is elected by the people to serve in Congress ought to pick out something that is in the public interest and specialize in it, whether or not

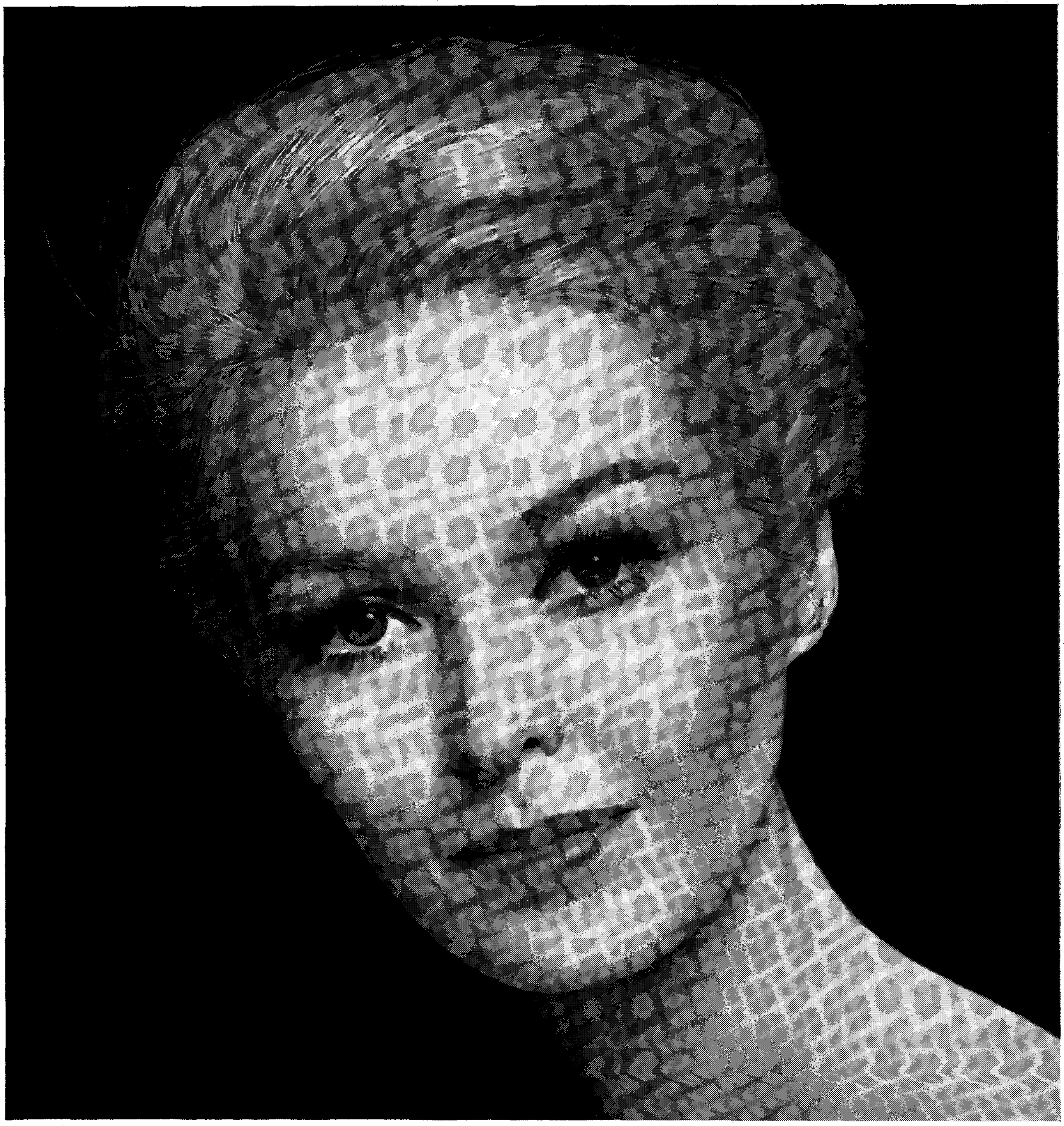
"Just like old times, eh, Phil? Old friends, couple of drinks, and lots of laughs."

• •

it's popular, so when I took my seat in the House, in 1939, I made antitrust matters my specialty. As a result, I was put on the Committee on the Judiciary and the Committee on Small Business, in both of which we studied economic concentration. Naturally I became interested in increasing government procurement from small businesses. Then I got busy trying to plug a loophole in Section Seven of the Clayton Antitrust Act in order to further discourage monopoly by forbidding one company to gain control of another by buying up its assets. We finally got that passed, in the Celler-Kefauver bill, in 1950, the year after I got to the Senate. It was through the courts' interpretation of Congress's intent in that bill that du Pont was recently forced to get rid of its General Motors stock. Still, that was a limited success. I keep feeling that mergers, consolidations, and coöperation between large blocs of economic power are on the increase, and that this is bound to lead to total abuse of our free-enterprise system, and, inevitably, to total state control—in short, statism. And that is something none of us want. Some of the more responsible corporate managers I've talked with are concerned about this, too. But a lot of others don't even realize the danger, or if they do, they don't care."

Kefauver's efforts to curb the concentration of economic power brought him little public notice, but in 1950 he struck at a different kind of power—organized crime—and overnight became a national figure. In 1951, the Washington press corps voted him the second-best senator (Paul Douglas, of Illinois, was first), but at the same time many observers were calling him a mere publicity hunter. "Here in Washington, the cynical explanation for his success is his great buildup as a crimebuster on the nation's television screens," wrote Marquis Childs in 1952. "But the real reason may be the sheer novelty of a man who is saying something out of his mind and out of his heart about the basic issue of power and its use and abuse in mid-century America." Paradoxically, the crime investigation both made Kefauver a potential nominee for the Presidency and at the same time ruined his chances. By revealing that his party occasionally had ties with the underworld, especially in the large cities, he forfeited the support of some key political bosses and, ultimately, of the party leadership.

In any case, Kefauver was never really an influential member of the Senate. When it came time for the Democratic leadership to line up blocs of votes, no one approached him, for, as a man not given to the usual logrolling, he could seldom command any vote except his own. In 1954, when he was up for reëlection, he took three politically hazardous positions. He was one of the initiators of the petition to censure Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. He refused to sign the Southern Manifesto against civil rights for Negroes. (Southern conservatives had always disliked him for his liberalism; now they had cause to hate him, and most of them did.) And he cast a lone vote during debate on a bill outlawing the Communist Party, when the Democrats, to show that they weren't soft on Communism, submitted an amendment that would have made membership in the Party punishable as a crime; the vote was eighty-one for and Kefauver against. When he got back to his office, one of his assistants said that all hope for the election was lost, and burst into tears. Kefauver patted the man on the back. "It had to be done," he



THE MONTEIL LOOK FOR SPRING

is gay — light — adventurous, with new softness for your eyes and new brilliance for your lips. Eye Shadow colors are muted — but made interesting by a dusting of gold or platinum, while your lips will go gay with brilliant pinks. These "Pace-setter" Shades are designed not for women who follow fashion — but for those who set it.

Try "Cat's-eye Green" Eye Shadow with "Navy Pink Day" or "Navy Pink Evening" Lipstick.

Germaine Monteil

said. "The bill is unconstitutional." Later, President Eisenhower said much the same thing about the amendment, and then J. Edgar Hoover pointed out that it would make his job more difficult, whereupon Congress dropped the amendment.

One reason that Kefauver was not warmly regarded by some of his colleagues in the Senate was that he did not always carry his share of the load on committees headed by somebody else, and they saw this tendency as another sign that he was interested less in doing the tedious work that is the everyday lot of a senator than in seeking the limelight. Another was that, even to his closest friends and political associates, he was an enigma. His coonskin campaigning cap notwithstanding, Kefauver was essentially an intellectual (in 1948 the American Political Science Association made him its first non-academic officer), and he was also deeply introverted and taciturn. "I've never known a man who played his cards so close to the vest," one senator who worked closely with him in many struggles for progressive legislation has said. "You never knew what he was going to do next—and half the time, after he'd done it, you didn't know why." Often, when word got around that Kefauver was about to take an issue to the floor of the Senate, the younger liberals gathered in the rear of the chamber to watch him in action, both because he was a political maneuverer worth studying and because they were endlessly curious about how a man who had fought for the principles they believed in had survived politically for nearly a quarter of a century. Kefauver, who was a large man—he stood six feet three inches tall and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds—ordinarily sat stolidly at his desk near the front of the chamber, his large hands in his lap and his narrow, ruddy face totally without expression. When he rose to speak, he was seldom impressive; unshakably polite, he mumbled almost inaudibly, he hesitated for long stretches, and he invariably threw away his best lines. Even so, he was rarely underestimated by anyone more than once. "Kefauver gets up with that slow drawl of his, talking so softly you can hardly hear him," remarked a Republican opponent after a bitter debate. "You lean forward to catch his words, and you discover he's beating your brains out."

WHEN Kefauver began looking around for a staff for the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, it did not take him long to choose his

Bloomingdale's Men's Store

Our exclusive British-inspired "Canterbridge" shirts, so handsomely right for Easter

The "Canterbridge" collar, tailored with a new higher band, imparts a lean, trim look that matches the trimness of the slim, tapered body. Woven of fine combed cotton madras, the "Canterbridge" is made exclusively for us by noted Hathaway. Select from modified spread, button-down, or snap-tab collars; stripes or end-to-end solids in dark blue, dark olive, or red. Sizes 14½, 32 to 34; 15 to 16, 32 to 35; 16½, 33 to 35, **7.95**

Mail and phone orders filled. Outside delivery area, add 75c

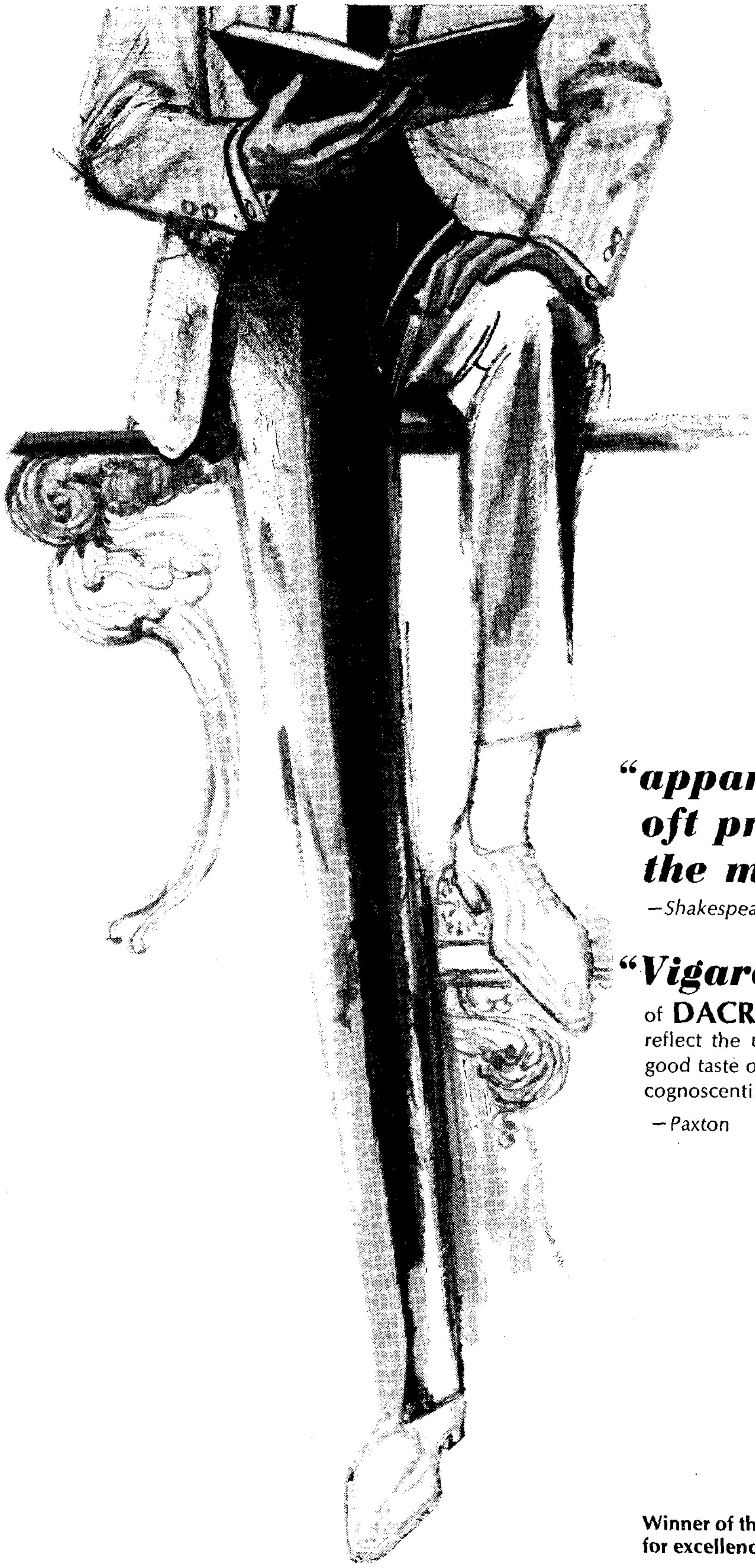
New York, 59th Street at 3rd Avenue • *EL 5-5900*
Bergen County • *Fresh Meadows* • *New Rochelle* • *Stamford*

A bath soap with muscles!

St. Johns Bay Soap is for men only. It's made from essence of bay, down in the Virgin Islands where bay rum was born. The aroma is unmistakably masculine and so is the shape. The bars are huge, curved to fit the male palm. Mildly astringent, and slightly scented. Tingles the skin and refreshes the spirit.

In native handwoven hampers. Sets of 3 extra-large bars for bath or 4 smaller ones for the washbasin. Each $4.00. Another of the 17 imports of West Indies Bay Company, Virgin Islands.

For name of nearest store, write our U.S. agent: Myron W. McIntyre, Ltd., 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



"apparel
oft proclaims
the man."
—Shakespeare

"Vigareaux SLACKS
of DACRON® /worsted
reflect the unmistakable
good taste of contemporary
cognoscenti."
—Paxton

Winner of the 1964 Caswell-Massey award for excellence in design.

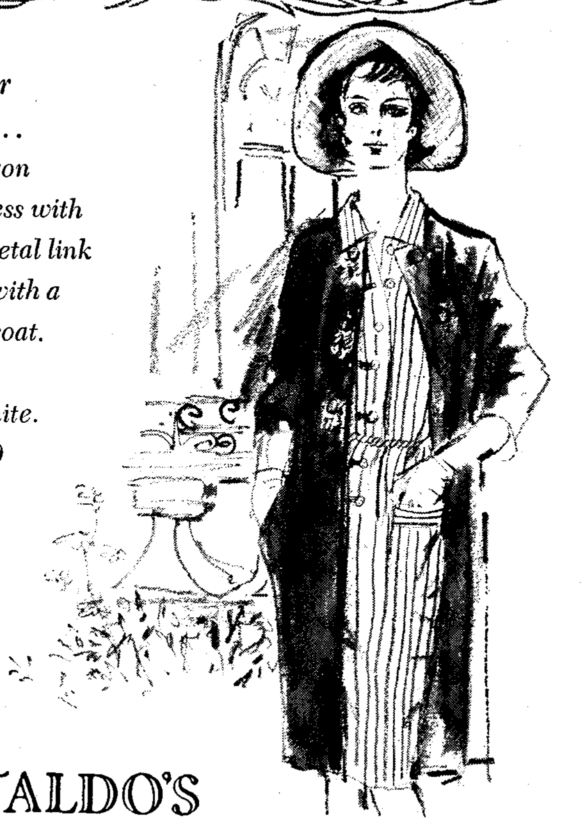
Sophisticated, sleek, soft-spoken lines, in a wealth of new Spring shades... 55% **"DACRON"*** polyester, 45% worsted ... the most respected and accepted blend of fibres for freshness, wrinkle resistance, crease retention. About $19.95

*DuPont's Registered Trademark

For store nearest you, write:
PAXTON SPORTSWEAR, INC.
10 West 33rd Street, New York 1, N.Y.

Available at: **Joseph Horne Co.**, Pittsburgh • **Vandevers**, Tulsa • **Strouss-Hirshberg**, Youngstown • **R. H. Macy & Co.**, New York and other fine shops.

Grand Tour
Ensemble . . .
linen and rayon
pin stripe dress with
or without metal link
belt; paired with a
Swiss rayon coat.
By Mr. Jules.
Navy and white.
6 to 18. $70.00



MONTALDO'S

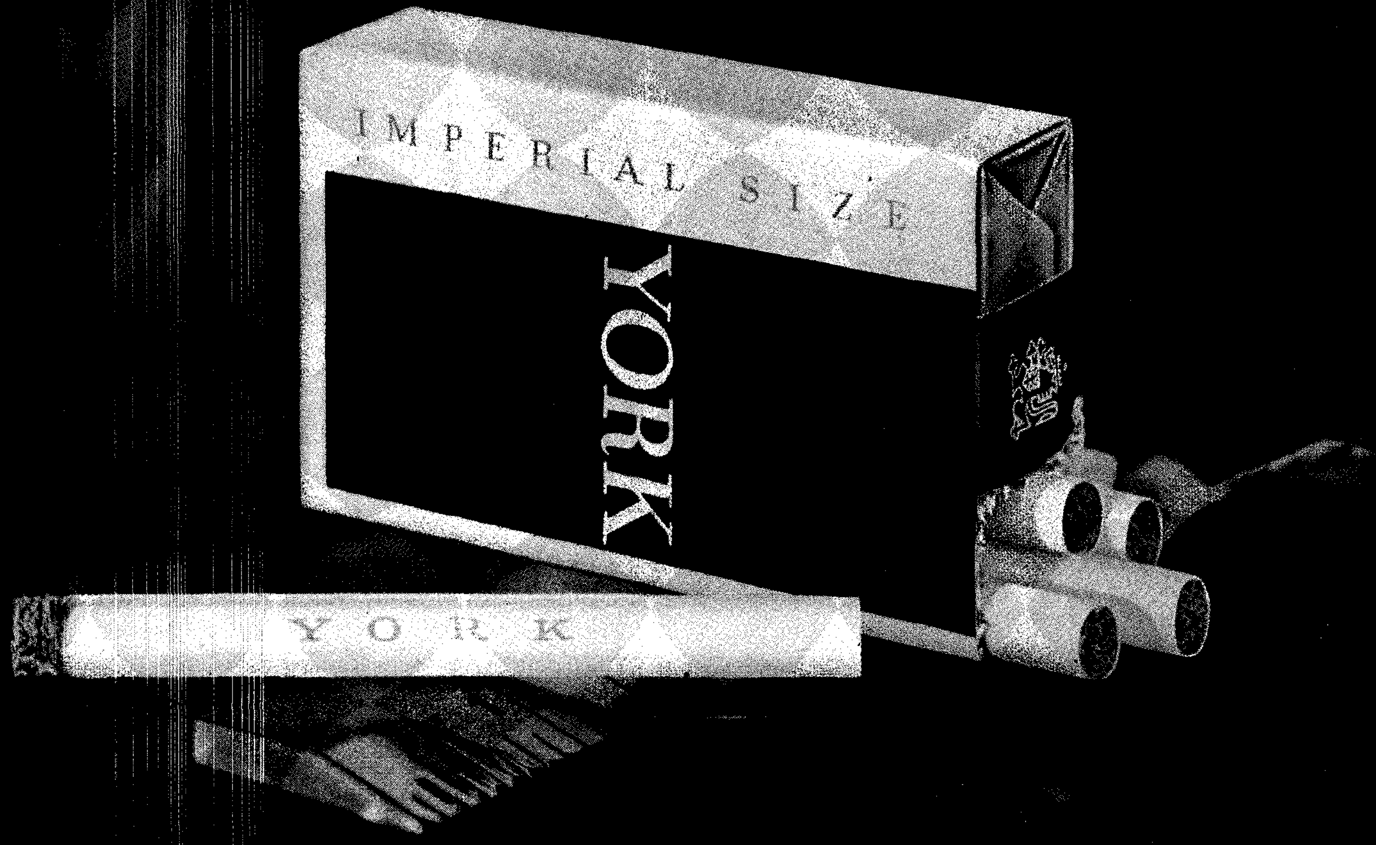
Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, N.C. • Richmond, Va.
St. Louis • Denver • Colorado Springs • Bartlesville, Okla. • Columbus, Ohio
East Orange, Short Hills, N.J. Doop's

R
Réplique
RAPHAEL
PARIS
PERFUME · TOILET WATER · BATH OIL · SOAP · DUSTING POWDER · TALC

two principal assistants; Paul Rand Dixon, an F.T.C. lawyer from Tennessee with a reputation for vigorous trustbusting, became his staff director and chief counsel, and Blair became his chief economist. The Senator and Blair had known each other since 1945, when Blair, then an economist with the government's Smaller War Plants Corporation, had testified before the House Small Business Committee. When the session broke up, Kefauver had asked Blair to have lunch with him and talk over some of the problems facing small business, and after that lunch the association between the two men had deepened. From time to time, Kefauver had called on Blair to do some economic spadework in the antitrust field, and over the years he had come to rely on Blair more and more. Each man considered himself a hard-bitten realist and looked with both admiration and a sort of fond condescension on the other's struggles to create a more equitable world. Senator Paul Douglas, in his book "Ethics in Government," mentions Blair as the exemplary civil servant, and Kefauver clearly agreed. "John is an idealist, but he's an extremely able, hard-working man, and his facts are always accurate to the last decimal point," he once said. As for Blair, he viewed Senator Kefauver as a man of great intellectual capacity and also as the last of the Populists—a rural individualist battling vast urban economic interests at all but hopeless odds. "Estes fought for the public interest with remarkable restraint and fairness," he told an acquaintance a few days after Kefauver's death. "And he showed great courage, when you consider that he struck at the heart of where the power lies."

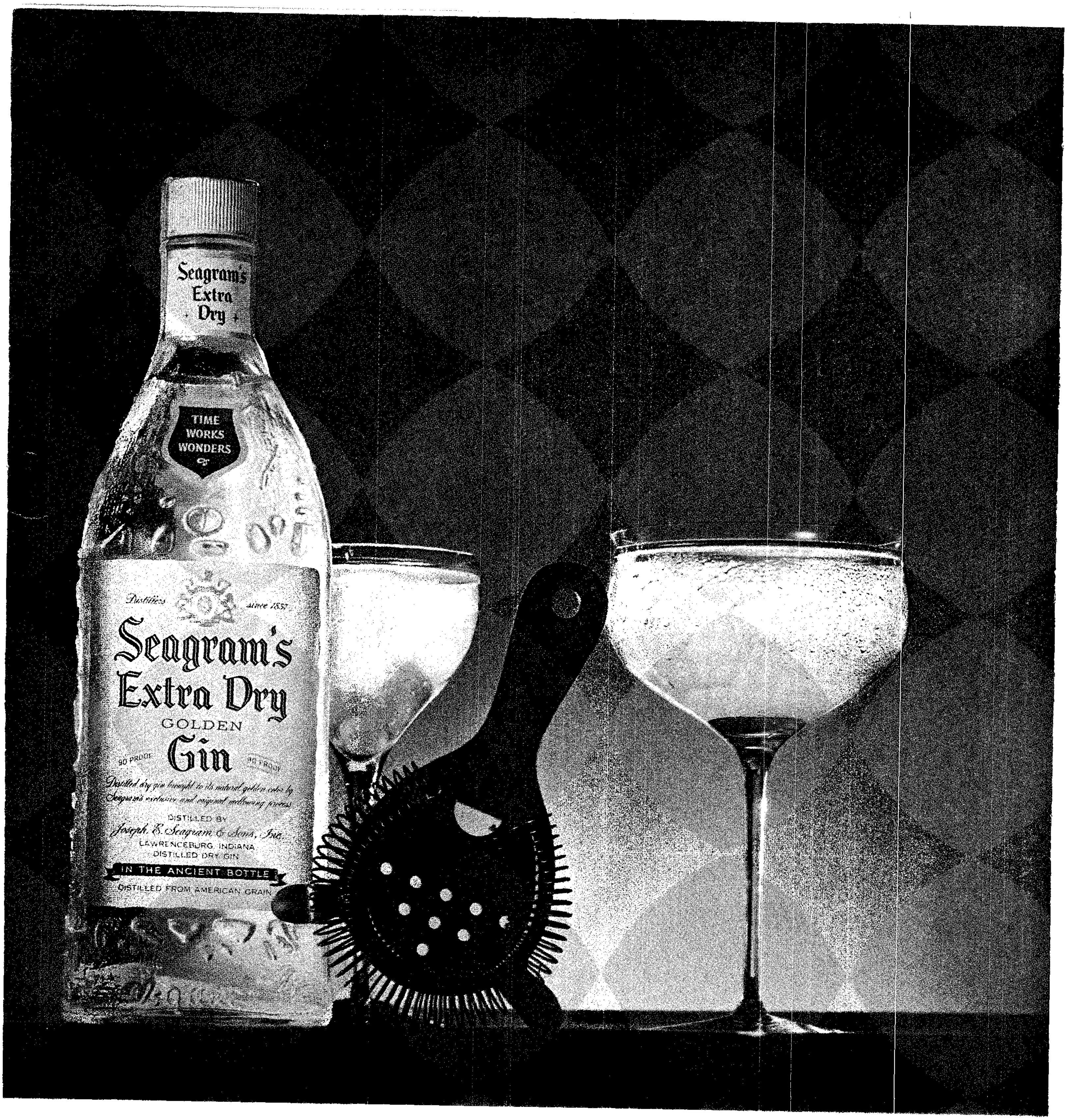
Up to the time that Kefauver took over the Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, its splashiest venture had been the investigation of the Dixon-Yates contract, in 1955, which had been conducted by a three-senator panel under Kefauver's supervision. When he took the chair, he had to decide what the subcommittee should investigate next, and Blair had the answer. For a dozen years, he had spent a good deal of his spare time studying what some economists call "administered prices"—a concept originally formulated in 1935 by Gardiner Means, a New Deal economist, who used the term to describe prices that, instead of being dictated by the competition of the market place, were "set by administrative action and held constant for a period of time." Prices are administered, Means held, when the demand for a commodity has

su·pe·ri·or Higher in rank; position; authority. Greater in value; quality; far above the average.



Looking for a cigarette that measures up? Then possibly you'd like to join the newly-formed (and growing) ranks of York smokers. What makes York smokers feel so superior about their cigarette? Several things. First, there's York's Imperial-size. It's somewhat longer than king-size…assures just that much more smoothness. And then, there's more rich taste, too, because there's more of the world's finest tobaccos. Superior satisfaction? But definitely. You might even agree to that with your first pack of York Imperial-size cigarettes.

© 1964 P. Lorillard Co.


Seagram's Extra Dry
TIME WORKS WONDERS
Distillers since 1857
Seagram's Extra Dry
GOLDEN
Gin
90 PROOF
90 PROOF
Distilled dry gin brought to its natural golden color by Seagram's exclusive and original mellowing process
DISTILLED BY
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
LAWRENCEBURG, INDIANA
DISTILLED DRY GIN
IN THE ANCIENT BOTTLE
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

The Perfect Martini Gin Makes a Perfect Gimlet

It's more than just devastating dryness that makes Seagram the perfect Martini gin.

Seagram takes the time to round off gin's sharp edges to make a gin that's not only Extra Dry, but also extra *smooth*.

Extra good, not only in a Martini or Gimlet, but in any gin drink.

Try it. Tonight?

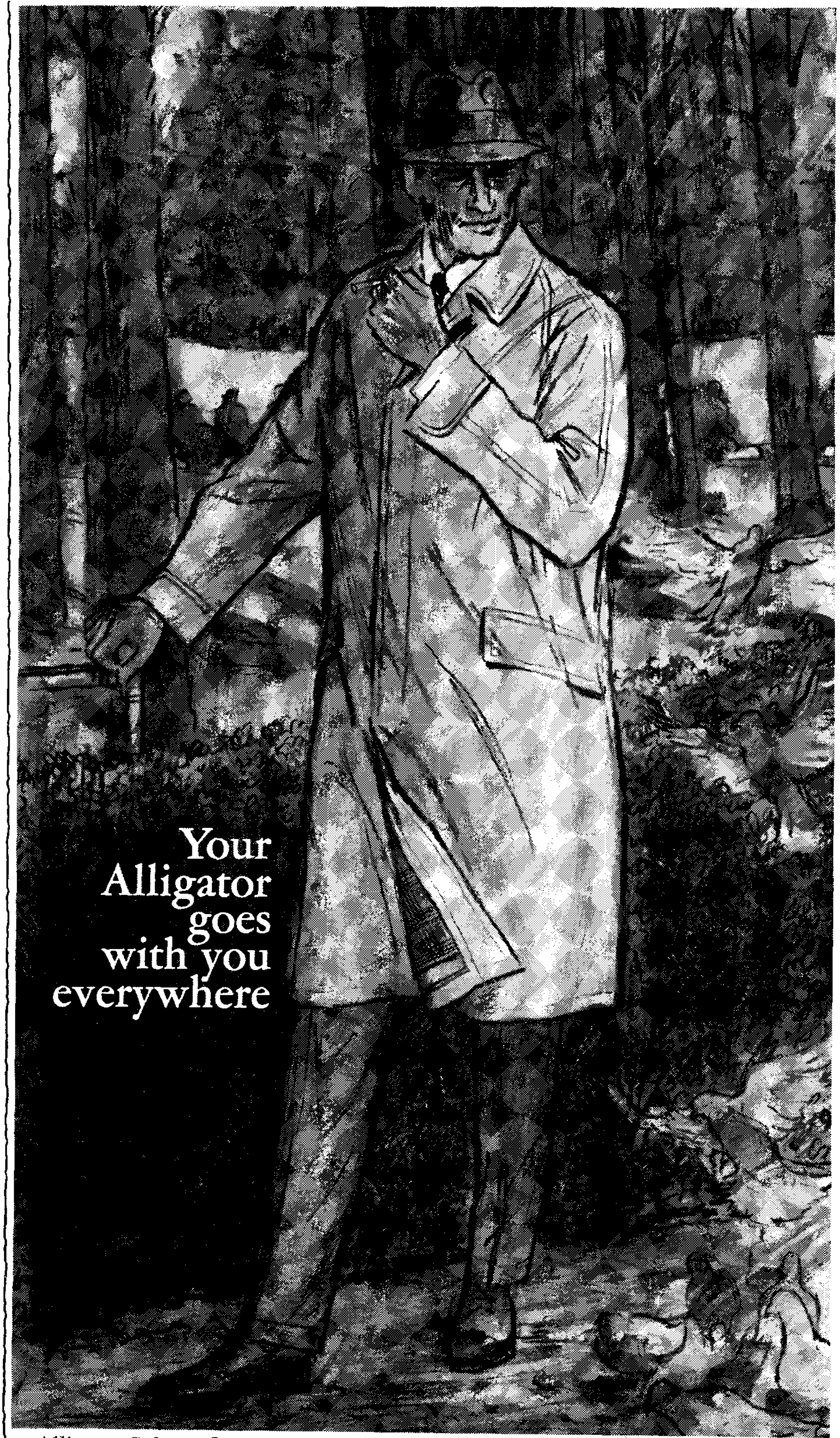
Gimlet: Shake well with cracked ice: 1 tablespoon sweetened lime juice, 2 oz. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin. Strain into chilled champagne glass over ice cube.

SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. 90 PROOF. DISTILLED DRY GIN. DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN.

fallen off and management cuts back on production and keeps prices up. Economists have been interested in administered prices in certain special circumstances—when leading producers sell at the same price despite differences in their costs and profits, for instance, and when the big fellows in a field adopt the prices set by the biggest fellow. "It seemed to me that the behavior of administered prices was a highly appropriate subject for the subcommittee to look into," Blair has said. "Under our present antitrust laws, there's no effective way to handle administered-price abuses, unless the Department of Justice and the F.T.C. can produce concrete evidence of collusion to fix prices, and that is precisely the thing that is most difficult to produce."

Kefauver agreed with Blair that the subject was a good one, and over the next two years the subcommittee investigated and held hearings on two industries—steel and automobiles—in which, as Kefauver later reported to the subcommittee's parent body, the Committee on the Judiciary, "there exists a kind of upside-down competition where prices continue to go up even when production remains low or declines." He went on, "These high prices were put into effect by the respective leaders in these industries, with the other members following with identical prices. Higher prices resulting from such a pricing system are unchecked by either privately initiated competition or application of antitrust laws. This is the crux of the problem."

Late in 1957, between the steel hearings and the automobile hearings, Blair prevailed upon Dr. Till to join his staff, and one day he asked her advice on what the staff should look into next. Without hesitation, she answered, "Drugs." The suggestion interested Blair, because of their experience at the F.T.C. and because he himself had become chary not only of the cost of new drugs but of something else—their side effects. His wife's brother, Wesley Finney, and *his* wife, Elizabeth, were both severely crippled by rheumatoid arthritis. "When cortisone was first tested, back around 1950, there was a tremendous publicity barrage to the effect that suffering from arthritis was now a thing of the past," Blair has recalled. "I remember that one magazine had a cover picture of a man jumping with glee, and the story inside told of his having been a bedridden cripple before using the drug. Elizabeth and Wesley saw that article, and begged their doctor for cortisone. He prescribed it. It gave them more freedom of move-

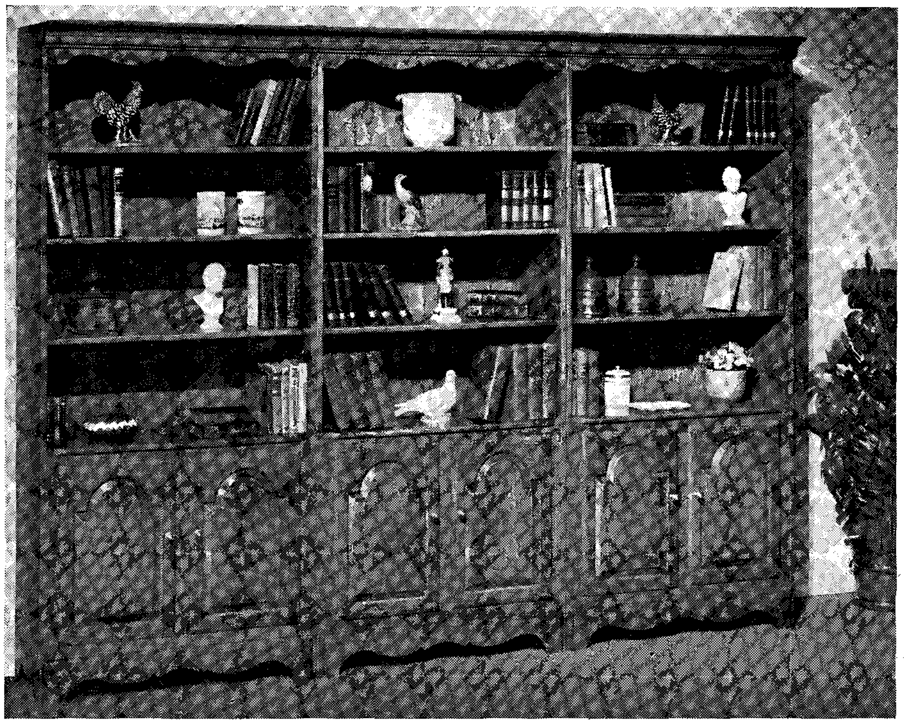


Alligator Galetone®—finest imported yarn dyed cottons in plain and fancy weaves and smart woven patterns. Wide variety smart styles and colors—$29.95. Also with zip-in all wool or zip-in acrylic pile warmers slightly higher.

You always look best in an Alligator coat. Smartest styles and colors in luxury loomed fabrics of the finest all wool worsted gabardines, colorful wools, yarn dyed multicolor cottons in gabardines, poplins, woven patterns—also blends with polyester or acrylic fibers. America's most wanted all-weather coats. Water repellents and waterproofs.

They're the best and cost you less. From $11.95 to $71.75 at better stores everywhere.

Alligator® THE BEST NAME IN ALL-WEATHER COATS AND RAINWEAR
The Alligator Company • St. Louis, New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

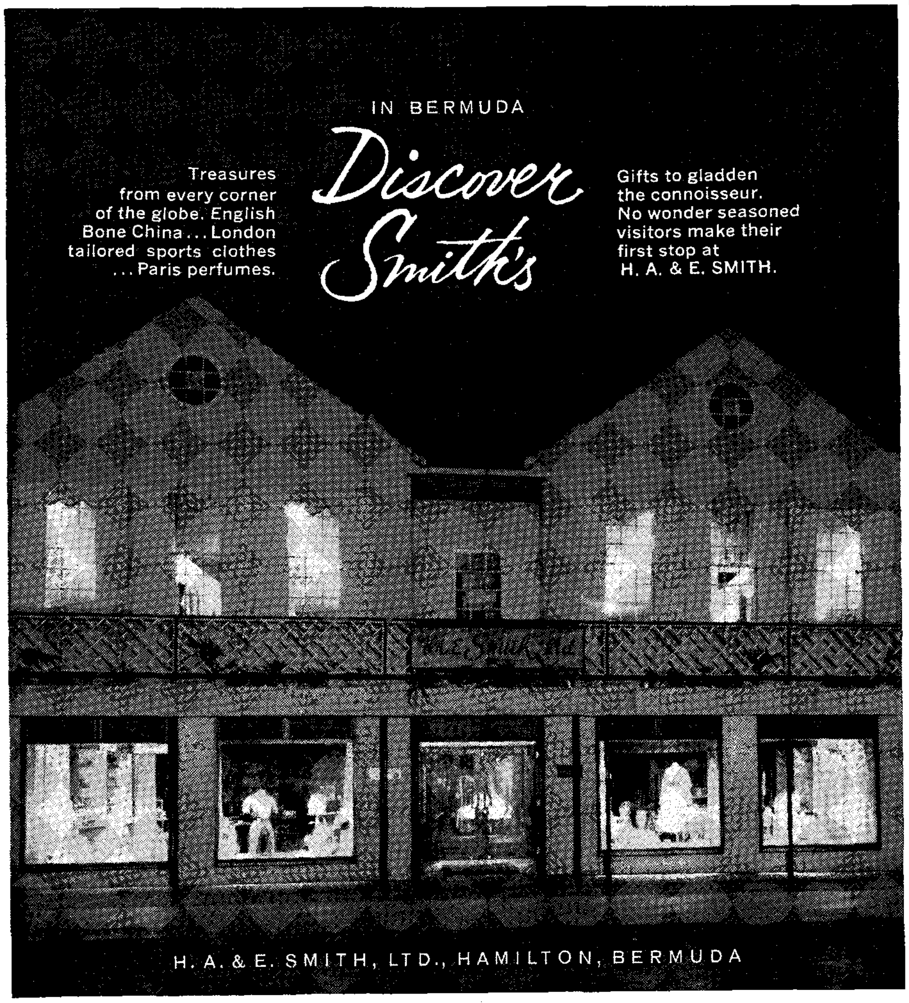


Put them all together and they spell—
BOSTON BOOKSTACKS!

A boon to collectors of good books and fine furniture! Each shelf is adjustable, each unit is movable. So your Boston Bookstacks go where you go and go anywhere you want them. In solid rock maple finished by hand in "No. 12 Ancestor." From our famous Roger Conant Group, a prized collection of furniture with the handcrafted look of Early American.

Send for illustrated folder of our Roger Conant Group, Modernmates or Walnut Hill Group . . . 10¢ each. Conant Ball Company, Gardner 26, Mass.

CONANT BALL · FURNITURE MAKERS · 1852



IN BERMUDA

Discover Smith's

Treasures from every corner of the globe. English Bone China . . . London tailored sports clothes . . . Paris perfumes.

Gifts to gladden the connoisseur. No wonder seasoned visitors make their first stop at H. A. & E. SMITH.

H. A. & E. SMITH, LTD., HAMILTON, BERMUDA

ment and decreased their pain, but it later had fearful side effects that nobody had warned them about—peptic ulcers and moonface, with your head swelling up like a basketball. That was one thing, and then I found out that Elizabeth and Wesley were paying between sixty and seventy dollars a month for cortisone alone." In the end, though, Blair felt compelled to reject Dr. Till's suggestion—temporarily, at any rate. "There were plenty of good reasons for not going into it," he said later. "First of all, it was a hideously complex business, and there was nothing in the way of reference works on it, because the drug industry had never been adequately studied by anybody, officially or privately. Then, there was a totally new and abstruse nomenclature. And, finally, no basic figures on production costs were available. Naturally, if you're going to have any kind of thorough price investigation, you must have those."

In the fall of 1958, when the automobile hearings came to an end, Blair again asked Dr. Till what she thought the subcommittee should look into next, and again he got the answer "Drugs." This time, there was a bit more to go on, for the previous February Congressman John A. Blatnik, of Minnesota, chairman of the Legal and Monetary Affairs Subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations, had held hearings to determine whether the F.T.C. had been doing a proper job of policing the advertising of tranquillizers. The hearings were inconclusive, however: they lasted only four days; no one, it seemed, could decide exactly what sort of jurisdiction the F.T.C. had over this field; and the majority of the witnesses were inclined to defend the drug industry down the line. A few were highly critical, though—notably Dr. J. Murray Steele, professor of medicine at New York University and chairman of the New York Academy of Medicine's Committee on Public Health, who registered a strong complaint about "the extravagant and distorted literature which some of the drug houses are distributing to the medical profession." This material was misleading in two respects, he declared. "First, it may recommend a product in such a way as to lead to, if not encourage, its indiscriminate use," he said. "Secondly, some manufacturers' literature . . . contains . . . little or no mention of side effects and contra-indications to the use of tranquillizers." Dr. Ian Stevenson, chairman of the Department of Neurology and Psychiatry at the University of Virginia, was somewhat more specific. "I might mention Drug A, which was

*PRICE INCLUDES 10 PER CENT FEDERAL TAX

DIMENSION, AN INTERPRETIVE FORM OF THE FUTURE, NOW IN A TEA SERVICE OF HEAVY SILVER PLATE. 44-OUNCE TEA POT, 50-OUNCE COFFEE POT, CREAM PITCHER, SUGAR BOWL AND WASTE BOWL, $195.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

marketed across the country after only two clinical studies had been published, containing negligible mention of side effects," he testified. "Subsequently, harmful side effects of this drug were published—I know four references—and yet subsequent advertising of this drug has continued to neglect and minimize side effects." This was as specific as he was permitted to be, for the lead-off witness, Dr. Nathan S. Kline, director of research at Rockland State Hospital, in New York, had prevailed upon the subcommittee not to let any drugs or their manufacturers be mentioned by name; it would be "very much against the public interest," he said. In Kefauver's view, this decision was a serious mistake. "If doctors, and, ultimately, their patients, are being misled in matters of such importance, it should be made known," he explained later. "Without arousing the public, you can't hope to correct such a situation." Besides the transcript of the Blatnik hearings, Drs. Blair and Till had the long-delayed F.T.C. antibiotics study, which had finally been published in the summer of 1958, after Magnuson had said at the appropriations hearings that year, "I wrote the Commission, I think, three or four times in the past three or four months, regarding this, because I, as well as many senators, have received a tremendous amount of mail on the high price of drugs." As it turned out, though, the report, too, contained little that was suited to the staff's purposes; while it provided some promising leads, a helpful appendix, and a profusion of charts and graphs, there was nothing on basic production costs. Once more, Blair rejected the idea of investigating the drug business, choosing instead to examine certain areas of the bread industry.

Then, one rainy afternoon a few weeks later, Blair happened to be glancing through the F.T.C.'s latest quarterly financial report—a statistical résumé of the income, liabilities, invested capital, and profits of all manufacturing corporations, broken down into about two dozen industries, from "Aircraft and Parts" to "Tobacco Manufacturers." In the previous quarterly reports he had looked at, the drug industry had been lumped in with the chemical industry, but this one listed it separately, and Blair was amazed to find that its profit came to 18.9 per cent of invested capital after taxes, and 10.8 per cent of sales after taxes. The figures were considerably higher than those for any of the other industries; in fact, they were more than twice the average of all the manufac-

No linings!

Keep the slippers in the closet! These unlined Florsheim shoes you just don't take off 'til bedtime! Soft as the answer that turneth away wrath—light as no shoes at all—crushingly flexible! You'll want a pair!

The PLATEAU, 21706; black calf hand-sewn front blucher; driftwood 31737; perfecto, 31736.

Most Florsheim styles $\$19^{95}$ *to* $\$24^{95}$ Florsheim

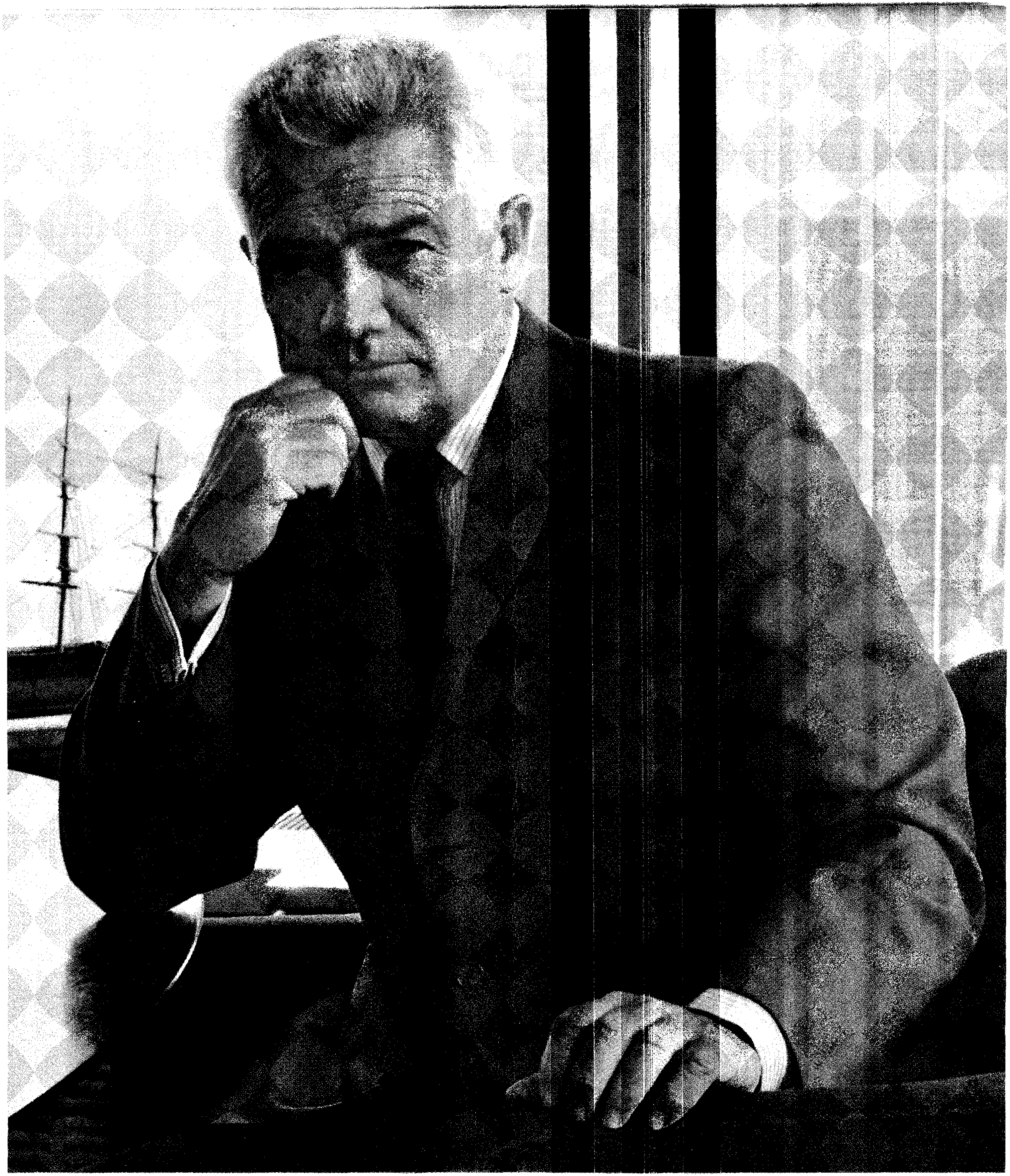
THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN
A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

For men in love with their work! Office furniture of quiet inspiration and unmistakable prestige. A wealth of comfort and convenience: versatile arrangements in fine walnut. New—**Transition I.***

stow & davis

DISTINGUISHED FURNITURE FOR DISTINCTIVE OFFICES

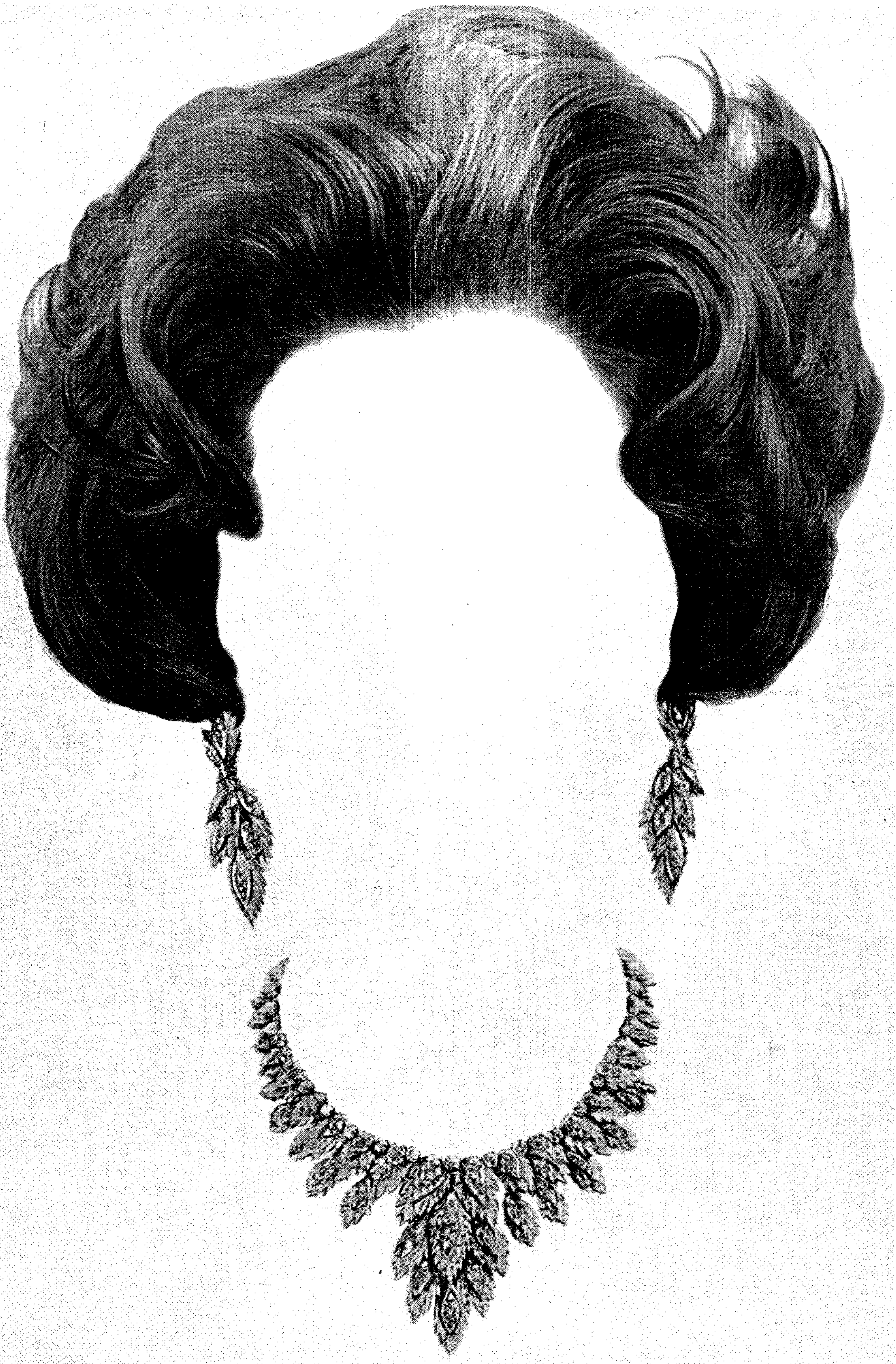
* *Please send for folder. Write 12 Summer, N.W., Grand Rapids, Michigan, 49502*



Luminaire collection. 95. to 150.

Reviewing a long and commendable career, a friend cited one regrettable aspect of his chosen profession: he was 52 and retired before donning his first Society Brand Suit.

Nice to have you aboard, Admiral.

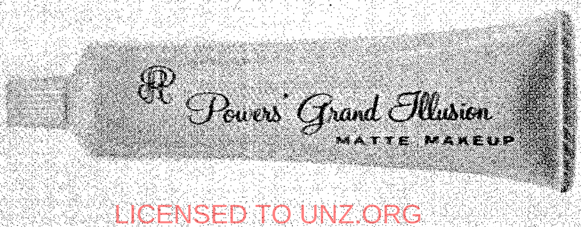


If you're not you, you're nobody!

If your make-up isn't formula blended to your own skin tone, you're walking around with somebody else's face. With Powers' exclusive wide spectrum of color blendings, Powers' Grand Illusion *is* blended to your own skin tone, absolutely and precisely. *Powers' Grand Illusion never paints somebody else's skin on yours, but brings your own skin to its loveliest perfection.* And Powers' ingenious formula combines foundation, powder and moisture guard in a single preparation that makes Powers' Grand Illusion the smoothest, easiest-to-use make-up you've ever known.

JOHN ROBERT POWERS

SOLD ONLY AT FINE DEPARTMENT AND SPECIALTY STORES



turing concerns included in the report. Blair telephoned Dr. Till, and she hurried over to his office. "My God, just look at those profits!" he said, waving the report at her. She was as surprised as he had been. "I'd never seen anything like it," she said later. "It was unheard of for a whole industry to have profits like that. The more successful pharmaceutical houses were obviously having a fantastic windfall. Nothing as wild as those figures had ever occurred to me. John said to get on it, so I dropped the bread business and went to work on drugs that very day."

Soon the staff had still more to go on—the results of a private investigation by John Lear, the science editor of the *Saturday Review*. In the summer of 1958, a woman reader had written to him, asking for information on the proper use of various antibiotics. Lear answered that he wasn't a physician, and suggested that she consult her family doctor. A few days later, he got another letter from her, in which she said that she *had* consulted her doctor, and that he, too, was confused about antibiotics; the doctor thought it would be a public service to have the subject clarified by responsible authorities. Lear then approached several medical-research experts at leading universities, and he learned from them that many doctors were confused about new drugs, including antibiotics. In the first place, they told him, there were by this time dozens of such drugs on the market, many no more than slight modifications of earlier ones, some combining antibiotics with antihistamines, hormones, or vitamins, and almost all developed as a result of frenzied competition in the pharmaceutical industry. Lear was also told that with regard to drugs generally a number of the new drugs were not improvements over the old ones; some were actually less efficacious, and some had little efficacy at all. Beyond that, drugs were often put on the market before the results of clinical tests on them were published, and as much as six months before the American Medical Association's Council on Drugs got around to appraising them, so it was frequently impossible for even a specialist to find out what a given drug might do for a patient. As an example, doctors had been prescribing antibiotics for everything from a mild cold (for which they were useless) to a minor infection (for which they were unnecessary), and this random approach had produced resistant strains of bacteria, like the invigorated staphylococcus that caused some five

GORDON-FORD

DON'T GIVE IT A THOUGHT! *You look great in a Gordon-Ford. The fit you buy stays that way... because we've a compulsion for perfecting the inside as well as the outside of everything we make. For example, Vycron®-and-cotton Blazer in white or navy. About $18. Denim shorts in red or blue with white web belt. About $11.*

At Lord & Taylor, all stores • John Douglas, Wellesley
Julius Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.
Halfacre-Osborne, Greenfield, S. C.; or write:
Gordon-Ford, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1.

Memo to discerning men . . .

At De Pinna now . . . the complete Spring selections of Oxxford and Baker clothing.
Oxxford, renowned as the finest name in the ready-made field, offers the advantage of custom-calibre clothing minus the inconvenience of tedious, trial-and-error fittings. From 265.00
Baker quality fabrics and hand-tailoring are legend. De Pinna is proud to carry the Baker label exclusively in New York.
From 130.00
Other fine suits, from 80.00

MEN'S CLOTHING, SECOND FLOOR
Standard alterations by our experts at no extra charge.

FIFTH AVE.
AT 52nd ST.
de Pinna

NEW YORK · WESTCHESTER
MIAMI BEACH · FORT LAUDERDALE

hundred epidemics in hospitals across the country between 1954 and 1958.

One evening, Lear had dinner with an eminent research physician, and afterward the two men visited a laboratory in the hospital where the doctor worked. "He pulled open several drawers that were full of drug samples and advertisements," Lear said later. " 'Just take a look at that stuff!' he told me, and then went on to say that a good part of the advertising was misleading—in fact, that some of it was downright fraudulent. Finally, he said, 'Look, you're walking around a big story. Why don't you step into it?' I said I might if I had enough information. Among other things, he showed me a small folder advertising *Sigmamycin, an antibiotic put out by* Chas. Pfizer, Inc. Across the top of the folder was a banner of bold type that said, 'Every day, everywhere, more and and more physicians find Sigmamycin the antibiotic therapy of choice.' Below that were reproductions of what appeared to be the *professional* cards of eight doctors around the country, with addresses, telephone numbers, and office hours. The doctor said he had himself conducted some experiments with Sigmamycin, and at one point he had written to the eight doctors to ask the outcome of their use of the drug in clinical tests. As he told me this, he reached into one of the drawers and brought out eight envelopes, all stamped 'Return to Writer—Unclaimed.' I asked him if I might report his experience, and he said that he couldn't get involved in any kind of exposé. He pointed out, however, that there was nothing to prevent me from writing to the doctors myself." Lear did write to them, and all eight letters came back; then he sent telegrams to the doctors, and was informed that there were no such addresses; finally, he attempted to telephone them, and learned that there were no such telephone numbers. Lear thereupon wrote an article entitled "Taking the Miracle Out of the Miracle Drugs," dealing with the general misuse of antibiotics and describing the incident of the professional cards. The piece appeared in the *Saturday Review* for January 3, 1959, and Kefauver later said that it helped, as much as anything else, to spur on the investigation and to broaden its range.

SOME time before that, word had got out about the subcommittee's interest in the pharmaceutical business. On November 17, 1958, a headline in the *Oil, Paint & Drug Reporter*, a weekly trade journal, announced,

A guide to The Homestead

WHAT: One of America's most luxurious hotels, the center of a 17,000-acre resort, a spa and sportsman's paradise since the 18th century.

WHERE: High in the cool Alleghany Mountains, at Hot Springs, Virginia; 4½ hours from Washington, D.C. by car, 1 hour by air, served by C & O Railway.

SPORTS: *Golfing* on three 18-hole courses. *Swimming* in indoor or outdoor pools, with adjacent sunbathing beach. *Tennis* on eight courts. (En-Tout-Cas and Teniko Royal.) *Riding* on two hundred miles of trails. Hunter hacks and saddle horses for children, beginners and experienced riders; surreys and carriages for hire. *Trout fishing* along a 3-mile private stream. *Shooting* facilities for skeet and trap. *Bowling* on the lawn or on our ten-pin alleys. *Also* game rooms, pro shops, hunting and winter sports in season.

CHILDREN: For small children, a supervised playground and indoor playrooms; sitters are also available. For older children, sports instruction, movies and dancing.

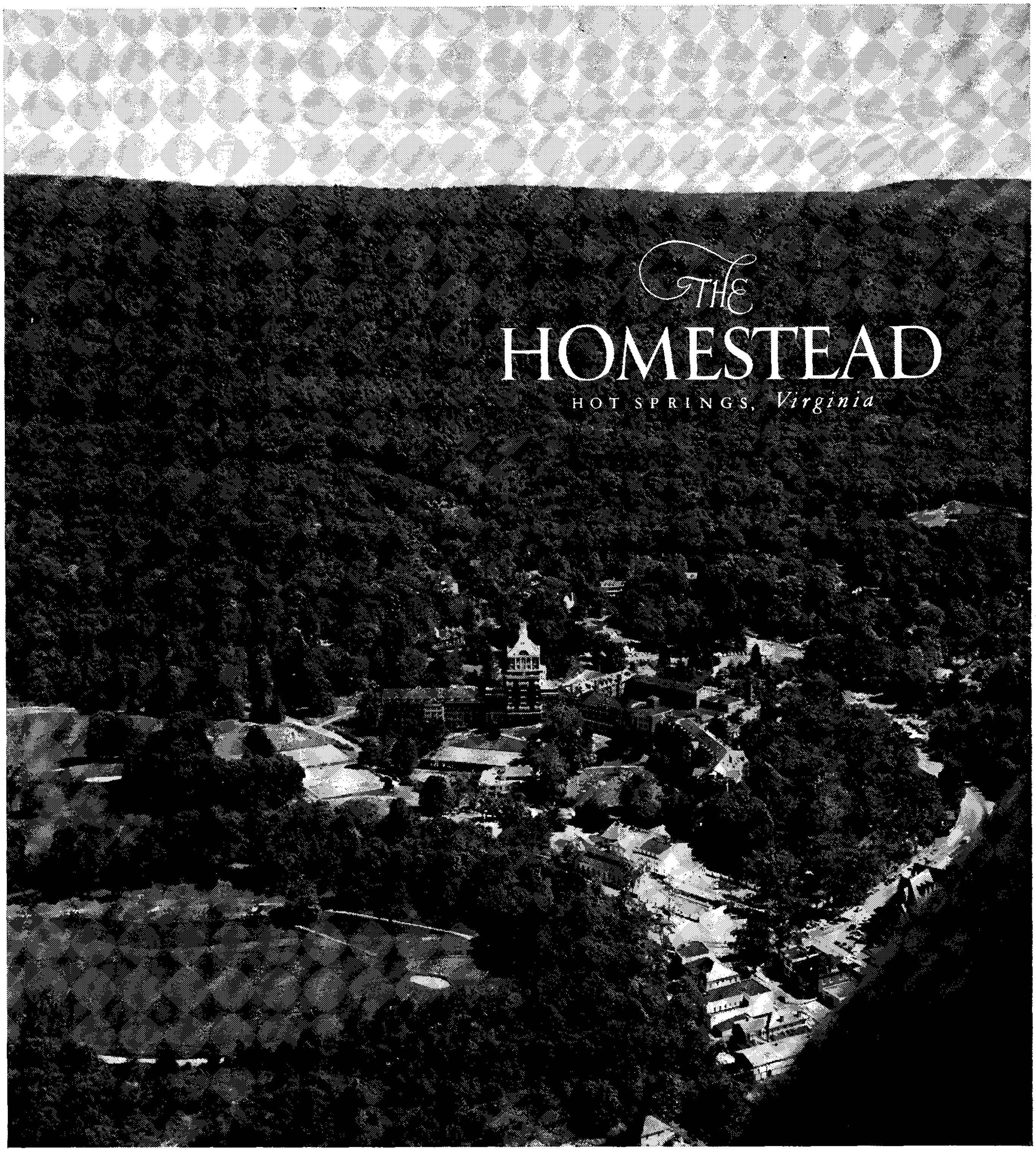
NIGHT LIFE: Dancing nightly, except Sunday, to a Meyer Davis Orchestra in the dining room, Crystal Room and Homestead Club. Concerts daily; movies every night.

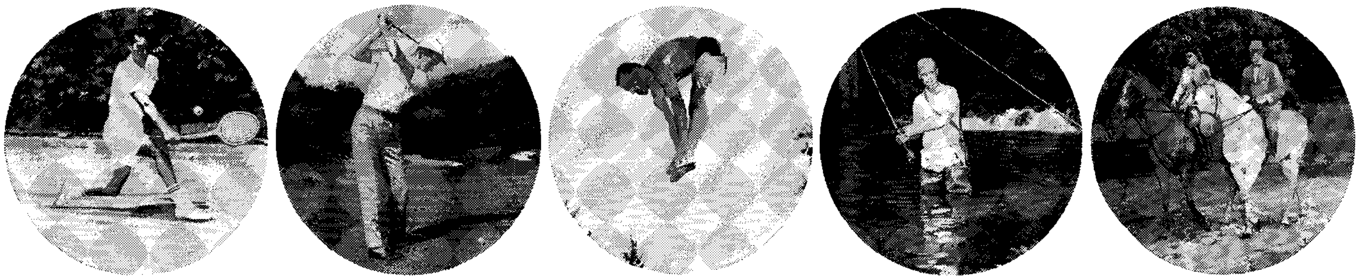
THE SPA: One of the best equipped, medically supervised spas in the world. Its steam bath and massage facilities are also popular with sports enthusiasts.

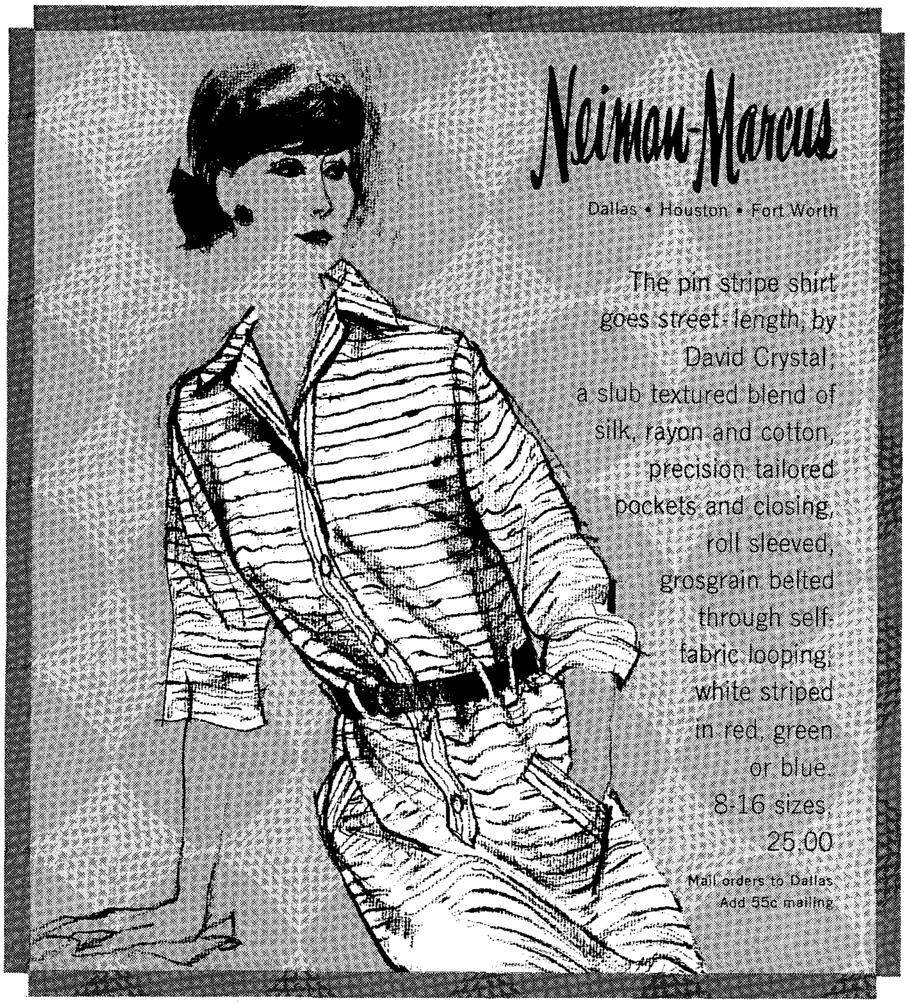
SERVICE AND FOOD: Service is personal, unobtrusive and courteous. The food is perfect.

DETAILS: Write for rates, reservations or descriptive booklet. Special folders are available on subject of particular interest.

THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS *Virginia*


THE
HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, Virginia





Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

The pin stripe shirt goes street-length, by David Crystal; a slub textured blend of silk, rayon and cotton, precision tailored pockets and closing, roll sleeved, grosgrain belted through self-fabric looping; white striped in red, green or blue. 8-16 sizes. 25.00

Mail orders to Dallas
Add 55c mailing

COZY SPOT FOR TWO
(When you travel the Cook's Independent Way)

The whole wide world is yours—when you enjoy Cook's Independent Travel. Every reservation, every detail is personally planned to suit your desires. All you do is have a good time—with whom you wish, where you wish, for as long as you wish and for exactly as much as you planned on spending. In other words, when you travel the Cook's Independent way, you go completely on your own—yet completely free of the uncertainty of unplanned travel. For further information, including free booklet "Europe On Your Own," write: Dept. A, Thos. Cook & Son. Or see your Travel Agent.

the best trips start at
COOK'S

THOS. COOK & SON
587 Fifth Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

"Kefauver Prepares to Scatter Buckshot at the Drug Industry," but apparently the industry took the news in its stride, for a month later the same periodical noted, "Drug Outlook for 1959 Seen Wonderful." In January, Kefauver called a meeting of the subcommittee—then consisting of Democratic Senators Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Thomas C. Hennings, Jr., John A. Carroll, and Philip A. Hart, and Republican Senators William Langer, Everett McKinley Dirksen, and Alexander Wiley—and proposed a general, tentative examination of a number of enterprises that seemed to be using administered prices, including the bread industry, manufacturers of paper boxes and of replacement parts for farm machinery, the fertilizer industry, automobile-financing companies, and the producers of rubber tires, aluminum, and drugs. The entire package was approved without dissent. However, in view of the paucity of the evidence obtained thus far, it was by no means assured that any of the investigations would result in public hearings.

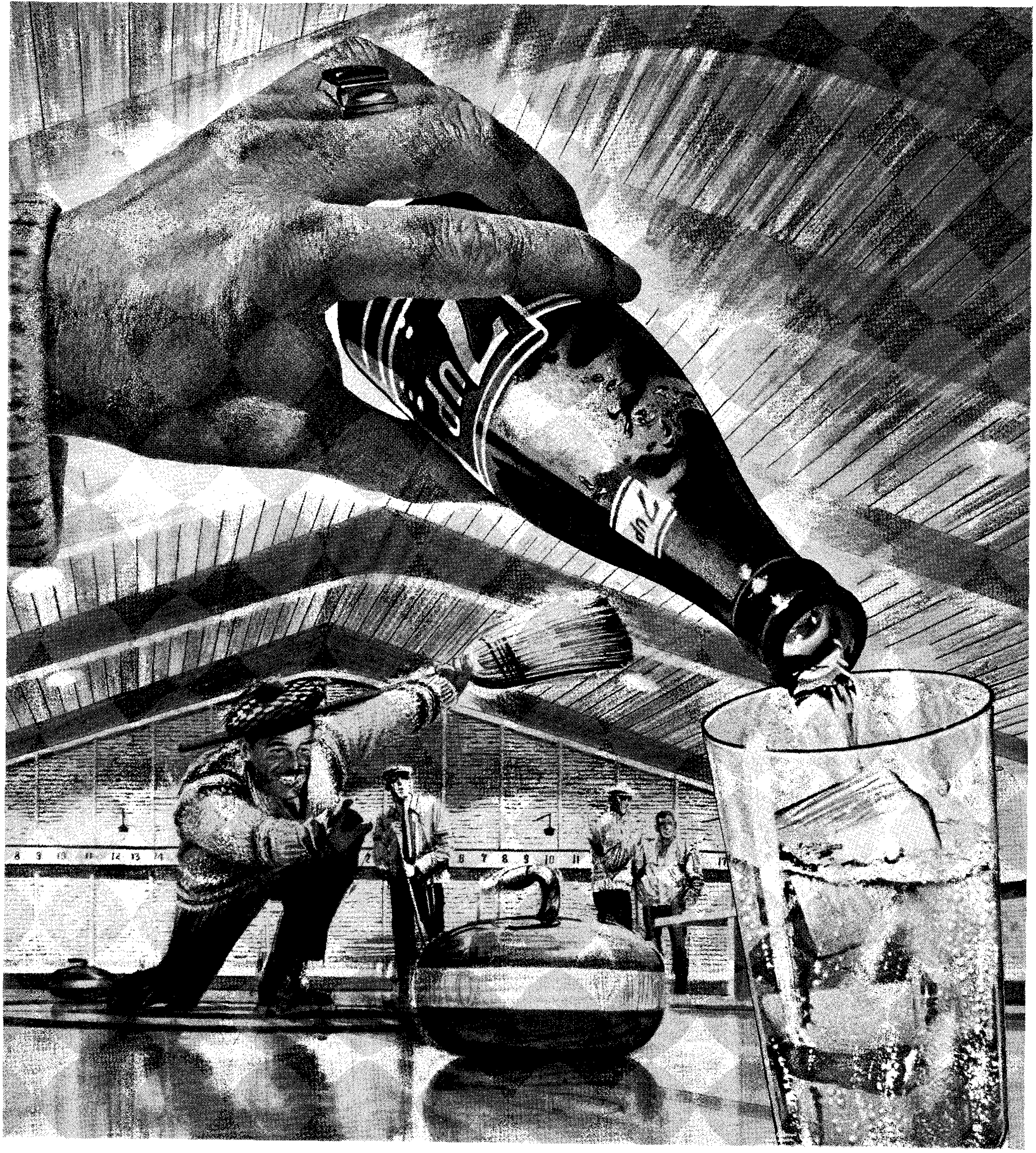
A few days later, Dr. Till made her first contribution to what was to become a huge compilation of data—a report called "Pharmaceuticals," which described some of the byways that the staff could profitably follow, and paused here and there to fill in portions of the landscape. To begin with, she observed that in 1957 pharmaceutical sales at the wholesale level were estimated to have run to two and a quarter billion dollars, of which ethical, or prescription, drugs accounted for three-quarters. Of the ethicals—the staff's sole concern from the start—the biggest sellers were the antibiotics. From Dr. Till's report and from work subsequently done by other members of the subcommittee staff, Kefauver learned not just about antibiotics but about the drug industry's general method of operation. In looking into the development of the antibiotics, the staff started at the beginning—with Sir Alexander Fleming's discovery of penicillin, in 1929. Fleming realized that penicillin had a potent, if obscure, effect on certain bacteria, but it wasn't until 1941 that other British researchers proved that the drug was highly efficacious in treating septic wounds. That year, the United States government became eager to determine whether it could be produced in quantity, and two British researchers were brought to this country, under the auspices of the Office of Scientific Research and Development, to try to get private pharmaceutical houses interested in working on the project. They had almost no luck. Then,

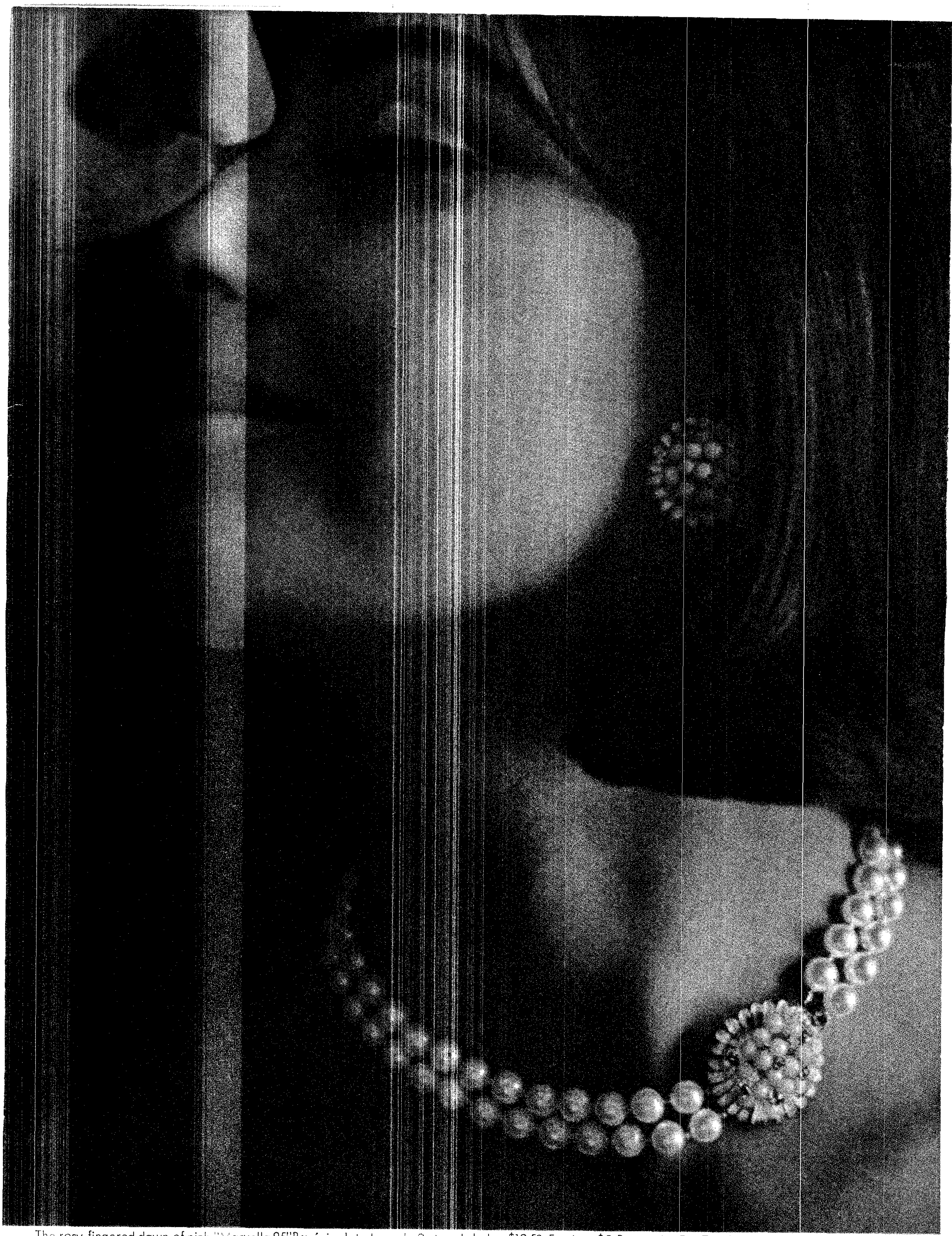
7up the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY

In a 7-Up highball, whiskey doesn't become a hidden ingredient! You taste it—as you should. Instead of bullying whiskey, 7-Up actually gives it a gentle assist, mellows, rounds out flavor. You get a robust, 100% great drink. And 7-Up sparkle means "don't stir." Pour gently; 7-Up stirs itself. It's the man's mixer.

Copyright 1964 by The Seven-Up Company





The rosy-fingered dawn of pink: "Marvella 95" Rosé simulated pearls. 2-strand choker, $12.50. Earrings, $5. Prices plus Fed. Tax. Marvella, Inc., 385 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 16

marvella® could it be the real thing?

a few weeks after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the O.S.R.D., personally brought a number of drug firms into the picture. Almost a year and a half later, in the spring of 1943, they had accomplished little in the way of quantity production, and on April 27th Dr. Bush wrote a letter to Elihu Root, Jr., then a consultant to the Army Air Forces: "Now, the pharmaceutical companies have coöperated in this affair after a fashion. They have not made their experimental results and their development of manufacturing processes generally available, however. . . . This is the problem. It obviously needs some very careful handling." As it turned out, the problem was that the firms were too busy trying to corner patents on various processes in the production of penicillin to produce much of it, and the government began pressing them to work together. It was slow going. On January 19, 1944, Dr. Albert L. Elder, the coördinator of a special penicillin program run by the War Production Board, sent a memorandum to Fred J. Stock, head of the Drugs and Cosmetics Section of the W.P.B., complaining about the refusal of the drug firms to exchange information, and added, "The value of penicillin in saving the lives of wounded soldiers has been so thoroughly demonstrated that I cannot with a clear conscience assume the responsibility for coördinating this program any longer while at the same time being handicapped by being unable to make available information which would result in the output of more penicillin and thereby save the lives of our soldiers." By then, though, an obscure outpost of a government agency was far ahead of the drug firms; the scientists of a Department of Agriculture laboratory in Peoria, Illinois, were rapidly evolving a method of large-scale production. Soon, the department filed its own patent applications, and they were granted, whereupon, under its regulations, all of its patents were made available to any producer without charge. By the time the war ended, the production of penicillin had reached some seven billion units—an average shot may be six hundred thousand units—and the drug had saved the lives of thousands of servicemen. After the war, more and more drug firms began making and selling the drug in a stiffly competitive race; within eight years the price had fallen from two hundred dollars per million units to sixty cents per million units.

Since penicillin had been produced from a common mold, the drug companies concluded that other antibiotics,

Acclaimed in France,
now made in this country!
Helena Rubinstein's
Herbessence Skin Life Cream

Herbessence™
Skin Life Cream
Helena Rubinstein

The exclusive face cream with rare herbal and bio-natural extracts... Your skin glows with new aliveness!

Skin Life® is the one night cream so rapidly absorbed it brings its exclusive biological-herbal formulation into instant contact with dry, fatigued skin. The effects are dramatic...exciting! You'll see and feel new radiance! So don't delay—your skin needs this superb beauty treatment now! 10.00, 17.50

Helena Rubinstein®
655 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

© 1964, HELENA RUBINSTEIN, INC. PRICES PLUS TAX 46564

with perhaps even greater therapeutic powers, might be produced from other molds. The firms had the necessary equipment for such production left over from their war work, and they had the necessary scientists, too, so they went to work, and in a short time they came up with a dazzling array of new drugs. In 1947, Yale, under a grant from Parke, Davis, discovered chloramphenicol. In 1948, Rutgers, under a grant from Merck, discovered streptomycin; Merck discovered dihydrostreptomycin; and Lederle discovered chlortetracycline. In 1949, Chas. Pfizer discovered oxytetracycline. (Like the name penicillin, these are all generic names—that is, names that are supposed to provide a clue to the chemical composition of the drugs. A given drug also has a precise chemical name, and it may be sold under one or more trade names.)

The going price of each of these six drugs, the staff learned, was inversely related to competition in its sales. Penicillin, of course, was the cheapest of the lot. Streptomycin and dihydrostreptomycin were patented, but Merck had licensed a handful of producers to produce them on a royalty-payment basis; they were relatively competitive, and could be purchased for less than ten cents a pill. By contrast, chloramphenicol, chlortetracycline, and oxytetracycline, which were known as broad-spectrum antibiotics, because they were highly effective against a far wider range of harmful bacteria than the others, promised not only a kind of revolution in medical care but a bonanza in profits; they were produced and sold exclusively by their patentees and solely under trade names—Chloromycetin, Aureomycin, and Terramycin, respectively—and each of them still sold for the fifty cents a pill that Hamilton had paid eight years before. Since the manufacturers of penicillin were presumably making a profit, Kefauver and his staff concluded that Pfizer, Lederle, and Parke, Davis—using similar facilities, and with higher yields from improved production methods—must have been reaping a rich harvest indeed.

Another thing Blair and his co-workers looked into was the relations among the big companies. All the available information, the Till report observed, indicated "a fraternity of spirit among the large manufacturers," resulting from their attempts to preserve the foundation of their prosperity, the patent system, by means of which they were able to control the market for the most profitable drugs. Noting that "companies . . . avoid litigation of patents,"

The sign of the Centaur
is your symbol of quality.

REMY MARTIN

COGNAC
V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN

All over the world—
when you order Remy Martin
—you always get V.S.O.P.

REMY MARTIN

No Cognac of lesser quality
is permitted to bear
the Remy Martin label.

REMY MARTIN

Pride of Cognac
since 1724

REMY MARTIN

V.S.O.P.
FINE CHAMPAGNE COGNAC
Remy Martin
COGNAC
REMY MARTIN

REMY MARTIN

80 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

Southwick

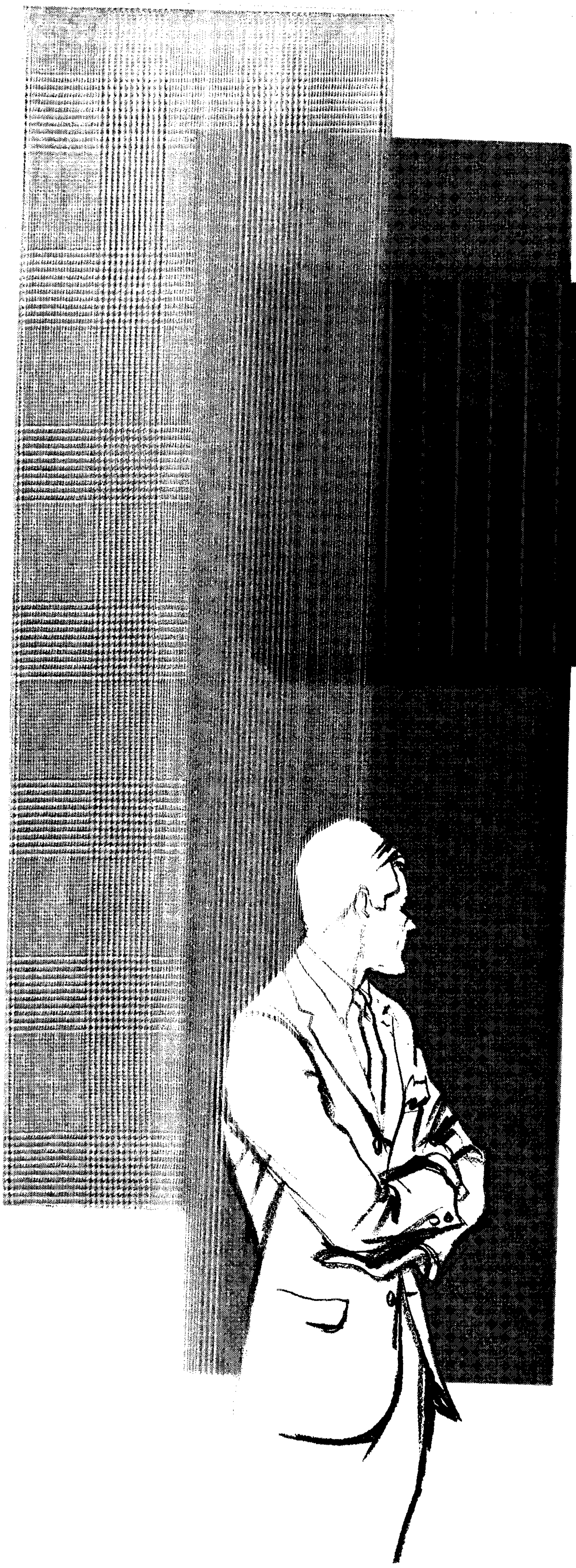
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N.Y.	Paul Stuart
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Bethlehem, Pa.	Tom Bass
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Peller & Mure
Cambridge, Mass.	J. August Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N. C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Davidson's
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbia, S. C.	Dial-Treadaway
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dayton, O.	The Metropolitan Co.
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Eugene, Ore.	Bill Baker
Fort Wayne, Ind.	Patterson-Fletcher
Geneva, Ill.	Robertson's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N. C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N. J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N.Y.	Edw. Miller
Houston, Texas	Norton Ditto
Hyannis, Mass.	Puritan Clothing Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Lincoln, Neb.	Ben Simon & Son
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	The Fashion Post
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims Ltd.
Morganton, N. C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R. I.	Narragansett Clo. Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
Norfolk, Va.	Fishback & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Orlando, Fla.	Rutland's
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Hanny's
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Pittsfield, Mass.	Rosenfeld's
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Providence, R. I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Ridgewood, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Roanoke, Va.	Davidsons
Rochester, N.Y.	Robert F. Ryan, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
San Diego, Cal.	The Oxford Shop
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N.Y.	Dall's
Scranton, Pa.	C. Robert Casey
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Springfield, Mass.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Summit, N. J.	Root's
Syracuse, N.Y.	Lund's
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Washington, D. C.	Arthur A. Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen V. Collins
Westfield, N. J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Bocock-Stroud Co.

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York



THE INSIDE STORY OF A Southwick

It starts with a principle . . . that the first function of a Southwick suit is to mold itself, comfortably and naturally to the body and personality of the wearer.

Every step taken thereafter, in fabric selection, design and tailoring . . . is dedicated to this principle.

The Fabric Selection . . . Superb woolens and worsteds from the fine mills in the British Isles, in this country and the world over are the beginning of the Southwick story. Without fine cloth, chosen for its quality, pattern and color, the softness, suppleness and appeal of a Southwick suit could not be achieved.

Design . . . Southwick's original natural shoulder design . . . a style that is timeless . . . which by its soft natural lines enhances your appearance and gives you the comfort, ease and assurance you want.

Tailoring . . . Meticulous tailoring is another important chapter in the Southwick story. It is attention to detail that goes beyond the outward appearance. The same care is given to all the "findings" which make up the inside of the suit and without which the soft construction and natural appearance of a Southwick suit would not be possible.

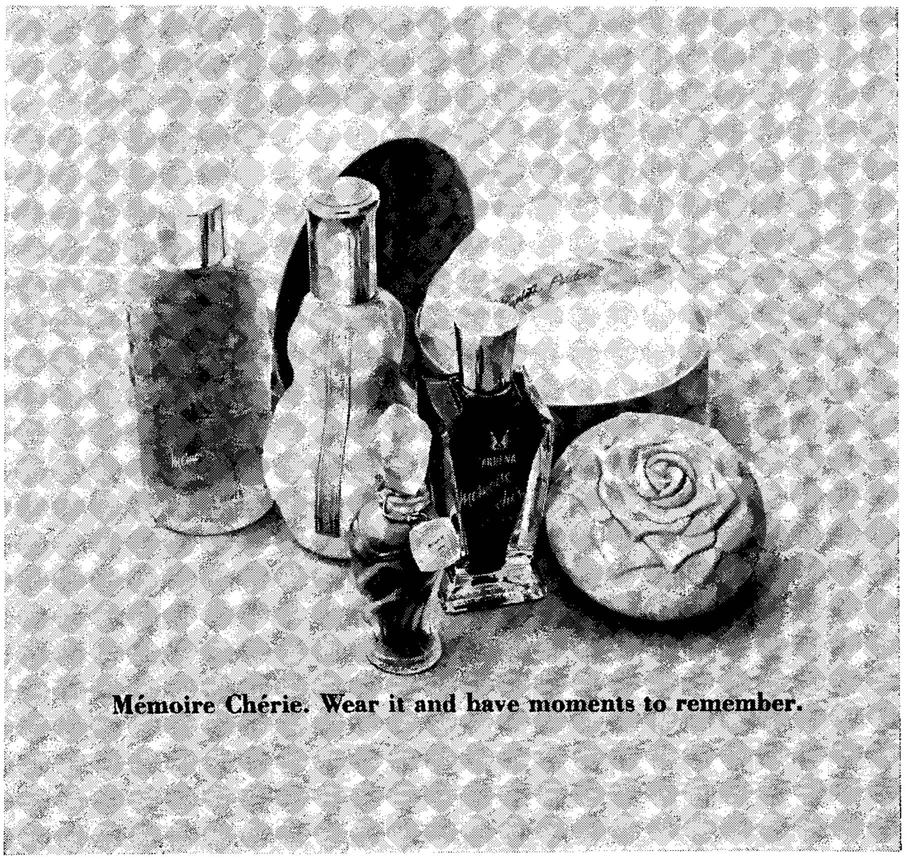
Summary . . . Fabric, design and tailoring . . . each play a role and build one upon another to attain the quality and character for which Southwick is known.

Southwick Clothes

BY GRIECO BROTHERS

Black stripes white—
and vice versa
in Handmacher's
tailored-in-cotton
three piece suit
that springs
and summers
on the town.
Galey & Lord
1407 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
A Division of Burlington Industries
QUALITY

FOR YOUR NEAREST RETAILER WRITE US AT 1407 BROADWAY, N. Y.



Elizabeth Arden

Mémoire Chérie, so memorable a fragrance, Elizabeth Arden has made it in Perfume, 12.50 to 95.00; Bath Essence, 4.50, 7.50 and 18.50; Perfume Mist, 6.00; Flower Mist, 4.50; Bath Soap, 2.75; Dusting Powder, 3.00; plus tax.

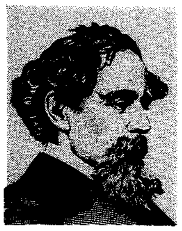
the report went on to say that they apparently preferred to settle "by private agreement . . . who should file and secure the patent" when there was any contention over who had been first, and, subsequently, to decide among themselves who would be licensed to produce or sell the drug under royalty agreements. As Kefauver saw it, the drug companies' unwillingness to test the validity of their patent claims in court probably meant that they felt the whole patent setup in the drug field to be rather shaky. "The Patent Office had traditionally ruled that products of nature were not patentable," he explained later. "It refused to grant a patent for cortisone on the ground that it was a product of nature. Streptomycin was developed from a natural mold, but the argument was put forward that the substance was a transitory product of nature that had never been isolated before and that its therapeutic use had been unknown. The Patent Office went along with this—why, I'll never understand—so all the later antibiotics became patentable, too." Dr. Till's report also asserted that there was "a close identity of prices" in the drug industry; that the industry followed the practice of "price leadership," with the biggest firms doing the leading; that there was little foreign competition; that newcomers' entrance into the market was all but impossible; and that there had been "a merger trend in recent years."

BETWEEN 1958 and 1961, members of the subcommittee talked with more than three hundred people, of whom John Lear was one of the first. Shortly after his article appeared, Drs. Blair and Till visited him at his office in New York, and he gave them a number of helpful tips, many of which had come to him in the mail in response to the article. As it turned out, the most valuable leads that he had at the time were the names of medical specialists, including both research men and professors in medical schools, along with a few men who were, or had been, employed as consultants by drug companies. These people outlined for Drs. Blair and Till the development, the use, the efficacy, and the dangers of various drugs that had appeared in the past dozen years, and referred them to books and medical journals for further details. Once the two had learned the basic terminology from the doctors they talked with, they could understand most of the articles written for the general practitioner.

At this stage, the subcommittee staff consisted of thirty-eight people, includ-

JUSTERINI & BROOKS
JUSTERINI
RARE
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

The others are not J&B



You'll find something quite remarkable about J & B Rare Scotch Whisky, a certain quality that sets it apart. J & B Rare is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great. For flavour unsurpassed, try J & B Rare yourself.

J&B rare scotch whisky
PENNIES MORE IN COST...WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

"WORLD'S FINEST"
86 PROOF. THE PADDINGTON
CORP., NEW YORK 20

Things to take to Spain:

a modest budget...

FLY
IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN
a great joy for living

THEY SAY you can leave Spain but never leave it behind. Little wonder. To start with, Spain is Europe's most beautiful travel bargain. To wit: Toledo sells swords for a song that you'd think belong in a museum; a suede suit that just made fashion news in Paris sells in Madrid for under $100—and hotel rooms overlooking a magnificent Mediterranean beach go for $5.00 a day. Secondly, Spain offers a life that's lively but relaxing—colorful *and* full of culture.

The way to get to Spain is to fly Iberia, where only the plane gets more attention than you. Iberia's meticulously-maintained DC-8 jets feature lavish comfort beyond your dreams. The superb service, luxurious surroundings and incomparable cuisine make you forget you're flying. Pampered as the passengers are, the planes are even more so. They are maintained by some of the world's finest ground crews—they are flown by skilled veterans.

Take a joyful heart—and Iberia—to Spain. You'll bring home memories to last a lifetime.

For information or reservations, see your Travel Agent or contact Iberia. Ticket offices now in Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco, Toronto, Washington, D.C.

...and IBERIA ...WHERE ONLY THE PLANE GETS MORE ATTENTION THAN YOU
IBERIA
IBERIA AIR LINES OF SPAIN

PLAN TO SEE THE RCA COLOR TV CENTER AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

SEE "HAZEL," STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, CO-STARRING DON DEFORE, ON RCA VICTOR "LIVING COLOR" TV

Now – a new and brighter Color TV – brighter than ever before! Unsurpassed Natural Color from RCA Victor!

The Performance-Proved Color TV for '64 is New Vista® by RCA Victor. It gives you clearer, sharper pictures than ever before in *unsurpassed natural color.* It is definitely the finest color television ever designed by RCA—pioneer and developer of color television.

In 1960, when RCA introduced the High-Fidelity Color Tube, it was up to 50% brighter than any previous Color tube. Now New Vista for 1964—with improved electronic circuits—brings you an even better, even brighter color picture!

And RCA Victor has FM sound, plus dependable Space Age Sealed Circuitry.

THE SIENNA, ALL-WOOD ITALIAN PROVINCIAL LOWBOY

See the wide choice of styles and models, starting at a new low price of $449.95—manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer, for the Burbank, not shown. Prices, specifications subject to change. Remember—more people own RCA Victor than any other television—black and white or color! *See Walt Disney's "Wonderful World of Color," Sundays, NBC-TV Network.*

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

RCA The Most Trusted Name in Television

Tmk(s)®

ing lawyers, researchers, secretaries, clerks, and some part-time employees. Because most of them were busy preparing for the hearings on the bread industry and other matters, the drug investigation was left almost entirely to a group of eight: Dr. Blair; Dr. Till; Mrs. Lucile Burd Wendt, who had worked on the 1958 F.T.C. antibiotics study, and who, as a bacteriologist, chemist, and lawyer on loan from the Patent Office, where she had been a patent examiner for biochemical products and processes, was a triple-threat member of the team; Dr. E. Wayles Browne, a statistical economist, who, having been brought up as a Christian Scientist, had had no personal experience with drugs but whose expertise in reducing complex statistics to understandable charts and graphs was unmatched; Dr. Walter S. Measday, a professor of economics at the University of Maryland, who assisted on a part-time basis; two attorneys, Mrs. Dorothy Goodwin and George E. Clifford, who did much of the investigative legwork; and Mrs. Emily Zayyani, a staff secretary, who not only collated the research material that the others had collected but contributed a good bit herself.

Among the reports that the group produced was one on hormone drugs, which ranked close to antibiotics in volume of sales. Written by Dr. Till and completed in mid-February of 1959, it concentrated on what was to become the first field of battle between the subcommittee and the industry—the cortisone derivatives, most commonly known as the cortical steroids and less commonly known as the corticosteroids, the corticoids, the adrenal steroids, the adrenocorticotrophic hormones, the steroid hormones, and the steroids. Cortisone was first isolated, from extracts of the adrenal cortex, in 1936, by E. C. Kendall, at the Mayo Clinic. Researchers were certain that the extract would have potent effects on the bodily mechanism, but not enough of it could be obtained by Kendall's method to make clinical tests. Then, eight years later, Dr. L. H. Sarett, working at the Mayo Clinic under a grant from Merck, discovered a way to synthesize cortisone from ox bile and produced enough of it to perform tests, and, in 1948, an initial series were made at the clinic by Dr. Philip S. Hench. He presently discovered that the hormone appeared to have a radically beneficial effect in a wide variety of pathological states—among them, rheumatoid arthritis, intractable asthma, lupus erythematosis, gout, Addison's disease, Hodgkin's disease, lymphatic leukemia, rheumatic

ME-JANE
WOULD'VE
IF
SHE
COULD'VE...
CARPETED
THE TREE HOUSE
WITH
carpet
by
magee

the fibre CUMULOFT NYLON CHEMSTRAND® Cumuloft
The Magee Carpet Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

COOL VIRACLE IN "DRIFTWOOD" COLORS

Here are cool, cool colors straight from the sea, as if blended by Nature for summer suits. Our lightweight Viracle seems even cooler in these new "Driftwood" colors —particularly pleasing in Glen Plaid. Tailored to cut a trim figure. Unaffected lines. Natural shoulders. And a neat, crisp appearance that stands up to the muggiest weather. Priced from about $85.

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX
Racquet Club
NATURAL SHOULDER
CLOTHING FOR MEN

Thank You
CROSS®
Writing Instruments are always appreciated
CROSS
CROSS

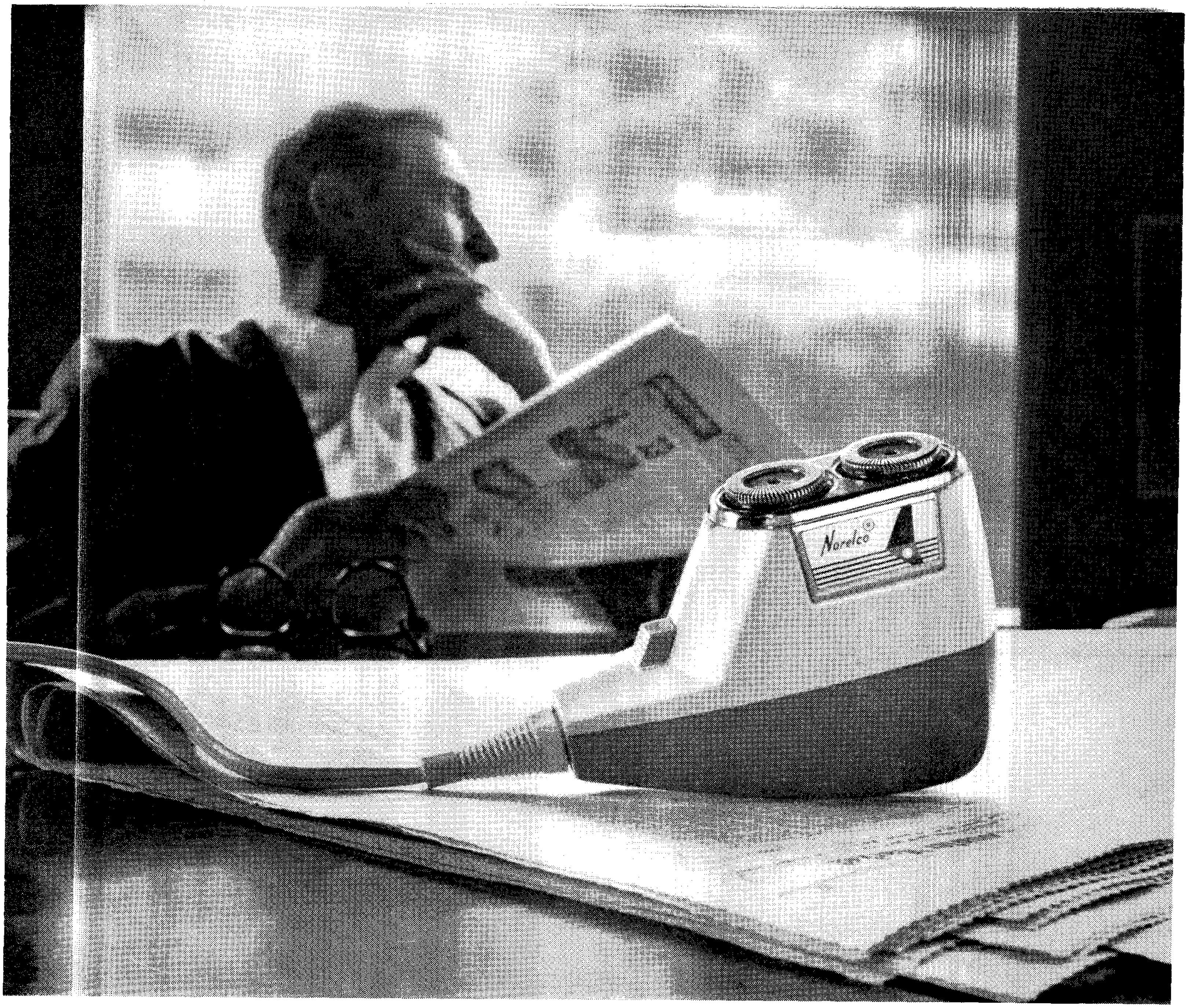
From four to fifty dollars each in Lustrous Chrome, 12 Kt. and 14 Kt. Gold Filled, Sterling and Solid 14 Kt. Gold.

AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS SINCE 1846
A. T. CROSS Company
PROVIDENCE 5, RHODE ISLAND

fever, and tetanus. The prospects for commercial production were bleak, though. It took Merck thirty-seven complex chemical steps, occupying several months, to produce a small batch of cortisone, and in 1950, according to Dr. Floyd S. Daft, director of the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases, "it was estimated that the production of enough cortisone to treat one patient for one year would require the slaughter of 14,600 head of cattle." The cost of an ounce of cortisone, he added, was forty-eight hundred dollars, or more than a hundred times the price of gold. Over the next couple of years, Merck managed to cut the number of chemical steps to twenty and to substantially increase the yield of cortisone per pound of ox bile. The cost went down. Then, in 1952, the Upjohn Company devised a method of producing cortisone by fermentation from Mexican yams, which were considerably more plentiful than ox bile. In effect, the steps were reduced to one, and the cost dropped further. But the price of the drug, according to Dr. Till's findings, did not drop to a level that reflected the great savings in production costs.

No sooner had cortisone come into wider use than three important new facts were learned about it. First, it was by no means a cure, for its effects lasted only as long as the drug was administered. Second, it was hazardously congenial to such micro-organisms as streptococci, staphylococci, typhoid bacilli, spirochetes, and the viruses of poliomyelitis and influenza. Third, and most important of all, it produced such acute side effects as softening of the bones, gross obesity, facial hair in women and children, severe acne, hypertension, peptic ulcers, diabetes, and psychosis.

Early in 1955, the Schering Corporation put on the market two new cortical steroids, generically named prednisone and prednisolone, which it sold under the trade names Meticorten and Meticortelone. "With these products, Schering hit the jackpot," Dr. Till noted. Although they were similar to cortisone, they were four to five times as potent and appeared to have fewer side effects. The Patent Office decided that prednisone and prednisolone were sufficient improvements on nature to be patentable, and in this case the big companies did not come to an agreement; not only Schering but four other firms—Upjohn, Merck, Pfizer, and Parke, Davis—applied for patents, causing the Office to declare that what is called a patent interference existed. This meant that until the conflict could



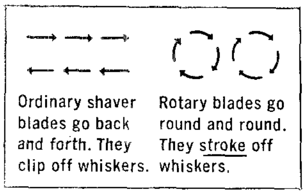
Only Norelco with rotary blades gives you the Comfort Shave

Norelco Speedshavers give you the most comfortable way to shave close and clean.
The reason: rotary blades. They go round and round to stroke off whiskers without pinch or pull.

If your morning shave is a source of irritation or discomfort, it's time you enjoyed the *comfort* shave. The shave you get only from Norelco with rotary blades. No other shaving method works on this advanced principle.

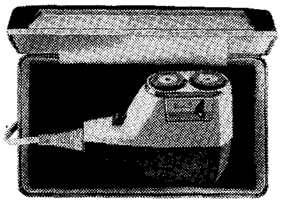
Whirling continuously at 3500 turns a minute, Norelco rotary blades *stroke* off whiskers no matter which way they grow. Rotary blades never stop, never change direction as the blades of back-and-forth shavers do. Made of surgical steel, these self-sharpening rotary blades give you the *most comfortable* way to shave close and clean, 365 days a year. For years on end.

Don't put up with the pinch and pull of ordinary shaving another day. Start getting the *comfort* shave today.

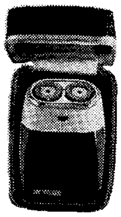


Ordinary shaver blades go back and forth. They clip off whiskers.

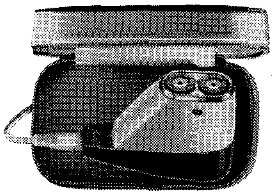
Rotary blades go round and round. They stroke off whiskers.



Twin heads swivel to fit face. World-wide use. 110/220 volts (AC/DC). New Norelco 'floating-head' Speedshaver 30.



Cordless – shaves anywhere. Battery-powered. Zippered case with mirror. New Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20C.



Fast 'flip-top' cleaning. Latest model of world's best seller. Popular price. New Norelco 'flip-top' Speedshaver® 20.

Other Norelco Comfort Shave Products: Prelec®: pre-shave lotion; Finale®: after-shave lotion; Shaver Cleaner: cleans, oils shaver. Home Barber Kit: saves money on haircuts. Great for children.

Norelco®

© 1964
NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Other products: Hearing Aids, Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRAVEL SOPHISTICATE

Wise to the ways of suitcase living . . . three-piece suit in 100% Arnel® knit (never a wrinkle in a packing jam). With the incomparable Nardis quality. Blue, caramel, or green. 6 to 16. About $33.

NARDIS

Tailored Woman, Fifth Ave.
Bullock's, Los Angeles
Joske's, Houston
and at fine stores everywhere.

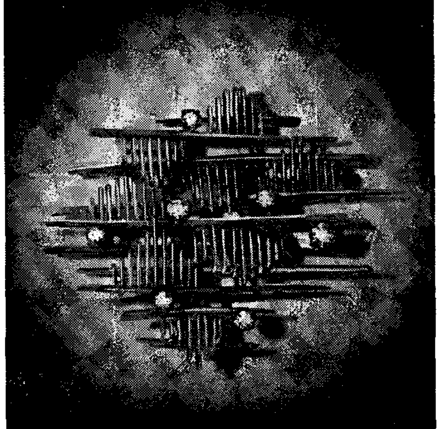
be resolved by the Patent Office, none of the companies had a monopoly on the two drugs, and all could sell them at will. The stakes were considerable. "In 1957, sixty-five million dollars' worth of these two drugs were sold," Dr. Till asserted. Since none of the companies were willing to give up their claims, the contest went on—and it is still going on. But it by no means meant that the five companies involved were not on speaking terms. On the contrary, according to subpoenaed documents subsequently made public by the subcommittee, they agreed that whichever of them won the patent would license the others to sell the drugs on a royalty basis; that in the meantime, for three years, the four other companies would pay Schering a three-per-cent royalty; and that none of them would let anyone who was not a party to the agreement buy either drug in bulk form (that is, as finished powder that had only to be tableted and packaged). Later, defending the agreement, Senator Dirksen declared, "It is a disservice to challenge an agreement which makes a new development available to the public and improves our general standard of health even though it may add a relatively small amount to the benefits of the company that believes it is responsible for the development in question." Kefauver agreed that the five companies wanted to get the drug on the market as soon as possible—but not solely for the benefit of the public. "The Schering licensing agreement on prednisone is of particular interest," he said, "because on the basis of patent applications, it establishes marketing restrictions designed to prevent small companies from marketing this drug." To the dismay of the five companies, a small drug company did put prednisone on the market. Soon after the agreement was reached, Syntex, a Mexican firm with a topnotch research laboratory, began selling the drug in this country in bulk form. Schering slapped an infringement-of-patent-rights suit on Syntex, which turned right around and slapped one on Schering, stating that it had actually discovered prednisone first—a claim that was later supported by the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, the N.A.M. of the drug business. When Syntex put bulk prednisone on the market, the smaller drug companies bought what they could get of it and began selling it widely—and far more cheaply than their larger competitors did. Before long, Merck and Pfizer decided to enter the race, and started selling both prednisone and prednisolone to small companies in bulk form. The result was that while Sche-

MARLY

Main attraction — incomparable shoemaking. Side show—grand looking. Cubed heel, crescent toe. Bone Calf. White or Empire Yellow Kid. Black Patent Leather. $28.00

Bally Of Switzerland
673 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N.Y. At 61st Street
Mail orders, add 50¢ for P.P. & Ins. Sorry, no C.O.D.

RIVER WIND . . .



The lambent beauty of the river is a gift of the passing wind. An exquisite contemporary design in 18kt white and yellow gold, set with 7 round diamonds. Exclusively Gubelin.

Pin: #208-43C $1150.
Federal Tax Included

GÜBELIN
of Switzerland
New York
3 West 57th Street at Fifth Avenue
LUCERNE GENEVA ZURICH ST. MORITZ

Exciting prices start at only $499 for an all-expense European Summer Holiday

Choose where you want to go

Prices are so low they sound unbelievable, but we hasten to assure you that they are real and the value is genuine. Last summer's tours were almost twice the price. This summer, because of our new low fares, we're able to offer you amazing travel bargains. And these Swissair European Summer Holidays include nearly everything: round-trip Swissair DC-8 Jetliner, all transportation, first-class hotels, most meals, sightseeing trips and tips. If you've dreamed of seeing the story that is Europe this summer, take a Swissair tour that goes where you want to go, at a price that can bring anyone's dream to life.

Spain & Portugal

On this "Iberian Holiday," you arrive first in sunlit Lisbon. You hop south to Estoril for a luncheon by the sea. Then to Seville where cobblestone byways lead to places of charm. To the Spanish Riviera at Torremolinos. Take a dip in the blue Mediterranean. Do the Flamenco at a night spot. Then to grand old Granada and gypsy caves. To Toledo, home of El Greco. To Madrid to make merry. And finally to medieval Cáceres. For 16 golden days, *the cost is only $499 for everything.*

Italy

Come to the land of art and where living itself is an art. Milan, with the famous painting of the Last Supper fading into time. Venice, with romantic gondolas. Florence, a masterpiece made by millions of hands. In Rome, do as the Romans do—shop, romp, feast and ogle. Then to Naples. Pompeii. Sorrento. The Isle of Capri. In Pisa, angle your way up the famous tower. You even get to visit Switzerland. For 17 romantic days, *the cost is only $669 for everything.*

Switzerland & Central Europe

Do the Viennese Waltz in historic Vienna. Peep over the wall in Berlin. In Rome, do as the Romans do. Thrill to the song of the Rhine Maidens. Ride up the face of the Alps. Choose from a fine collection of tours and services at unusually low prices, from as little as $13 to $157. Transatlantic fare is not included. Take the SWISS ALPINE TOUR alone or combine it with a MEDIEVAL AND MODERN GERMANY TOUR, BEAUTIFUL AUSTRIA TOUR, ITALY TOUR, OR GENEVA TO PARIS TOUR.

Bachelor Grand Tour

These European Holidays will be of special interest to single people or those traveling alone who want the company of others their own age, and who would enjoy festive evenings as well as daytime sightseeing. First, jet to Lucerne, a storybook Swiss city. Then to Innsbruck where you spend a joyous Tyrolean evening. To Venice, with romantic gondolas. To Florence, a masterpiece. To Rome, where art is the grandest and life is the sweetest. Then to Nice where it's nice on the French Riviera. And to Paris to sample the many Parisian pleasures. For 21 days, prices start at just *$859.80 for everything* on the budget tour, or from just *$1220.50 for everything* on the de luxe tour.

Greece, Spain, Portugal & Canaries

First, to old world Lisbon. Its echoing castles take you back to the Middle Ages. Then to Las Palmas in the Canaries, a semi-tropical bloom in the midst of a fantastically blue sea. To Madrid to make merry. To glorious Seville. To grand old Granada and gypsy caves. To Barcelona which goes back to the 2nd century B.C. And to Athens, where civilized man and classical gods took shape. You see the Parthenon. Acropolis. Temple of Wingless Victory. You cruise the Greek Islands. For 30 marvelous days, *the cost is from $1597 for everything.*

Catalog of Travel

Going to Europe or the Middle East this year? How would you like to put your own tour together? You can with the Swissair Travel Catalog. It's the most up-to-date aid you can find, with helpful hints and with complete packages of 50 cities. Each package for a city includes transportation, room with private bath, most meals, sightseeing trips and tips. Transatlantic airfare is not included.

Three-Week Vacationers—If you have 3 weeks to spare, extend your Swissair European Holiday to 21 days at small extra cost, and get to see such places as: Rome, London, the Riviera and other famous places.

Music Festivals—Swissair also offers a collection of tours to Summer Music Festivals being held throughout Europe. These tours are attractively priced.

For more information or immediate reservations, see your travel agent or send in the coupon today.

SWISSAIR, 10 West 49th St., New York, N. Y.

I'd like to know more about Swissair European Summer Holidays starting at only $499 for everything. Please send me illustrated brochures and day-to-day itineraries for the following: ☐ Spain & Portugal ☐ Italy ☐ Switzerland & Central Europe ☐ Bachelor Grand Tour ☐ Greece, Spain, Portugal & Canaries ☐ Catalog of Travel ☐ Music Festivals

Name____________________

Address____________________

City & State____________________

N-314

____

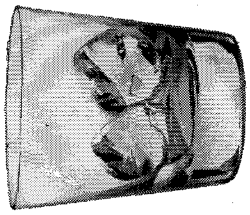
(Name of your travel agent, if any.)

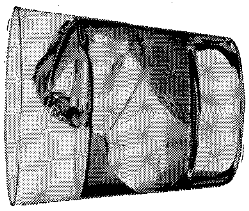
THE PRIVATELY-OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

SWISSAIR

SWISSCARE • WORLDWIDE

Prices based on 21-day economy excursion fares, or regular economy fares, round-trip from New York. Subject to government approval. Prices from Chicago slightly higher.





Why the trend to Teacher's Scotch? Word of mouth!

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK

ring, Merck, Pfizer, Upjohn, and Parke, Davis were selling the two drugs, under their trade names, to pharmacists at the uniform price of $17.90 per hundred five-milligram tablets, the smaller companies were asking as little as a quarter of that amount for the same quantity of either of them under their generic names.

AFTER Dr. Till had submitted her report, she and Blair began dropping in on druggists to check on the quantities of generically named drugs that were being bought by the public. They were puzzled to learn that it was rare for a druggist to receive a prescription for a drug under its generic name. Next, they compiled a list of small pharmaceutical firms that produced drugs and sold them on a generic-name basis, and visited some of their plants to get an idea of their operations. The first thing they found out was that while few individual consumers bought drugs under their generic names, a good many hospitals, clinics, and local, state, and federal agencies did. Then, after weeding out any drug companies that the Food and Drug Administration had cracked down on for putting out impure products, Blair selected a few firms—small, medium, and large—and asked Browne to plot their wholesale prices on a chart. It was clear at a glance that the larger a company was, the higher its prices were set, and the more likely it was to sell its goods under trade names. Now even more puzzled by the failure of most doctors to prescribe low-priced generic drugs, Blair and other members of the staff spent some of their off hours questioning physicians about this. To a man, they explained that they didn't have the time to look into the reputations of the various small concerns and chose to play it safe. Also, several of them pointed out that most detail men (pharmaceuticalese for salesmen who call on doctors) hinted darkly at the substandard quality of drugs put out by small companies. Moreover, when a physician sat down to write out a prescription, he found it far simpler to remember, say, Sterane, Pfizer's trade name for prednisone, than the name prednisone itself. (Practically speaking, drug companies were free to give their drugs any generic names they liked, and many of them, according to some experts, had a way of choosing an awkward generic name so that the trade name would be the one to stick in the doctor's mind.) The physicians explained, further, that large pharmaceutical houses subjected them to a barrage of advertising and promotional ma-

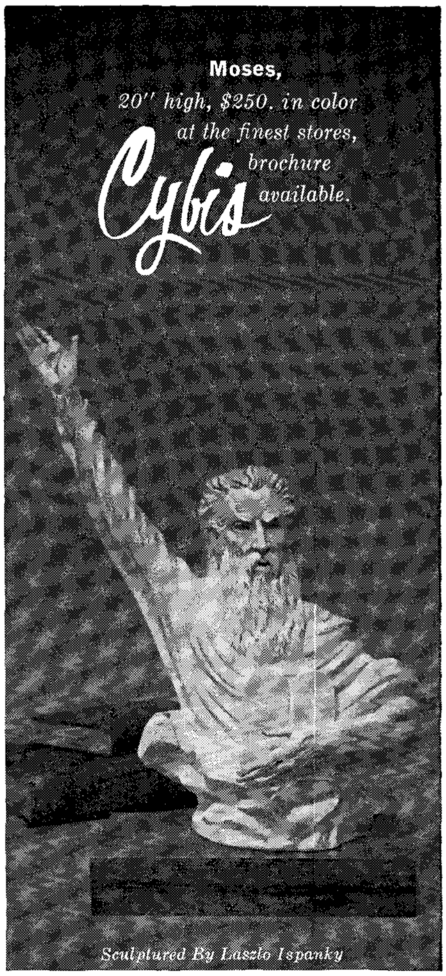
INSTANT CABIN
INSTANT FUN

As seen in . . .
LIFE, HOLIDAY, THE NEW YORKER, SPORTS AFIELD, POPULAR MECHANICS, AND SUNSET Magazines.

Dreaming about a vacation cottage or a second home? Here's the answer to your dream! Your prefabulous Redwood TimberLodge can be built in two easy weekends. Or, TimberLodge dealers can build it for you fast and inexpensively. Because it's California Redwood, it's virtually maintenance free. A variety of floor plans and choice of log or lap siding make TimberLodge the most attractive vacation home in America. Immediate Delivery. Fits your budget as beautifully as it does your dreams.

Write Dept. 6025 for a colorful brochure on TIMBERLODGE—the instant cabin.

Timber-Lodge®
A division of
Pritchard Products Corporation
4625 Roanoke Parkway • Kansas City, Mo. 64112
DEALERSHIPS AVAILABLE



Moses,
20" high, $250. in color at the finest stores, brochure available.
Cybis
Sculptured By Laszlo Ispanky
CYBIS PORCELAIN ART, TRENTON 8, N.J.

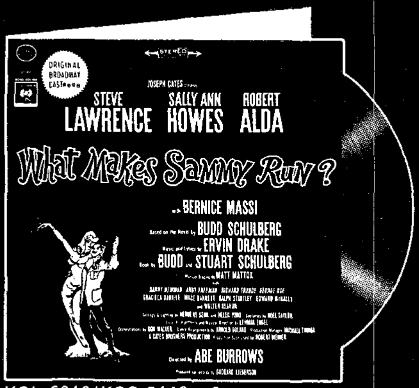
WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN?

The millions who met Sammy Glick in the pages of Budd Schulberg's novel will marvel at the way Ervin Drake's score re-creates, on the musical stage, the world of Schulberg's classic heel-hero.

Steve Lawrence is Sammy—from ambitious copyboy to roguish opportunist. Sally Ann Howes and Robert Alda add a warm touch of romance. And Bernice Massi portrays the girl who almost out-Sammys Sammy.

Enjoy the songs—"A Room Without Windows," "The Friendliest Thing" and many others—that make What Makes Sammy Run? the most exciting new musical on Broadway.

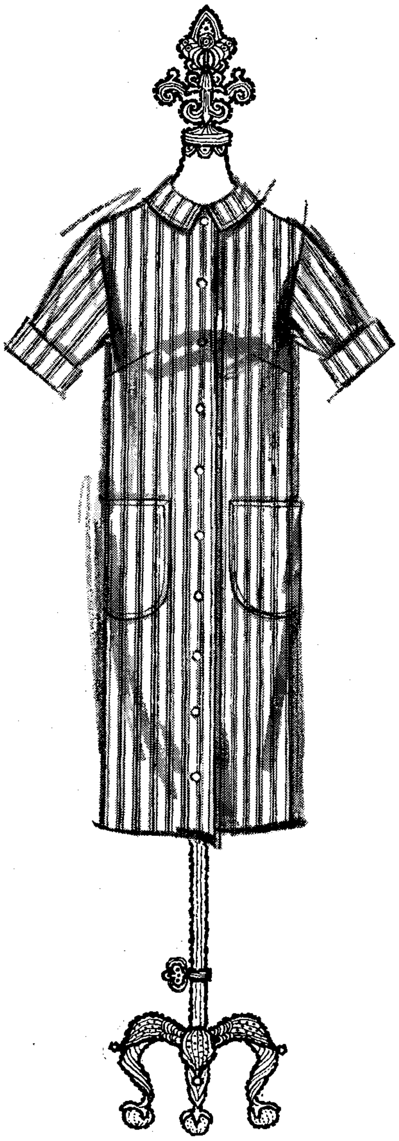
THE ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST RECORDING ON COLUMBIA RECORDS


ORIGINAL BROADWAY CAST
STEREO
JOSEPH CATES
STEVE LAWRENCE
SALLY ANN HOWES
ROBERT ALDA
What Makes Sammy Run?
BERNICE MASSI
BUDD SCHULBERG
ERVIN DRAKE
BUDD STUART SCHULBERG
MATT MATTOX
ABE BURROWS

KOL 6040/KOS 2440 Stereo

®"COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



Day Shifts

For the daily pleasures of living . . . the simple, unsung, unglamorized stuff that makes up life itself. Like bread, or friends, or sunshine. VILLAGER® shifts, detailed with the classic touches. This one, in cotton mattress ticking, striped with Blue, Red, Black, Olive, Navy. Also one in Blue denim chambray. Both, sizes 6 to 16.

Both about thirteen dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

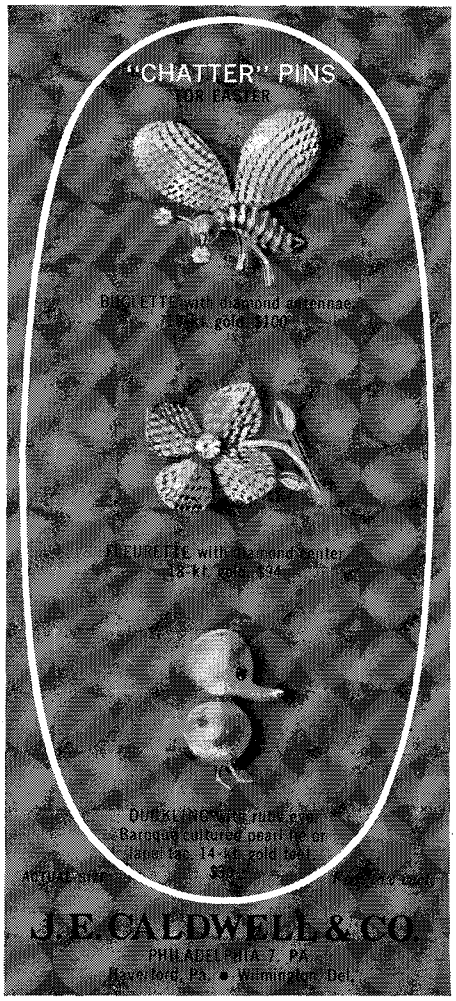
1407 Broadway, New York

© THE VILLAGER INC., 1964 • MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

terial in which generic names were scarcely mentioned, and that detail men visited them almost daily. "The principal function of a detail man is to persuade physicians to use the trademarked drugs put out by his particular house," Blair said after the investigation was completed. "Some of the smaller manufacturers told us that they couldn't support a staff of detail men, but Upjohn, for instance, with fifty-seven hundred employees, had more than a thousand detail men. I daresay that no sizable firm in any other industry has one salesman for every five workers."

By the winter of 1959, Kefauver, like Magnuson and other senators, had received some letters from consumers about the prices of drugs. While some were crank complaints of the sort that reach every senator's desk every day, others were sensible and informative, among them one from an American lawyer who was in London on business. Being a diabetic, he had taken along a large supply of Orinase, Upjohn's brand of tolbutamide—a new oral antidiabetic drug, which many patients could use in place of insulin—but his work had kept him abroad longer than he had anticipated, and he ran out of medicine, whereupon a doctor in London gave him a prescription for the same drug, which is sold in Britain under the trade name Rastinon. Rastinon, the lawyer said, was less than half as expensive in England as Orinase was in this country. Kefauver and Blair discussed means of getting information on the foreign prices of other drugs. Blair confessed that he could see no simple way of accomplishing this, but Kefauver soon came up with a solution—he simply wrote to the State Department and asked it to have our consulates abroad check. Before long, the information began coming in. Percentages varied, but in most cases prices were lower abroad.

Next, Kefauver suggested that the staff find out what prices pharmaceutical concerns charged non-profit agencies for certain drugs. Clifford was given this job, and he went first to the Military Medical Supply Agency, which serves as the central purchasing arm of all dispensaries and hospitals run by the armed forces, and also purchases medical supplies, on request, for the Public Health Service, the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization, and our military-assistance program. M.M.S.A. naturally buys as cheaply as it can, provided its standards of quality are maintained, and it sees to it that they are. In response to some of Clifford's questions, the executive director of M.M.S.A., Rear Admiral William L. Knickerbocker, told


"CHATTER" PINS
FOR EASTER
BUGLETTE with diamond antennae 18 kt. gold, $100
FLEURETTE with diamond center 18 kt. gold, $94
DUCKLING with ruby eye Baroque cultured pearl tie or lapel tac, 14 kt. gold feet $30
ACTUAL SIZE
J. E. CALDWELL & CO.
PHILADELPHIA 7, PA.
Haverford, Pa. • Wilmington, Del.

LOOKING

for a good hotel in New York City?

You'll find homelike Beekman Tower Hotel just about tops...and so easy on your budget! In the fashionable residential East 40's, directly on the East River and adjacent to the United Nations, it offers magnificent views of the city in every direction. Yet it's so near everything of interest to you.

400 bright, cheerful outside rooms. "Personalized" service that reflects modern Manhattan at its best. Even more economical family and weekend package rates. Special rates for groups.

Home of New York's popular
"Top O' The Tower" Cocktail Lounge
Directly convenient to World's Fair

Beekman Tower
HOTEL

49th Street at First Avenue
(3 Mitchell Place, New York 17, N. Y.)

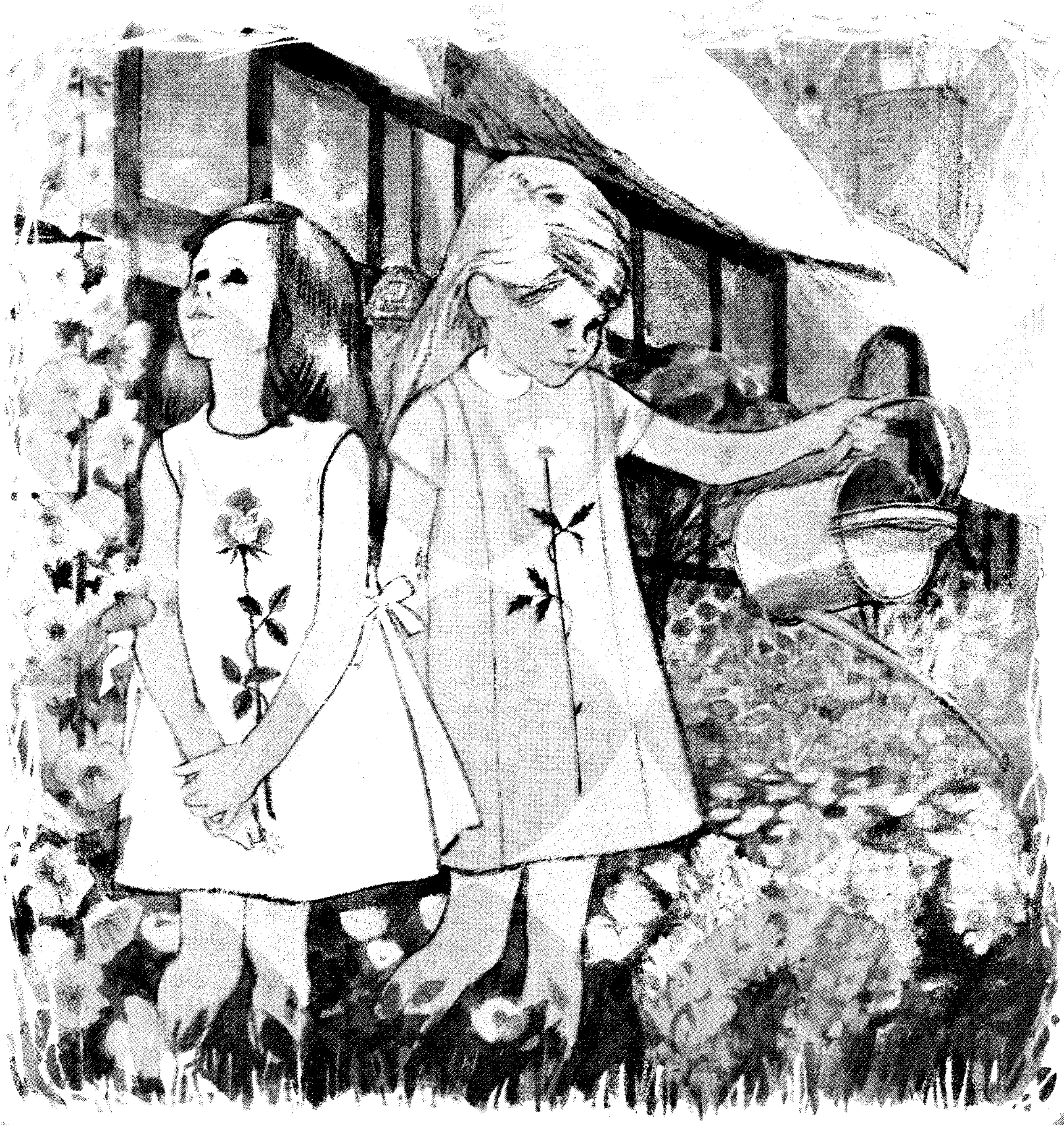
Send color folder and rates. (2)

Name__________
Address__________
City______ Zone____ State______

This is a L♥VE *story*

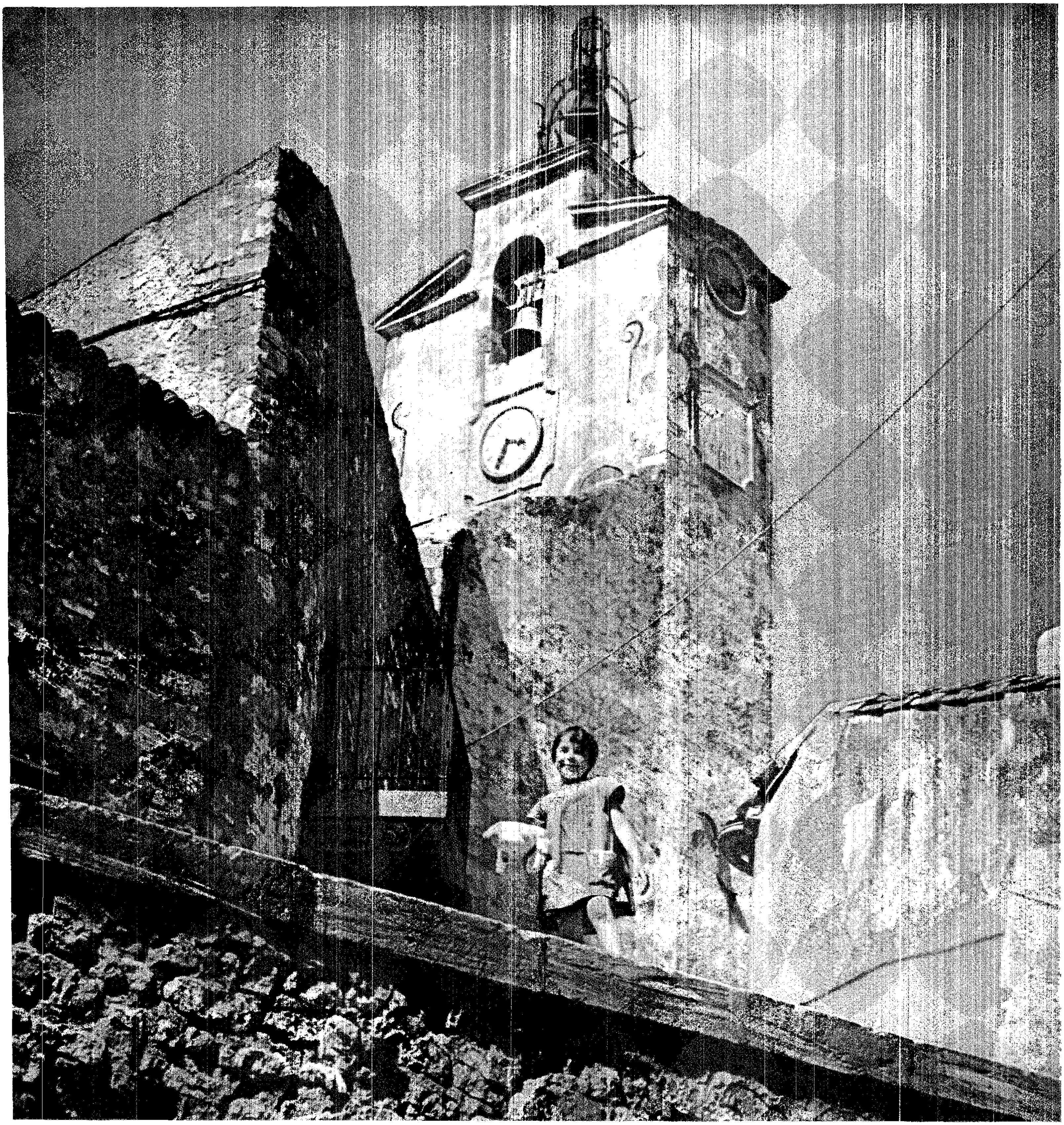
Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and Lovèd Lillies:
The pretie Pawnce, And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the Fayre Flowre Delice . . .

the place: an old-fashioned garden . . . the gardeners: Rose and Daisy their couturier: Robert Love picks "Dacron" for Joseph Love. . . .



it must be L♥VE® . . . from the Blossomtime Collection, long-stemmed beauties in "Dacron"* polyester and cotton oxford. Perfect Rose, 3/6X—$9.00; 7/14—$11.00. Dreamy Daisy, 2/4T—$8.00; 3/6X—$9.00; 7/14—$11.00. You'll find Roses and Daisies at **BEST & CO.**, N.Y.C.; Rich's, Atlanta; Hochschild Kohn, Baltimore; Lytton's, Chicago; Halle Bros., Cleveland; Jordan Marsh, Miami; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans; Joseph Magnin, No. Calif. & Nevada; Bonwit Teller, Phila., Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash., D.C. For the store in your city, write: JOSEPH LOVE, INC., 1333 Broadway, New York City 18. In Canada: Pearson and Love Ltd., 7675 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal, Quebec.

*DUPONT REG. T.M. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



This town is so colorful little girls get red-dirty instead of black-dirty.

We're going to lead you to one of the most satisfying spots on earth.

Drive 35 miles east of Avignon to Roussillon, a village etched, hawklike, into a hilltop. So small. So pure of tourists. Yet so incredible artists travel distances to see it. For Roussillon is all red. The houses, the rooftops, the streets are red. So is the dust. And so are the children.

Roussillon is a wonder. Like all the other villages of Provence. Some are Picasso Blue. Some are Matisse Ochre. And even Van Gogh Gold appears every few miles.

Maybe that's why France's Impressionist painters settled in Provence. It's like a painting to live in. If *you're* impressionable you ought to go there.

Your travel agent can help with your plans. Or just write: **French Government Tourist Office,** Dept. LG-7, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

him that bids on patented drugs, including antibiotics, were uniformly high. On the subject of cortical steroids, however, Clifford learned that on February 3, 1959, M.M.S.A. had advertised that it wanted to buy 1,056,000 tablets of prednisone in thousand-tablet bottles. Six days later, the contract was awarded to the Premo Pharmaceutical Laboratories, a small New Jersey firm, at a price of $20.98 per bottle. Two other small companies had submitted bids that were roughly a dollar and two dollars per bottle higher, and the fourth-lowest bidder was none other than the Schering Corporation, which asked $23.63 a bottle. "When I saw that in Clifford's report, I realized that we had our first big breakthrough," Blair recalled later. "We knew that Premo sold prednisone to the commercial trade for around thirty-one dollars, or roughly fifty per cent more than its bid to M.M.S.A. Naturally, it could cut its price substantially for a government contract, because of the size of the order. However, Schering sold its prednisone to the trade for a hundred and seventy dollars per bottle, or six hundred and twenty per cent above its quotation to M.M.S.A. Obviously, it counted on making a profit when it tendered its bid to the government, so we could only conclude that its profit on commercial transactions must be fantastic."

Kefauver was impressed when Blair showed him what the staff had found, and was even more impressed when Browne compiled some profit figures for his edification. Using financial publications like *Moody's Industrial Manual* and the *Fortune Directory*, Browne discovered that when it came to profits as a percentage of invested capital after taxes, thirteen drug companies were among the top fifty companies in America, and three drug companies—Carter Products, American Home Products, and Smith, Kline & French—led the field, with net profits of 38.2 per cent, 33.5 per cent, and 33.1 per cent, respectively. "That meant, for instance, that Carter's net profit before federal corporation taxes of fifty-two per cent was about seventy-five per cent—an unheard-of figure," Blair said after these statistics had been made public. "I couldn't believe Browne's figures. Just to make sure, I asked the F.T.C. to prepare similar compilations. They did, and their figures were slightly higher than ours. So we took them to Estes. He didn't believe them, either. He asked if we had checked them with the F.T.C., and when I said we had, he told me to double-check those that were over thirty per cent. So we did, and the

The Urbane Cotton Topcoat

The whole world looks to London for leadership in men's clothes and London looks to Aquascutum. This tailored cotton topcoat is the latest expression of the best in British craftsmanship. Every detail of the styling, coupled with Aquascutum's special care in tailoring, gives an elegant unruffled look and sets it quite apart from rainwear of the past. The fabric is superfine English cotton gabardine permanently rain-proofed with Miracle Aqua 5, an Aquascutum exclusive. Priced from about $59.50.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER,
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND

Enquiries to: 2 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK. MU 5-9571

The Iffy Coat

Iffy it shines, iffy it showers or iffy it looks either/or — what more simpatico than the Iffy Coat, designed exclusively for Izod by Giorgio Avolio of Milano. Cut to accompany daytime suits or late day dresses in rayon and cotton faille that goes abroad in any weather. American Beauty, beige, black, navy. 6-16. $45. At Best & Co., N.Y.; Neiman-Marcus Co., Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth; Marshall-Field & Co., Chicago.

IZOD

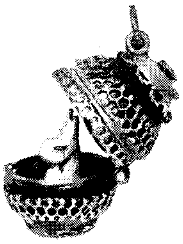
A DIVISION OF DAVID CRYSTAL, INC., 498 SEVENTH AVE., N. Y.

F.T.C. double-checked, too. The two of us got the same results." The Senator still found the whole thing difficult to believe. "I thought that profits like those were excessive by any test you put them to—particularly in a field where every effort should be made to get prices down," he later explained. "Such profits meant that Carter, American Home Products, and Smith, Kline & French could pay off their capital investment in two or three years."

Although Kefauver and his staff felt that they were on to something that called for further study, they were still faced with the problem of finding out how much it cost the companies to produce their drugs. At the time, Blair wrote a memorandum to Dixon, saying, "In theory the best method of determining the reasonableness of a price is to compare it with costs. In practice, however, cost information is usually difficult to obtain. . . . The drug industry is already exhibiting to the Federal Trade Commission strenuous opposition to the divulgence of cost information, threatening to take the issue to the Supreme Court." But if the hearings were to be fully effective, cost data had to be obtained one way or another. "Without such figures, we knew that we'd be pilloried," Blair later explained. "The drug people could merely say that their prices were high because their costs were high, and who could gainsay them? We were faced with the fact that many firms don't keep costs for individual products, and those that do usually allocate the indirect, or overhead, costs by some arbitrary formula. Anyway, we met week after week to consider this problem of costs, and got absolutely nowhere. How necessary it was to get the figures we wanted, and how hopeless it seemed!"

A month or so after Browne came up with his profit figures, he happened to notice in a 1957 report by the Tariff Commission called "Synthetic Organic Chemicals—United States Production and Sales" a list of which companies produced which drugs. He was surprised to find that often only one or two companies produced a given drug, and was more surprised to find, by checking against industry trade lists, that many other companies sold the same drug. "This is unique in American industry," Blair said later. "One of the more extreme cases was Parke, Davis, which sold twenty of fifty-one major drug products included in our study, but produced only one, Chloromycetin. We figured that the extraordinary interlocking relationships of the large drug companies might produce something

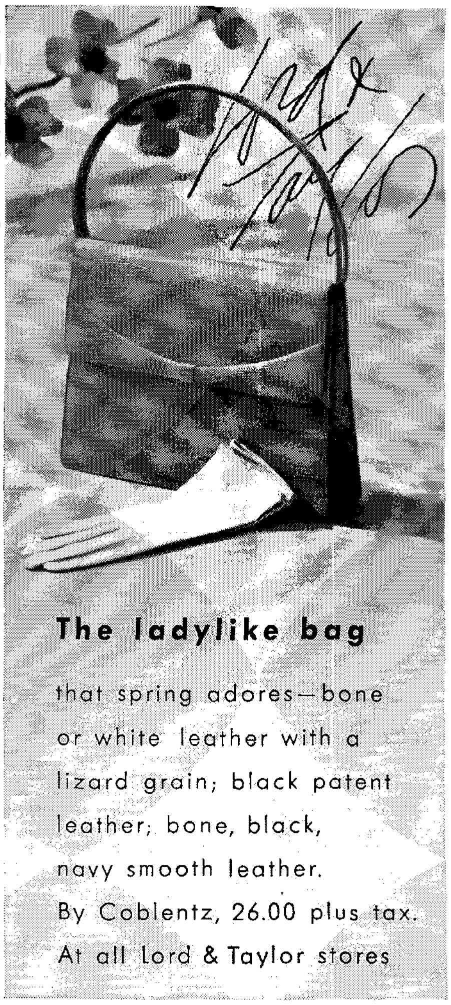
AN ORIGINAL *Primavera* CREATION



Our Easter Bunny sits happily
in a colorfully enamelled
Easter Egg charm . . . crafted in Sterling
$6.00 PLUS FED. TAX

See the complete collection of charms by
Danecraft
366 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

AT FINER STORES EVERYWHERE



The ladylike bag

that spring adores—bone or white leather with a lizard grain; black patent leather; bone, black, navy smooth leather.

By Coblentz, 26.00 plus tax.

At all Lord & Taylor stores

Ever see a more beautiful, talcum-powder beach in your whole life?

There's nothing quite like it in the U.S. You've got to go to Bermuda (only $95 round-trip*). Or Nassau ($115 round-trip*). Or Jamaica ($159 round-trip*). And you've got to go BOAC. Because we'll lavish you with the same superb food, wines and service you get flying to Europe. (You know how fabulous that is!) So go on. Leave the country. Or do you have something against talcum-powder beaches?

ALL OVER THE WORLD
B·O·A·C
TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

*Bermuda fare: 9:00 PM jet-prop Britannia flight daily from New York. Nassau and Jamaica: 17-day economy class jet fares, effective April 15 midweek from New York. Call your travel agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

BUSINESS WEEK COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT
BUSINESS WEEK
hoehnergarth

Complaint department.

Recently, we ran an advertisement about the Simmons magazine audience study, which showed that BUSINESS WEEK ranked *last* among female readers.

We felt pretty smug about this honest approach, until we received a letter of complaint from a very savvy lady in Lexington, Virginia. She said (and rightfully, rightfully) that we had no reason to crow about our poor standing with the opposite sex. *She* was a loyal reader, and knew plenty of women who shared her interest in BW's facts, figures, features, and forecasts. She said she found BUSINESS WEEK a great help in making decisions about buying everything from "stocks to bedsheets."

Of course, we wrote back a nice letter, and told her that actually BUSINESS WEEK has a bonus readership of some *half a million* women. We never talk about them, since advertisers seem more interested in our male management audience. But now that you mention it—how about it, Helena Rubinstein? Arpege? Formfit? Let's have those space orders.

You advertise in

BUSINESS WEEK

when you want to inform management

A McGraw-Hill Magazine

BUSINESS WEEK

of interest, and decided to look into it further. Finally, we found the answer. Before the war, there were two kinds of drug concerns—chemical firms, which manufactured bulk powder, and drug houses, which processed the powder and sold it in finished form. When the wonder drugs came along, the bulk-chemical firms became aware of the enormous profits to be made on them in the retail market, so they went into it, although they continued to manufacture certain items and sell them in bulk to other companies. Then, it dawned on us—of course, the big companies were now buying from and selling to each other. That meant that they had patent-licensing agreements and purchase-and-sale contracts that would show just how pally an arrangement it all was. We didn't know exactly how to go about getting these, so we took what we had to Estes. He went over it carefully, and then said, 'Why, let's get out some subpoenas.' "

On March 26, 1959, subpoenas went out to nineteen major drug companies, ordering them to submit their patent-licensing agreements and purchase-and-sale contracts on a wide variety of drugs. Since there was little to do until the subpoenaed documents came in, Blair made a trip to St. Petersburg, Florida, with his wife, to visit her parents. One afternoon during his stay, he dropped into a downtown drugstore for some razor blades and saw a dozen of St. Petersburg's elderly inhabitants waiting in line at the prescription counter. Blair began chatting with them. "They were all retired, of course, and were living on their Social Security and perhaps a small pension," he recalled afterward. "The average income of those I talked to was less than a hundred dollars a month. One old fellow, a retired railroad man, who received a little more than that, told me that he had rheumatoid arthritis, and that he had to take three or four pills a day of Deltasone, Upjohn's brand of prednisone, which, like the other versions sold under trade names, retailed for thirty cents a pill. His income amounted to four dollars a day, and he spent an average of a dollar a day on Deltasone. On top of that, his wife was diabetic and had to take three Orinase tablets a day, which ran to over forty cents. The old fellow said that at the end of every month he had to give up his medicine for a couple of days so that he could afford to buy his wife's. His medicine only eased his pain, but hers kept her alive. The stories of the others were pretty much the same. There are more than ten million arthritics in the country today, most of

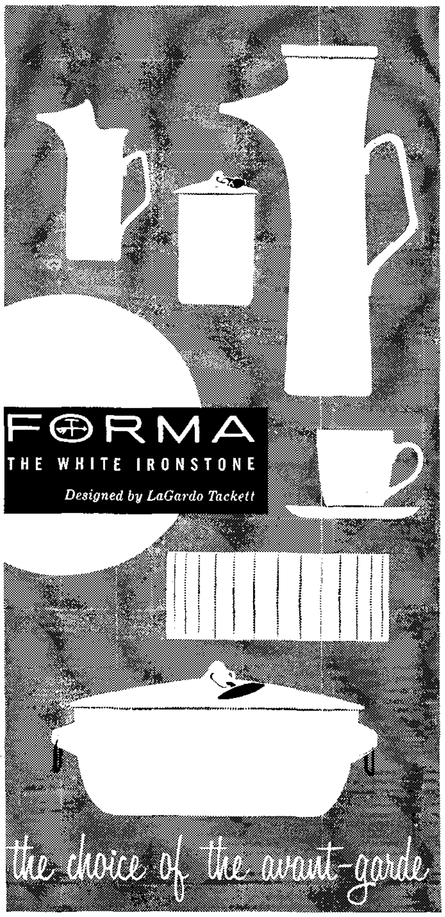
commuters, unite!

If commuting time could be cut in half, how pleasant life would be. It might be arranged through Homerica, a comprehensive homefinding service operating in major cities and prime suburbs in the U.S., Canada, Caribbean Islands, Europe, or elsewhere. Suppose you are considering relocating in an unfamiliar town and want facts and figures on the district or suburb to settle in. Homerica has them. Let Homerica send them, after you tell us your family's living requirements (economic, educational, medical, religious, travel, social, and special). Homerica then screens desirable houses and schedules your visit to include only those in an ideal community near your work. *Commuters, unite! You have nothing to lose but your trains.* Homerica acts as your deputy, safeguards your interests. Tell us your special requirements. We'll respect your confidence.

HOMERICA INC.

New York
200 Park Ave.
661-3111

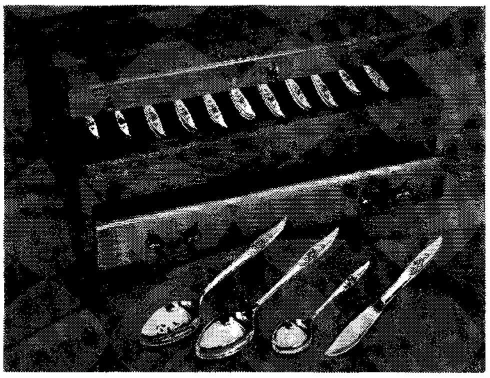
Los Angeles
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
387-3111



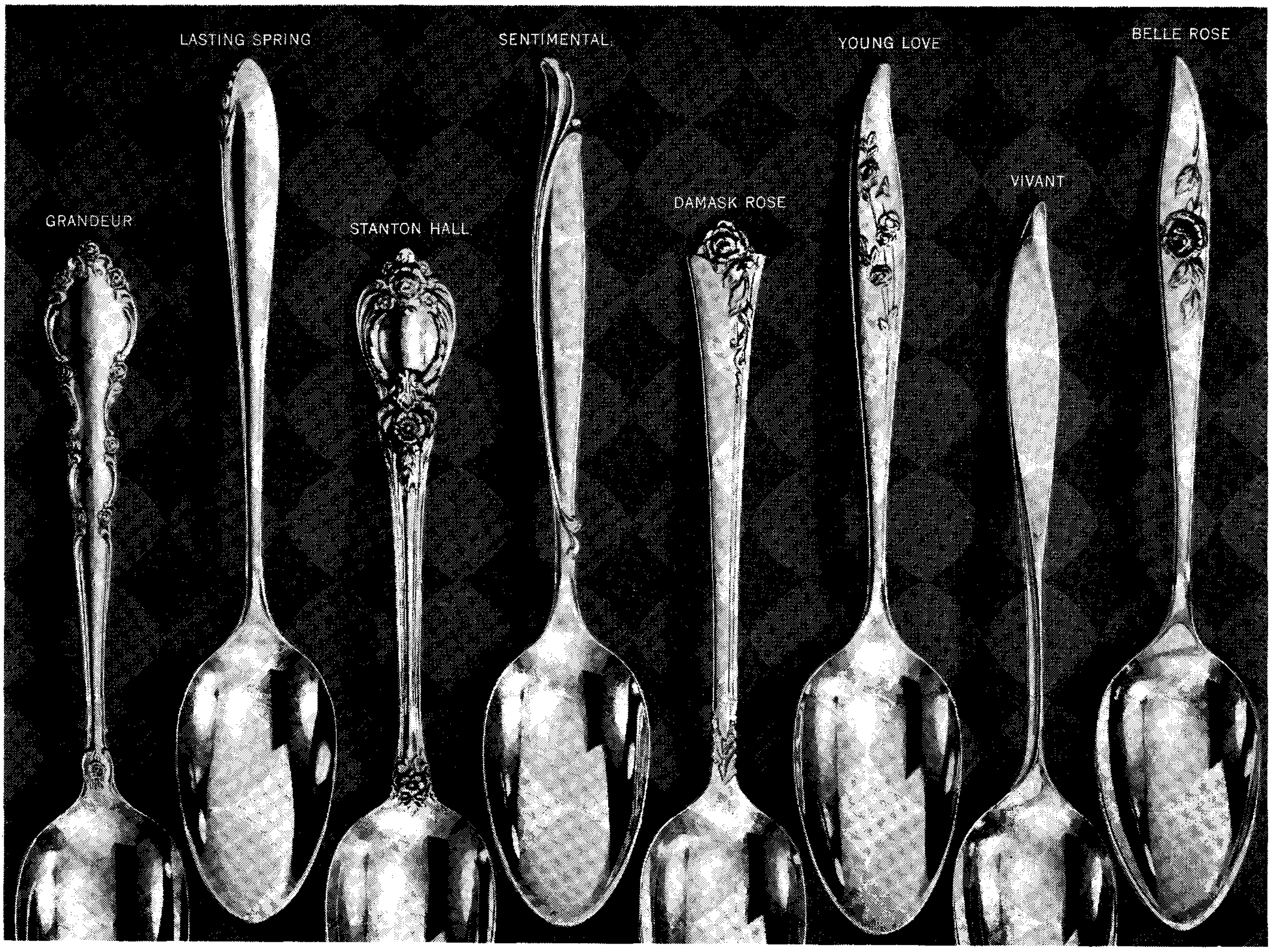
FOR FORMAL & INFORMAL SERVING · COOKING · STORAGE

At fine stores everywhere. Write for brochure

SCHMID INTERNATIONAL 280 SUMMER ST. BOSTON 10 MASS.



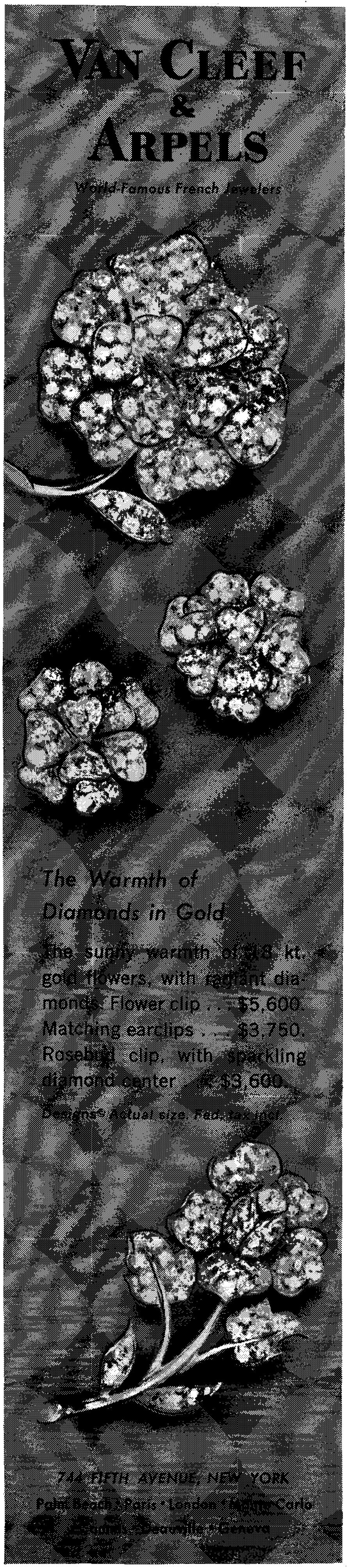
The "extras" are enticing, the patterns enchanting...



Announcing: the new "Service Dividend" plan for Heirloom® Sterling. With a purchase of eight four-piece place settings (eight each of teaspoons, knives, forks and salad forks, all for just $272.00*) you get a dividend of: a dramatically beautiful drawer chest *and* four service pieces (butter knife, sugar spoon and two tablespoons), adding up to a $73.00 value. With a minimum purchase of four settings ($136.00*) you get: the chest (a $25.00 value) *or* the two tablespoons (a $30.00 value). Handsome "dividends," indeed!... And handsome is the word for Heirloom Sterling. Here are stately, swirling traditionals, romantic florals, clean-lined contemporaries, all with the deep luster, satin-cool touch, perfect weight and balance that have made Oneida Silversmiths famous. A wise investment, a wonderful gift...Take advantage *now* of this dividend plan. For dealer nearest you and complete brochure on all Heirloom Sterling patterns, write Oneida Silversmiths, Department NY-3, Oneida, New York.

*Stanton Hall slightly higher. All prices include federal tax.

HEIRLOOM STERLING BY Oneida SILVERSMITHS



VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers

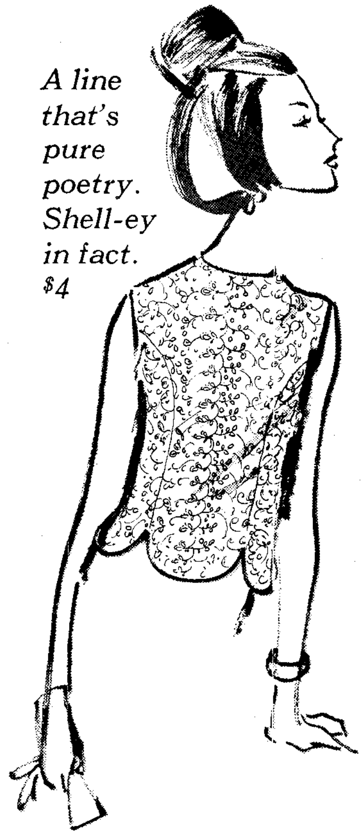
The Warmth of Diamonds in Gold
The sunny warmth of 18 kt. gold flowers, with radiant diamonds. Flower clip . . . $5,600. Matching earclips . . . $3,750. Rosebud clip, with sparkling diamond center . . . $3,600.
Designs® Actual size. Fed. tax incl.
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
Palm Beach • Paris • London • Monte Carlo
Cannes • Deauville • Geneva

them elderly. And old people who don't have arthritis frequently have something else that requires expensive drugs. Of course, most of them live on marginal incomes, which means that toward the end of the month they have to cut down on their drugs or their food, and when it's a matter of choosing between pain and hunger, they seem to choose the hunger."

While Blair was away, Kefauver also took a trip, spending several days resting in Hot Springs, Arkansas. One afternoon, a friend took him up twelve thousand feet in a non-pressurized airplane, and the next morning the Senator had a piercing earache. A local doctor gave him a prescription for Tetrex, Bristol-Myers' brand of tetracycline, which was the newest antibiotic on the market, and he went to a nearby drugstore to have the prescription filled. The pharmacist handed him twenty pills and asked him for ten dollars. The doctor's fee had been five dollars. "When we both got back to Washington, Estes told me about his experience," Blair said later. "He was outraged. It had been years since he'd gone out and bought his own medicine. He had known that what we'd been telling him about prices was true, but this really brought it home to him. When he told me about it, he ended up by shaking his head and saying, 'How in the world can poor people afford to stay alive these days?' "

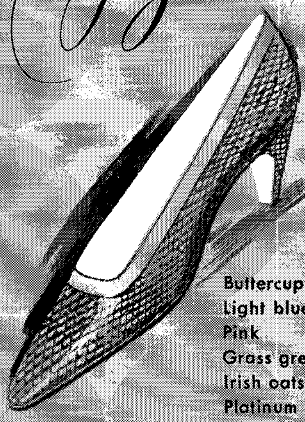
THE bread hearings wound up in July of 1959, and while Blair drew up the subcommittee's final report on that subject, his colleagues set to work to analyze the subpoenaed documents, which were now trickling in. "By late summer, we had the information we needed," Browne recalled afterward. "We had known that there was buying and selling going on, of course, but we had had no idea of the extent. For instance, we found that Schering itself produced no prednisolone but bought it under contract from Upjohn, which made forty-five per cent of all the prednisolone on the market. And then we made a discovery that stunned all of us. We found out how much—or, rather, how little—the stuff cost." The discovery came about when Dr. Till happened to notice one document showing that in a 1958 transaction Upjohn had sold Schering 251,000 grams of prednisolone for $594,870—a rate of $2.37 a gram. From this, it was easy to calculate that the cost of the material in a five-milligram tablet of Meticortelone came to slightly over a penny. The druggist paid eight-

A line that's pure poetry. Shell-ey in fact. $4



Ship'n Shore®

Calcutta lizard shapes the pump sublime

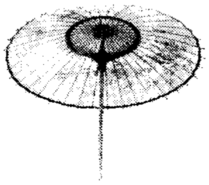


Buttercup
Light blue
Pink
Grass green
Irish oats
Platinum blonde
Black

Barefoot Originals pump perfectionist in seven fashion colors. Choose medium or high heels in sizes 5 to 10, AAA to B. **24.95**
Shoe Salon, 4th Floor
A selection of colors at all 4 Bloomingdale branch stores
Bloomingdale's • 59th at Lex. • EL 5-5900

DISCOVER THE PACIFIC TODAY

Tokyo/Hong Kong/Hawaii

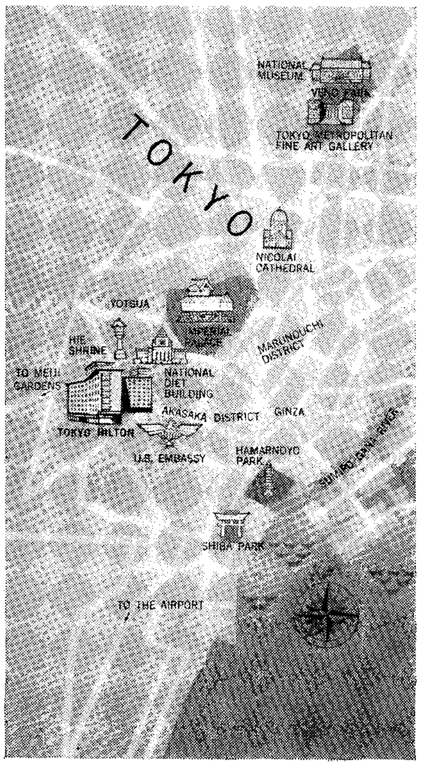


by Peter Griffith

Today it's easier to discover the fascinating sights and sounds of the Pacific than ever before. And much more pleasant. Because you can now enjoy all the comforts of Hilton. Exotic local décor... air-conditioned luxury ... superb local and international cuisine... friendly Hilton service.

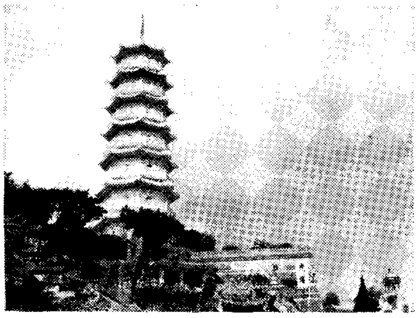
Calm Center in Tokyo's Whirl

From your room at the Tokyo Hilton you view the roof-tops of Tokyo. You have a tranquil haven in the new Akasaka district, the neighborhood of fabulous night clubs and Japanese tea-houses. But hop a cab, and in five minutes you're on the bustling Ginza.



Go no farther than the hotel's Japanese Garden to have tea in the gracious manner. Just beyond, visit the famous Hie Shrine on Sanno Hill, home of Tokyo's protecting deity since feudal times. Then back to the hotel to relax in the swimming pool or the Japanese steam bath. Sample Oriental delicacies in the Japanese restaurant—or superb Kobe beef in the Keyaki Grill Room.

You're bound to want at least one evening out, for Kabuki theater and the exciting night life of Tokyo. But you'll find that even here, in the night club capital of the world, the Tokyo Hilton's Star Hill Club is already famous for superlative service, food and music. Speaking of clubs, don't forget your golf sticks. The courses around Tokyo (and around Hong Kong and Kahala) are some of the finest in the world.



Rooms at the Tokyo Hilton start as low as $10 a day single, $13.90 double.

Highspot in Hong Kong

The Hongkong Hilton towers over the heart of the fabulous city they call the Pearl of the Orient. Its 25th floor Eagle's Nest Supper Club gives you a breathtaking view of the harbor . . . then you can explore it in the hotel's own 110-foot brigantine—and cruise to a quaint Chinese fishing village with the fine old Scottish name of Aberdeen. Just a few steps away from the hotel is the famous tramway to Victoria Peak, highest point on Hong Kong Island.

You'll find the Hongkong Hilton a fascinating blend of East and West. The Steak House is staunchly American, the Jade Lotus Room richly Oriental. The food is perfect of its kind. There's an Oriental Garden, a Dragon Boat Bar, an exotic underground bar called The Den... and an 80-foot swimming pool.

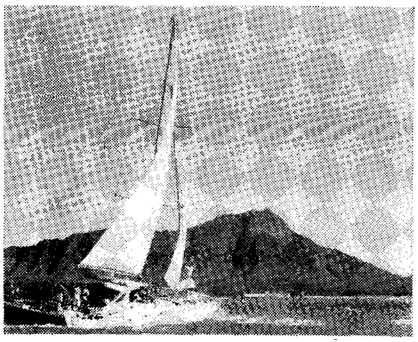
Hong Kong, as you know, is one of the great bargain shopping centers of the world. Fifty of its finest free port shops have branches right in the Hongkong Hilton's air-conditioned arcade. You'll find everything you can think of—and probably a lot more.

Expensive? As little as $10 a day single, $14 double.

Sunshine Stopover in Honolulu

On your way to the Orient, or back, or both, break your journey at the Hilton Hawaiian Village. (You can stop over on most airlines.) It's the world's beachiest hotel, on sweeping, secluded Duke Kahanamoku beach at Waikiki. And catamaran cruises, outrigger canoes, water-skiing, surf-boarding and skin-diving are only part of the fun.

The Hilton Hawaiian Village is also a gourmet's paradise, with exotic cuisine and entertainment in its Oriental, Polynesian and international restaurants and night clubs. You can live in a lanai right on the beach, or in a soaring, air-conditioned tower, with breathtaking views of Diamond Head and the ocean from your terrace. All this . . . and all of Honolulu to explore as well. And rates starting as low as $14 a day single, $16 double.



Write now for color brochures of all these hotels, plus full details of rates, to Peter Griffith, Hilton Hotels International, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York 22, N. Y.

See your travel agent, or call any Hilton Hotel or Hilton Reservation Office (see telephone directory). *At all Hilton International* Hotels, charges can be paid for on your Carte Blanche Credit Card or Hilton Identification Card.

GO INTERNATIONAL...WITH ALL THE COMFORTS OF HILTON

dare

for the woman who
dares to be different...
EMERAUDE
parfum de COTY

IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
©COTY, 1964—ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA
PERFUME $20.00 THE OUNCE, OTHER SIZES $5.00 TO $100.00

een cents for a tablet and the consumer thirty cents.

Blair went over these figures to make sure they were correct. Then, suddenly, it occurred to him that they could be used as cost figures. "By this time, we had despaired of ever getting hold of cost data," he said later. "The thought struck me, Why not use these figures, showing the margin between basic production costs and selling price? True, they included Upjohn's profit, but all that meant was that we would be using very conservative figures. The important thing was the spread between this amount and the eighteen cents the druggist paid. For our purposes, it didn't matter that the true cost figure, without Upjohn's profit, would have been a few tenths of a cent less. Moreover, in calculating true cost data we would have had to average out a figure for each step in the production process, and the industry could have attacked our conclusions at every one of those steps. This way, our case was indisputable."

Just as Blair had reached this conclusion, Browne dashed his spirits by pointing out that their figures did not include the cost of tableting and bottling the bulk powder. When Blair mentioned this problem to Mrs. Wendt, she said she dimly recalled from her work on the F.T.C. study of antibiotics that these operations were ordinarily carried out on a contract basis by a number of small companies. Blair then asked Browne to get price quotations from three firms for tableting and bottling prednisolone. When the figures came in, they were found to vary only slightly, and Blair chose the middle one—that submitted by the Richlyn Laboratories, of Philadelphia—for his calculations. Its charge for tableting and bottling was not quite half a cent per tablet in lots of a thousand, including the customary five-per-cent allowance for wastage. Adding Richlyn's charge to the approximate production cost, Blair came up with a total cost figure, including profits for both Upjohn and Richlyn, of 1.56 cents a tablet.

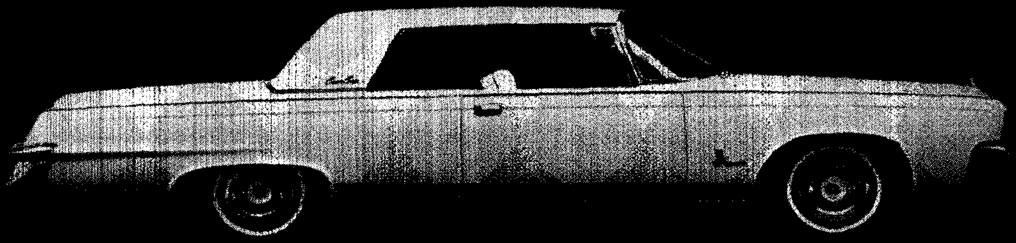
Blair told Dixon what the staff had found, and together they went to see Kefauver. Again, the Senator simply did not believe that the figures were accurate. "Estes insisted on examining them in infinite detail—grasping every facet and implication of them," Blair remarked afterward. "Then he asked for all the primary data—the subpoenaed documents and the letter from Richlyn—and he sat down and worked out the mathematics for himself. After that, he and Dixon went over the whole thing together. Finally,

Ⓐ® Our Seal of Authenticity

Etienne Aigner
NEEDLEPOINT STRAW, CENTER ZIPPER VAGABOND, ABOUT $20.00.
LEATHER AND HEMP THONG SANDAL, ABOUT $11.00.
Lord & Taylor and authorized dealers
Etienne Aigner, 22 West 32 Street, New York City

Zerlina
has
a
fine
Italian
hand

And an instinct for texture. Crinkled plissé shapes the torso top with bow-tie shoulders. The slim skirt is fully lined. Both with a smooth, silken touch. Both spun, knit and hand-fashioned in Italy. Black, white, Copen blue, cherry red, antique gold. Sizes 6 to 18. About $75. At fine stores everywhere or write to: **Zerlina Imports, Inc.,** 1407 B'way, N.Y. 18.

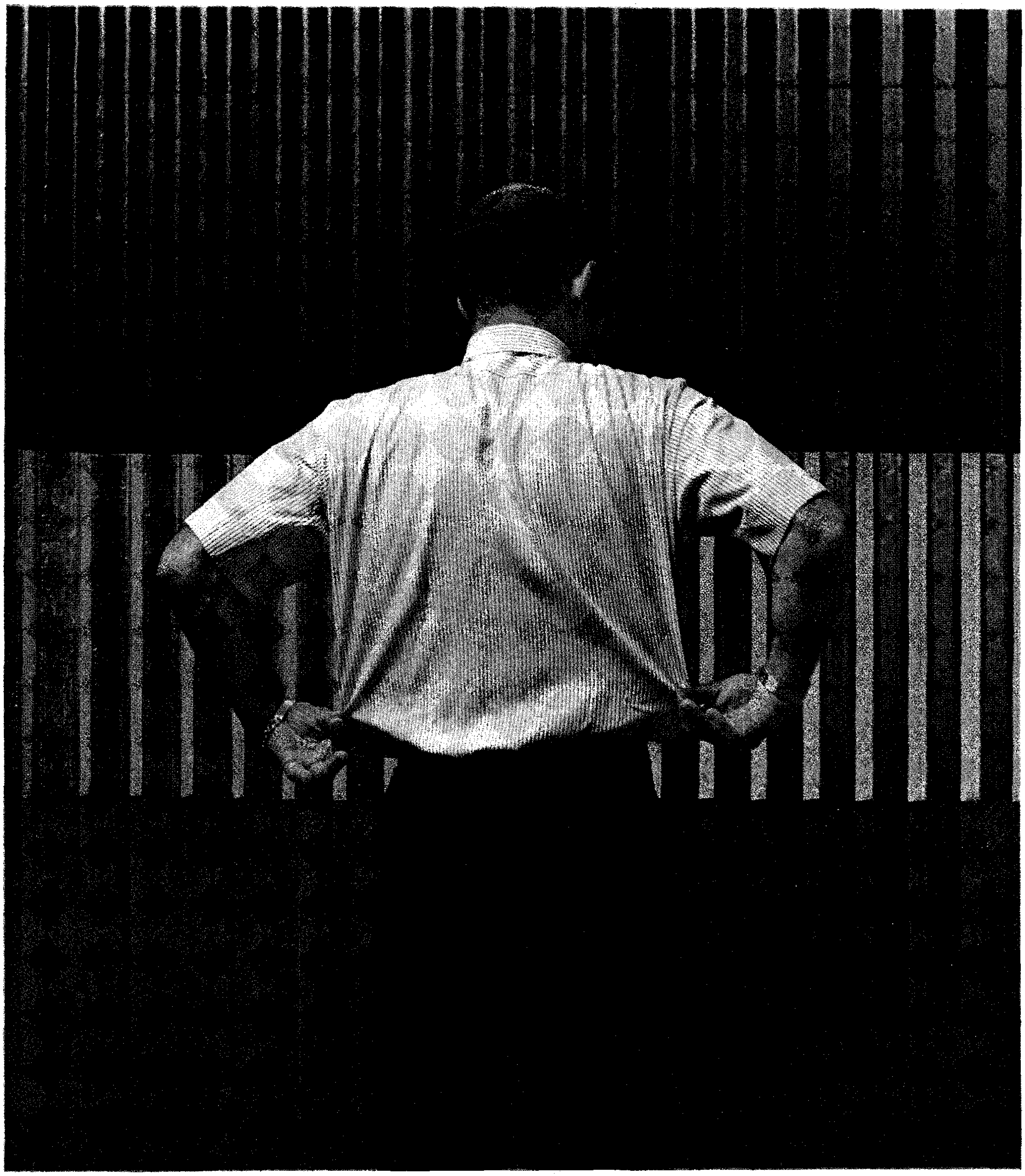


The Incomparable IMPERIAL

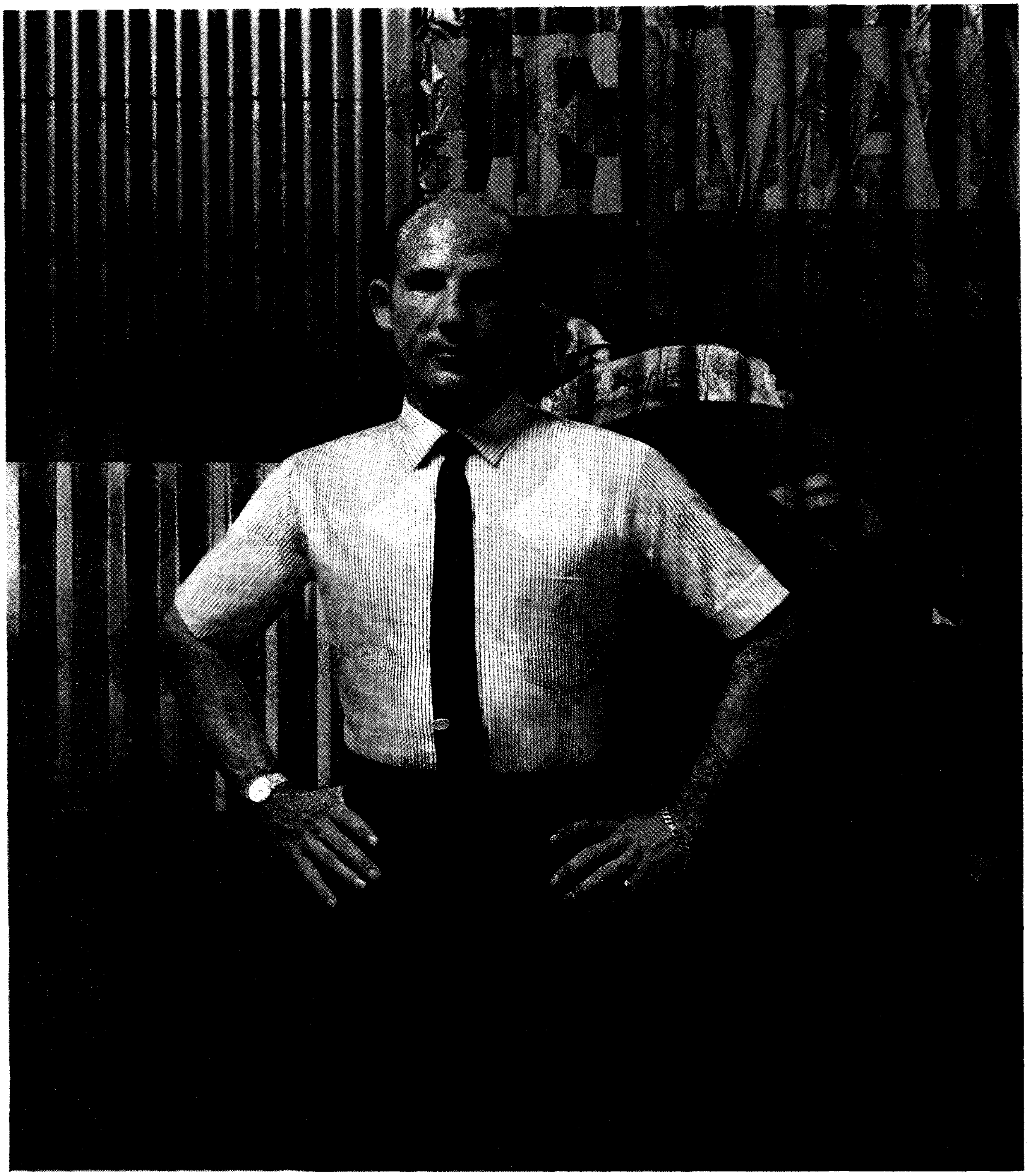
Imperial offers the two most luxurious and completely equipped "personal cars" in America today. They are the most spacious of their kind. Luxuries such as leather upholstery, aircraft-type seats and full power controls all are standard. Enter the quiet world of Imperial, where luxury cars are exciting again.

The Imperial Crown Coupe and Convertible

IMPERIAL DIVISION **CHRYSLER** MOTORS CORPORATION



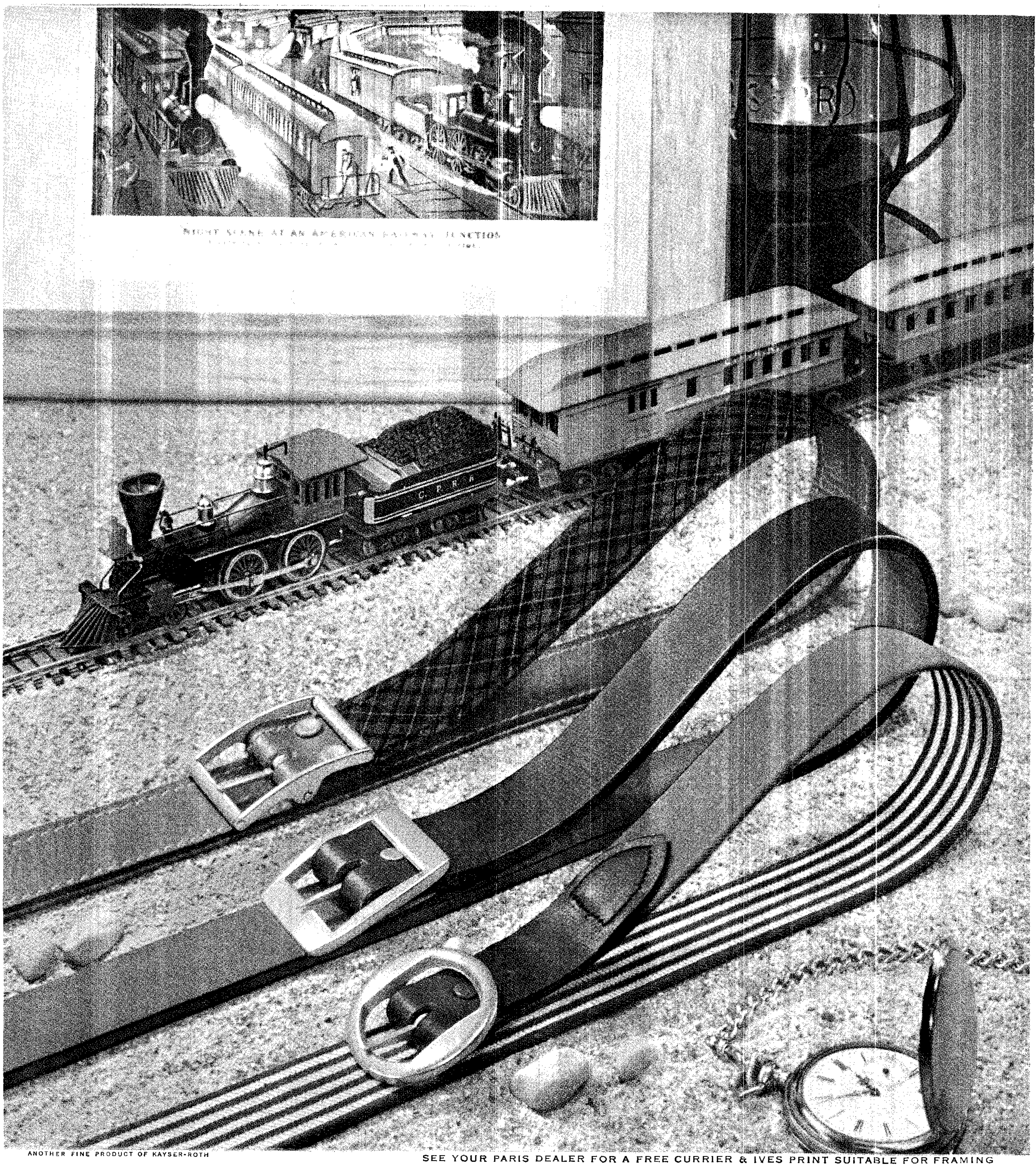
Stirling Moss has switched from bag-shaped shirts



to the man-shaped shirt . . . Manhattan® Mantrim®

Say goodbye to shirts that balloon, bag and sag over your belt. Every Mantrim shirt is contour cut. Tapered from shoulder to waistline. Flattering to every man, whatever his shape, because the taper is proportioned to shirt size. Shown: Mantrim in **BERMUDA CLOTH,** a new summer-weight cotton. Stripes and solids, in a variety of collar styles. $5. If you really want to keep cool, you can plan a whole summer wardrobe around Bermuda Cloth—besides dress shirts, it comes in sport shirts, underwear and pajamas, too.

Manhattan®
Internationally known mark of quality.
And Lady Manhattan® ☐ 1271 Ave. of Americas. N.Y. 20



ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

SEE YOUR PARIS DEALER FOR A FREE CURRIER & IVES PRINT SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

A Switch in Time...

Variety, as well as authenticity, is essential to the true Traditionalist's wardrobe. How easy to broaden your opportunities with these remarkable reversible belts by Paris.® Switch over from one side to the other when time and occasion demand a change in style or color. Top to bottom: Argyle plaid reverses to oil-leather, $3.50; Black glove leather reverses to harness brown, $4.00; Candy stripe reverses to solid color, $3.50.

PRIDE-MARK
PARIS

from the
Paris Belt Collection of
AMERICAN CLASSICS

Estes agreed that the figures were correct. He knew that it was going to take some courage to make them public—not just because they were shocking but because they were irrefutable and left the industry no loophole, no way to save face. This meant that from then on the industry would be out to attack him in every possible way."

Ever since word of the drug investigation had leaked out, almost a year before, Kefauver had been under pressure to drop it. Some of the pressure had come from doctors, retail druggists, chambers of commerce, and various industries in his home state, but the most strenuous exertions had been made by the retail-drug associations, which constitute one of the most powerful political lobbies in the country. About the time that the cost figures were being compiled, a trade periodical of the food, drug, and cosmetics industries named *F-D-C Reports* and more commonly known as the Pink Sheet announced that the Senator had been so urgently reminded by Tennessee pharmacists that there was at least one of them in every town in the state that he had finally promised not to make an issue out of retail markups on drugs. However, it went on to warn the pharmacists that any attack on the drug manufacturers was bound to spill over onto them. Before long, other organs of the trade began to report that the Senator was wavering under increasing pressure from retailers, and on September 21, 1959, the *Drug Trade News* announced, "Lately there have been reports that Sen. Kefauver who faces an uphill battle for reëlection next year was being urged to drop the inquiry entirely." The Senator had indeed been advised by various political friends to toss this potato to someone else in the Senate, and he was having difficulty in making up his mind. He and Dixon, who lived not far from each other on the outskirts of Washington, customarily drove to and from work together, and every day during this period they discussed practically nothing else in the course of the drive. "We kept going over and over it, trying to assess what the effects might be," Dixon said later. "Estes kept asking me, 'Is it right? Is it in the public interest? Does it need to be done?' After all that the staff had come up with, I couldn't answer anything but 'Yes' each time. Estes finally said, 'Well, then, we had better go ahead.' "

On September 25, 1959, Kefauver called a press conference to announce that hearings on the drug industry would begin early in December. The first of them, he said, would deal with

Introducing the
new XK series
by Kuppenheimer

This new style—designed for men dissatisfied to look any way but their confident best—has the fine lines of a thoroughbred racing car, the carefully thought-out details you'd expect to find only in tailor-made clothes, the handsomest lightweight fabrics the world's finest mills could produce. Withal, the solid comfort that is a Kuppenheimer trademark. Warning: once you've slipped an XK on, you'll never be satisfied with ordinary clothes again. Suits $100.00 to $210.00 (sport coats from $75.00 to $125.00) at fine stores everywhere. B. Kuppenheimer & Co., Chicago, New York, Melbourne.

Complementing the new XK models, Jaguar's XK-E Coupe for 1964.

Note how the skillful button placement, the straight line down from the flattering, forward-pitched shoulders give the silk-and-wool Kuppenheimer suit and the lightweight all-wool sport jacket a lean, lithe look of action.

THE KUPPENHEIMER LOOK
IS THE
CONFIDENT
LOOK

specific products—such as the cortical steroids, antibiotics, tranquillizers, and antidiabetics. Later, the subcommittee would conduct hearings on a number of general topics, including advertising practices, generic and trade names, side effects, and the possibility that pharmaceutical companies were able to exert influence over government regulatory agencies. Perhaps the most compelling reason for starting out with the cortical steroids was that, at this stage, when less than a fifth of the over-all investigative work had been done, the cortical-steroid part was most nearly completed, and the subject illustrated a good many vital aspects of the business. The drug industry appeared to be jubilant over the choice, because, unlike many other drugs, the cortical steroids had been developed almost entirely in this country. "In selecting cortical steroids as the kickoff subject for his public hearings, the drug industry's own 'Mr. K' provided pharmaceutical execs with as good an opportunity as could be expected under the circumstances," the Pink Sheet observed. "The cortical steroid story has a number of built-in P-R plusses."

"THINGS get very lonely in Washington sometimes," said President Woodrow Wilson during his second term. "The real voice of the great people of America sometimes sounds faint and distant in that strange city." Sometimes, though, it becomes distinct. A few days after Kefauver announced that drug hearings would be held, mail on the subject began reaching his desk in rapidly increasing amounts. The rate during the first week was a dozen letters a day; within a month it had gone up to fifty a day; and finally, after the hearings started, it reached several hundred a day. By a margin of a hundred to one, it was congratulatory. "It seems you are about the only fellow up there who will get in the Drivers Seat and do the Driving in anything concerning the little man," a retired postal clerk in Georgia wrote. While a few of the letters ran as long as eight pages, most of them were half a page or so, and one, from a woman in California, consisted of a single line—"Clean out the Rats." By and large, their contents were rather lachrymose, but some revealed rising spirits over the prospects ahead, such as one from an eighty-year-old man in Pennsylvania who had just left the hospital after a minor operation. "When I asked the hospital for an extra copy of my bill, which contained some $30 for 'take-home medicine,' which consisted of a small bottle of vitamin pills and a little

A creamy new form of fragrance that gently clings to your skin far into the exciting hours! •

©1964 PARFUMS CORDAY, INC.

CRÈME DE
PARFUM
ROLLETTE

FAME & TOUJOURS MOI
Fragrance lasts and lasts...rolls on to your skin in silky little strokes! 3.00
CORDAY
BLENDED IN U.S.A. WITH DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED ESSENCES.

A&F Co

the
scoop
in
print

Semi-abstract, hand-screened on uncrushable, hand-washable Arnel® triacetate jersey. Neckline and kangaroo pockets bound in black. Concealed back zipper. In brown and black, on white; or blue and black, on white. Sizes 10 to 20. ....35.00

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
Madison Ave. at 45th St., N.Y. 10017—MU 2-3600
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO
COLORADO SPRINGS SHORT HILLS

Castlecliff
BEAU TIE
...GOLDEN TEXTURED.
STUDDED WITH
FACETED PASTEL STONES.
PIN $7.50
EARCLIPS $5.00
PLUS FED. TAX
design copyrighted
shown actual size
AT ALL FINE STORES, OR WRITE:
CASTLECLIFF, INC., 366 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 1

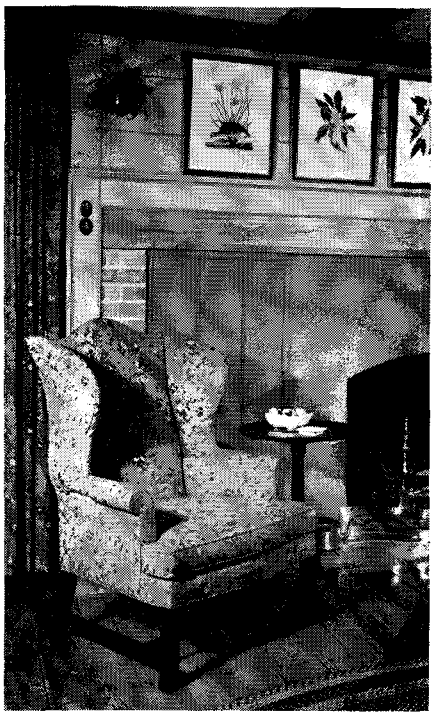
Foreign languages are more fun in English— BEA speaks native English in 80 Cities

When you travel in Europe, it's fun to hear foreign languages. ■ But when you really need something, it's wonderfully reassuring to have someone around who not only speaks English...but *thinks* in English the way you do. ■ BEA people are thinking—in English—about how to keep you and problems apart. In 80 cities in Europe, the Mediterranean and the Middle East, friendly BEA people are on hand to give you quick, comprehensive . . . and comprehending . . . service in any situation. ■ Americans have a gratifying way of expressing appreciation for this British solicitude. More Americans fly BEA (over 300,000 last year) than any other airline in Europe. ■ BEA, with Europe's largest jet-powered fleet carries more than 5 million happy travellers a year in and around Europe. BEA extra: the triple-jet Trident, world's newest jet aircraft in service! ■ Ask your travel agent or any airline office for complete information about the airline most Americans like most: BEA.

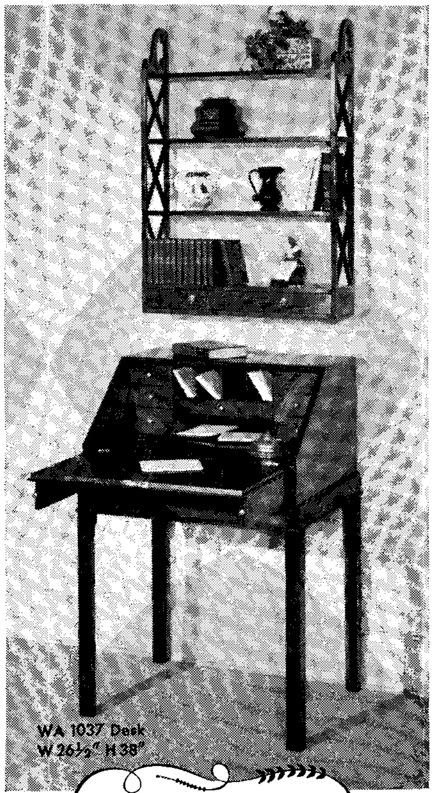
BEA

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS · Europe's Foremost Airline

General Sales Agent in U.S.A. and Canada: BOAC



Williamsburg®
FURNITURE ADAPTATIONS
by
KITTINGER



KITTINGER

Send for folder picturing entire collection and name of store nearest you. Kittinger Company, 1919 Elmwood Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y. 14207

WILLIAMSBURG is the Registered Trademark of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc.

cough syrup, I was asked why I wanted the extra copy," he wrote. "I said, 'For the Kefauver Committee.' I never sent it to you, but in about three days I received a refund on the exorbitant charge for the drugs." If the volume of mail from the public encouraged the staff, of far greater significance was the surprising number of favorable letters that came in from doctors. "The announcement of your investigation of the monopoly of drug houses was indeed heartening to us who practice medicine," one doctor wrote. Another said, "Every time I write a prescription, I want to shake your hand." A doctor in Indianapolis observed, "May I categorically state that if 99% of the publications dispatched by the drug companies to the doctors would cease tomorrow, there would not be one iota decrease in the current quality of medical care," and a doctor in Detroit simply sent the Senator a large carton containing the advertising brochures, letters, and samples that he had received over a period of just five days.

One complaint repeatedly heard from doctors was that many of the claims made for drugs were simply untrue. The first useful lead on this came from a physician in New York City, in the form of a copy of the *Medical Letter*, a four-page bi-weekly put out by a group of doctors as a non-profit medical service. The *Medical Letter* runs brief analyses of scientific literature on new drugs and therapeutics, and it carries no advertising. The publication, which had been in existence for less than a year, was unfamiliar to Blair, and he became extremely interested in its main article, which dealt with cortical steroids—specifically, with the newest one, a patented Merck drug called dexamethasone, which was being sold under the name Decadron. "Dexamethasone . . . is being offered to the medical profession as 'the crowning achievement of the first corticosteroid decade,' " the *Medical Letter* reported, and continued, "A given dose of dexamethasone is equivalent therapeutically to a much larger dose of any of the other drugs in the group. But the smaller dosage in itself means practically nothing. The important question is whether the smaller dosage is accompanied, as claimed, by fewer and milder side effects. Evidence up to now indicates side effects with dexamethasone similar to those with other steroids." The doctor who sent in the *Medical Letter* urged Kefauver to look into the advertising claims that Merck had made for Decadron, and Blair decided to go to New York and talk to the editors of the publication. "I learned that Deca-

Sunny Lee

Crocus crisp white Cluny lace over vivid blue cotton broadcloth. Sizes three to six-x about eleven dollars. For big sister, with natural waistline, sizes seven to twelve about fifteen dollars.

Best & Co.
New York
Filene's
Boston
The Halle Bros. Co.
Cleveland
or write
Borgenicht Bros., Inc.,
520 Eighth Avenue,
New York City

EASTER PARADE TODAY!

Don't wait for that robin to tell you it's Spring! Visit us. We're blooming with stacks of fresh Spring toys and games. Silky bunnies, sulky hens, elegant baskets brimming with nifty novelties, the list is endless! Let us parade our Easter surprises. We'll help you *find the right toy for the right child at the right price.* Good eggs shop at Rappaport's. Your favorite bunny will think you're a honey! We gift wrap and ship everywhere. Happy Easter!

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.
1381 Third Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
our address since 1892
Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

dron had been on the market for just about a year, and that already it was the biggest seller among the cortical steroids," he said later. "Since cortisone hadn't been patentable, and the interference proceedings over prednisone and prednisolone were still dragging on, Merck apparently felt that it had a big thing in Decadron. But from the literature that the people in New York referred me to, it appeared exceedingly doubtful whether Decadron was as superior as Merck claimed." Accordingly, the subcommittee subpoenaed Merck's advertising and promotional material, and among the claims made in the documents it received were "All patients prefer Decadron," "No worrisome side effects attributable to Decadron have occurred as yet," "Now therapy can be established more safely, promptly, and predictably than with any other corticosteroid . . . with *patient need*, not side reactions, *the main consideration*," and "Therapeutic response highest ever reported. . . . Incidence of side effects lowest ever reported. Clinical trials confirm experimental data." In the literature cited by the editors of the *Medical Letter*, Blair found that Dr. Edward W. Boland, a noted authority on cortical-steroid therapy, who had conducted clinical tests on Decadron for Merck before it was released, had observed in a speech at a symposium held by the New York Academy of Sciences only a month after the drug went on the market, "The over-all results [of Decadron] in relation to improvement and side effects did not differ significantly from those obtained from prednisone or prednisolone in a group of similar composition and with similar duration of treatment." At the same meeting, Dr. William Dameshek, an eminent blood specialist, stated, "The introduction of dexamethasone seems to offer no particular advantages over the other corticoids in hematological disturbances."

"Everybody in the medical field knew, as we did, that many drugs have toxic side effects," Blair said afterward. "What was new to us was the way in which one company seemed to be able to get the edge on another by playing down or denying the existence of side effects. I knew from watching my brother-in-law and his wife how extremely sensitive arthritics are to any talk about drugs with fewer side effects. Naturally, they, and all other arthritics, eagerly clutched at any new drug that might be more helpful and less harmful. As we learned later on, some drug companies, through their public-relations firms, had planted articles in newspapers and popular magazines proclaiming the wonders of their

PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II
FROM "ADVENTURE IN WILLIAMSBURG"

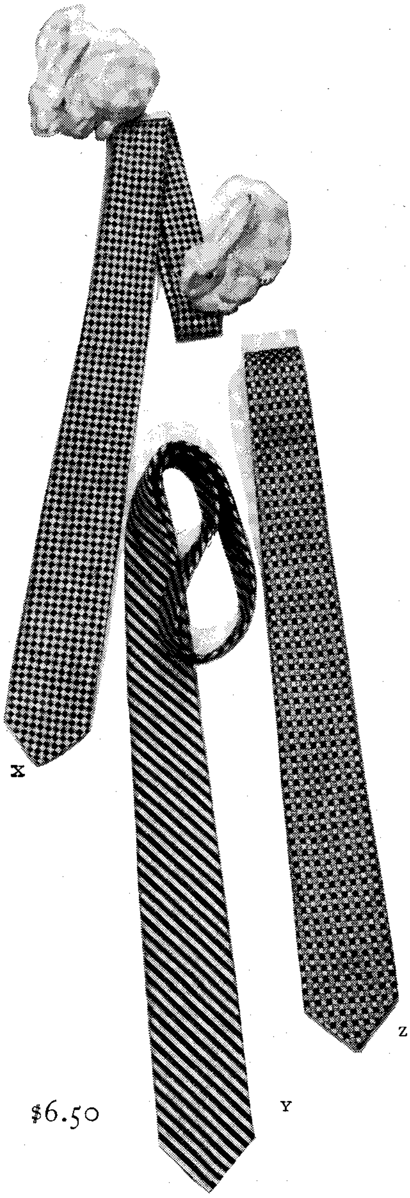
Lawnmower

Here are two pre-revolutionary lawnmowers. Note that they are simple and effective. To an extent they typify life in Williamsburg, a life uncomplicated by the hustle of the machine age. The horse still serves for locomotion, the wind for power, and hands for most other work. Colonial buildings, colonial crafts, colonial costumes: this is Williamsburg and in the midst of it all are the Williamsburg Inn, Lodge and Motor House. *Come soon and see.*

Where to Stay
WILLIAMSBURG INN
from $16 double
COLONIAL HOUSES
from $12 double
WILLIAMSBURG LODGE
from $12 double
THE MOTOR HOUSE
$14 double
For reservations, free color folder, other information, write Box CN, Williamsburg, Va., or call Reservation Offices — New York, CIrcle 6-6800. Washington, FEderal 8-8828. Baltimore, Enterprise 9-8855.

COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

Neckties for Easter



The correct necktie for Easter and spring is of hand loomed Spitalfields silk, from England

Three distinctive designs Dice Checks (X) Peppermint Stripes (Y) Checker Squares (Z)

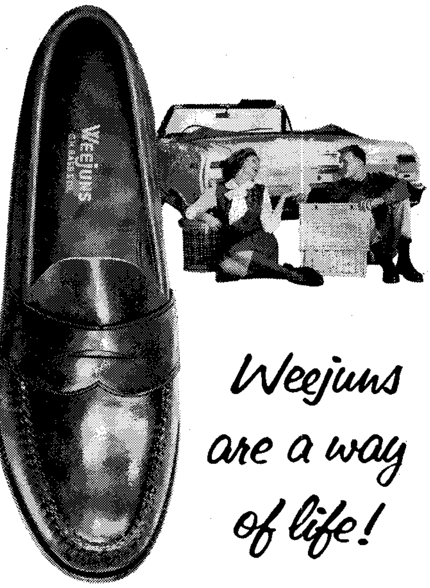
Copen blue; garnet; dove grey; antique gold; navy—all with silvery white

MAY BE ORDERED BY MAIL

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing • Hats • Haberdashery • Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 STREET • NEW YORK

new discoveries, even though they were not supposed to advertise prescription drugs directly to the lay public. Such articles prompted patients to insist that their doctors prescribe the drug they had read about. If a doctor wouldn't, the patient would often go out and find one who would."

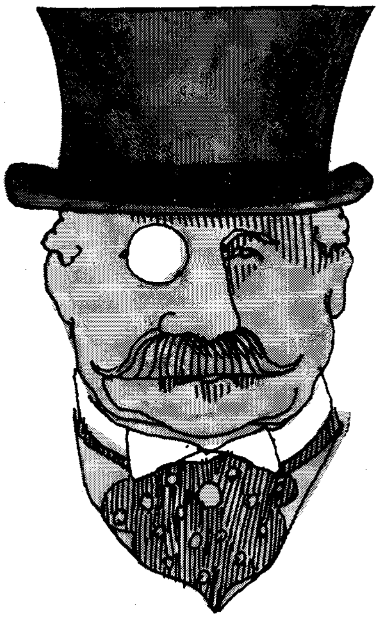
ONE morning shortly after the hearings were announced, Kefauver was visited in his office by Dr. Austin Smith, head of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association and formerly editor of the *Journal* of the American Medical Association. Dr. Smith said he was there to ask two favors: that the subcommittee use only generic names during the hearings, so that the delicate doctor-patient relationship would not be upset—in other words, *that* patients would *not* acquire undue knowledge about what was being prescribed—and that he himself be called as the first witness. The Senator heard him out, said he would let him know his decision, and then talked the requests over with Blair and Dixon. They recommended that he turn Dr. Smith down on both counts. "Actually, it would have been the easy way out, politically speaking, to go along with Smith," Blair said shortly after the hearings were completed. "If Estes had agreed not to use trade names, he would have got full credit from the public for acting in its interest, but in the end little or nothing would have been done to correct the abuses he had turned up. Since trade names are used almost exclusively in the industry, in all drug promotion, and even by doctors, any agreement not to use them would have turned the hearings into a farce." As for Dr. Smith's request to testify first, Dixon, especially, was adamant in opposing that. "Senator Dirksen later accused Estes of demagoguery for not calling the P.M.A. and the A.M.A. as his first witnesses," he has said. "If he'd done it that way, he'd have got the biggest snow job in the world, and then he'd have had to turn around and bring out the real facts and cut their throats." Politically speaking, perhaps the most cogent argument for not acceding to Dr. Smith's request was that if he had been given the floor for the first several days of the hearings, the press would have given him full coverage, but then public interest would have fallen off, and the impact of the staff's case would have been weakened, if not lost altogether. In any event, Kefauver refused both of Dr. Smith's requests, and, in Dixon's words, "the industry prepared for war."



When the occasion is casual, life's a picnic in Weejuns. Only Weejuns give you this utterly unique blend of relaxed yet classic elegance, poised informal styling and unmatched moccasin comfort.

Bass OUTDOOR FOOTWEAR

Only Bass makes Weejuns ®
G. H. BASS & CO., 23 Main Street, Wilton, Maine



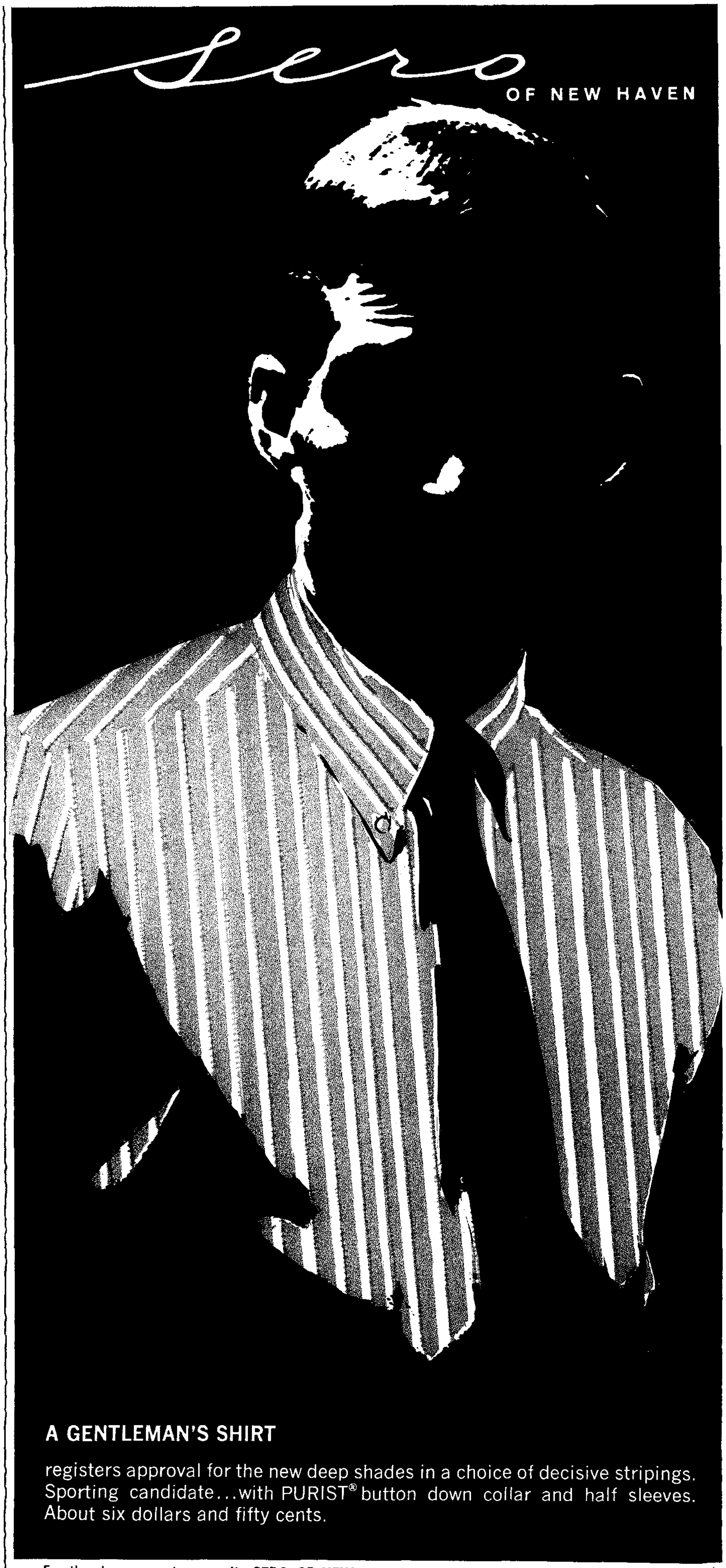
WE KNEW HE WAS A FAKE ENGLISH LORD WHEN HE ASKED "WHAT ARE VIYELLA® SOCKS?"

What Englishman worth his tea and crumpets hasn't heard about Viyella Men's Hosiery? Spun in England from fine cotton and the softest wool, Viyella is shrink-proof, fade-proof, moth-proof and almost never needs darning. Anklet length...$1.75 per pair. Garter length and over-the-calf length...$2.00 per pair.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

The trade press immediately forgot that Kefauver was afraid to hold any drug hearings, because of the political dangers involved, and generally denounced his decision to go ahead with them as being, in the words of the *Drug Trade News*, "politically inspired." In time, the contention of the trade that the Senator was an out-and-out publicity hunter gained wide currency, and came to be expressed here and there in the lay press as well. "If Estes went after the drug people for political reasons, he didn't know much about politics," Dixon said later. "The very first rule of politics is never to make an enemy of an organized group. In taking on the drug industry, he also inevitably took on not only such organized groups as the A.M.A., chambers of commerce, and druggists' and businessmen's associations but a good many backward doctors as well. These drug fellows pay for a lobby that makes the steel boys look like popcorn venders. In the end, they mounted against Estes the most intense attack that I've seen in a quarter of a century in Washington. Anybody who dares seek the truth will be accused of being a persecutor. Estes was certainly accused of that, and much more. Before the hearings were over, he was even accused of spouting Socialism. We never had any intention of questioning anyone's right to make as much money as his ingenuity would allow. All we wanted to do was compare this industry with others in order to see whether there was any monopoly, and, if so, what should be done about it. Hell, all Estes ever did to rile those fellows was to raise the ugly head of free enterprise."

THAT fall, Kefauver went to Tennessee on his annual fence-mending tour. Shortly before the date scheduled for the first hearings, he and his administrative assistant, a former newspaperman from Memphis named Charles Caldwell, put up at the New Southern Hotel in Jackson. "For weeks, I'd been carrying around a great, thick folder that the staff had prepared on the cortical steroids," Caldwell recalled afterward. "I'd been hoping to get a chance to sit down with Estes and go over it, so he'd be ready for the hearings, but I just couldn't get him to slow down. Day after day and night after night, I tried to squeeze in an hour or two on the folder, but there was always something more pressing. Finally, the last night we were in Jackson, which was the night before the hearings were to begin, I knew that it was then or never. You know, Estes insisted on



A GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT

registers approval for the new deep shades in a choice of decisive stripings. Sporting candidate...with PURIST® button down collar and half sleeves. About six dollars and fifty cents.

For the store nearest you, write **SERO OF NEW HAVEN**, New Haven, Connecticut. © Pending 1964

urban or suburban... swing along with

Serbin

Cardigan-Collared and Stripe-Happy! Serbin's newest shirtwaister® with a completely relaxed look. A delightfully carefree fabric ...65% Fortrel* and 35% cotton. With contrasting chiffon scarf to tuck in... and grosgrain belt to nip in. Red, blue, green or black stripes on white. Sizes 10 to 20 .... **$20.** Slightly higher on west coast.

*CELANESE POLYESTER

For your nearest Serbin dealer, dial Western Union by number. Ask for operator 25.

an open-door policy. He would see anybody, at any time, for any reason. Well, he'd seen dozens of local politicians that night, along with some plain favor-seekers, and after I'd got rid of the last of them, I locked the door to our hotel suite and told him that he just had to bone up on this stuff. He was worn out, but he said he'd be with me as soon as he'd taken a shower. He went off to the bathroom, and I settled down in the sitting room and started arranging the papers. A few minutes later, I heard some voices down the hall, so I went to see what was going on. When I got to the bathroom, I found three men standing outside the shower and yelling at Estes. I'd neglected to lock the back door of the suite, and they'd just walked in. All they wanted, it turned out, was his autograph. Estes poked his head out between the shower curtains and just stared at them with that mildly surprised look of his, and said, 'Gee, I'm sorry, boys, but I don't have a pen on me.' Of course, they had one, so he stood there with the shower curtain wrapped around him and signed his name for them, and then I all but threw them out. I locked the back door and phoned downstairs to tell them not to put any calls through. We sat down at about ten o'clock, and I read to him from the file until past one. Then I started going over and over the pronunciation of chemical terms that would be used. You know, Estes couldn't remember anybody's name, and he was notorious for the hard time he had pronouncing complex words. Some of these terms were really far out—triamcinolone, methylprednisolone—and I just had to get him squared away. I would pronounce each one slowly, and he'd repeat it after me. We had quite a time, laughing at ourselves and stumbling all over the place. When we finally staggered off to bed, I was convinced that he wouldn't remember a single one of them. But next morning, when the hearings opened, Estes sat there behind that big long table in the Senate Caucus Room and rattled them off as if he'd been born and raised in a pharmacy."

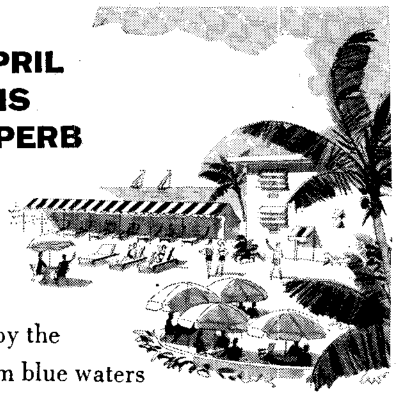
—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the first of a series of three articles on the background and history of Senate Bill 1552.*)

•

FINLEY, KC ARE TRYING AGAIN
FINLEY, KC ARE STILL TRYING
—*Headlines in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

Copy desk hasn't given up yet, either.



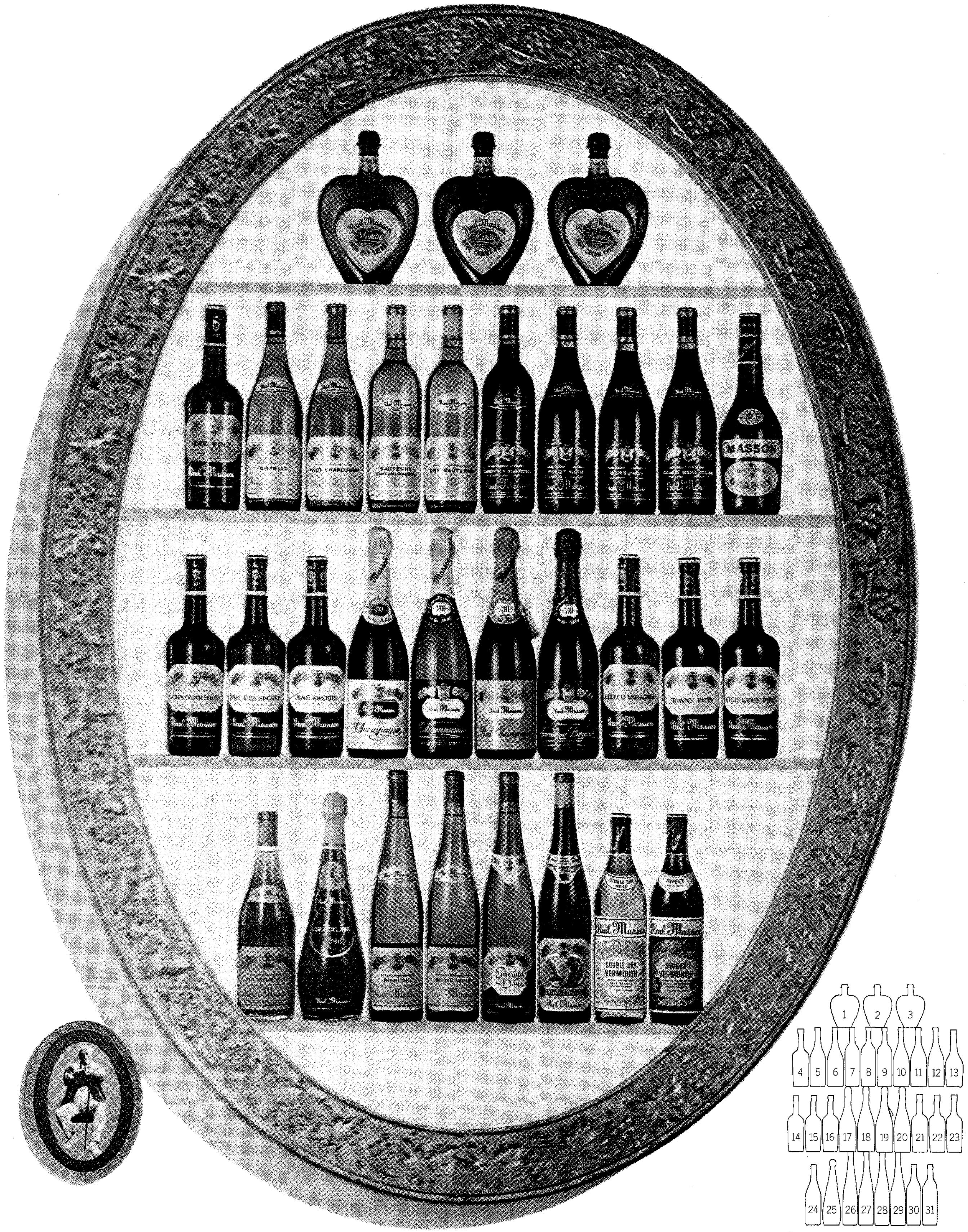
APRIL IS SUPERB

Enjoy the warm blue waters of the Gulf during April when the weather is perfect. Safe private beach with snow white sands. Smart, friendly, club-like setting. New 18-hole golf course. Tennis, fishing. Superb food.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB HOTEL
LIDO BEACH•SARASOTA•FLORIDA
FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.

For rates, reservations and color folder, see your travel agent, or New York Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Tel. LT 1-3462.

Bonwit
Patents the Envelope
Great dash... our black plastic patent handbag, envelope-shaped, double-handled and double-bowed. A roomy 7½"x10¼". By Prestige. 26.00 plus fed. tax.
Handbags
BONWIT TELLER
All stores



PAUL MASSON FAMILY PORTRAIT ㉜

OF FINE CALIFORNIA WINES, CHAMPAGNES, & BRANDY: 1. Rare Dry Sherry 2. Rare Tawny Port 3. Rare Cream Sherry 4. Oro Fino 5. Chablis 6. Pinot Chardonnay 7. Sauterne Chateau Masson 8. Dry Sauterne 9. Cabernet Sauvignon 10. Pinot Noir 11. Burgundy 12. Gamay Beaujolais 13. Masson 80 Proof De Luxe Brandy 14. Golden Cream Sherry 15. Pale Dry Sherry 16. Fine Sherry 17. Brut Champagne 18. Extra Dry Champagne 19. Pink Champagne 20. Sparkling Burgundy 21. Choice Muscatel 22. Tawny Port 23. Rich Ruby Port 24. Vin Rose Sec 25. Crackling Rose 26. Riesling 27. Rhine Wine 28. Emerald Dry 29. Rhine Castle 30. Double Dry Vermouth 31. Sweet Vermouth 32. Paul Masson (1859-1940)

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA *(Come visit and bring the family)*

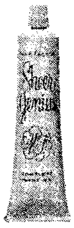
Harper's Bazaar says:
"A soft, natural look...
make-down in make-up"

Mademoiselle reports:
"...enough make-up to make
a difference...still looking
beautifully unmade-up"

Glamour calls it:
"The greatest change in years
...the tender look"

MEET FASHION'S NEW FACE

Better than bare...this is the face of sheer beauty ...so fresh you'd think that youth had kissed it... so flawless it seems that nature blessed it. So glowing you'd hardly know it's make-up. Max Factor created it especially for fashion's new image and called it Sheer Genius.



Sheer Genius is a complete make-up...with foundation, powder and moisturizers—all in one. It glides on easily. Gives a sheer, soft matte finish. Freshens with five moisturizers. Comes in ten skin tones. And makes you look as if nature did it all. That's the face of fashion. It's Sheer Genius.

SHEER GENIUS by MAX FACTOR

the authority in the exciting world of beauty

© 1964 MAX FACTOR & CO.

THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

THE APA, that splendid repertory company whose full name is Association of Producing Artists, is back in town—this time at the Phoenix, on East Seventy-fourth Street, of all easy places to get to! Its opening production, Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," provides an evening of theatrical delight, being a collaboration of actors and dramatist that is pretty nearly perfect. The play, which was new to me, is part inquiry, as nimble as a parlor game, in which Pirandello concerns himself, as usual, with the tricky nature of illusion and reality, and part satire, in which he jabs at nosiness and prosiness and callous stupidity. In form, it is a high comedy, with the shadow of real anguish falling on tinkling foolishness. The scene is the drawing room of a town councillor in a provincial town in Italy in 1916, and the plot deals with the councillor's relentless efforts, and those of his wife and daughter and their silly friends, to find out whether a certain Signor Ponza is telling the truth about his mother-in-law, or whether his mother-in-law is telling the truth about him. Both cannot be, and if either one is, then the other must be mad. They are evidently in great distress, and each begs that the other's privacy and fantasy be respected. Small chance of that. The nosy group in the councillor's drawing room have no trouble convincing themselves that it is their duty to find out what is up, in spite of the protests of the councillor's mocking brother-in-law, a man named Laudisi, who, as the playwright's stand-in, is the pivotal character of the play. He alone, the jester, represents sanity and pity, compounding the confusion of his relatives and their friends, a gullible lot, by suggesting that perhaps both Ponza and his mother-in-law are telling the truth or that perhaps both are mad, and by protecting the poor victims from their pompous inquisitors whenever he can.

The philosophical content of "Right You Are," like that of "Six Characters in Search of an Author," is of no great moment, but the ideas are bright and original enough for all theatrical purposes. They are safe in Paul Sparer's hands. As Laudisi, he is made up to look like Pirandello, and the flashing irony and mischief and kindness of his performance are exactly right. A scene—half fooling, half serious—that he plays with his reflection in a mirror is the very heart of the comedy. Sydney Walker is extremely good as the emotional Ponza, and so is Joanna Roos as his unhappy mother-in-law. I also admired Nancy Marchand as the councillor's wife, passing candy around from a three-decker dish at the most inopportune moments, and getting full comic mileage from her narrow skirt; Eve Roberts and Christine Pickles as a pair of inquisitive old frumps; Joseph Bird as a police commissioner; and Ellis Rabb as the silky governor of the province. The whole company, under the direction of Stephen Porter, plays with a deft, sure touch. James Tilton designed the handsome set, Nancy Potts the amusing costumes.

On the night after the opening of "Right You Are," the APA presented a revival of its production of "The

"Hey, Adam! A talking snake!"

4 years of college for the price of 3

(INCLUDING CARFARE)

Here's how it works: Suppose you'll need college money in ten years. Open a $10,000 account with us today. In 10 years, this money will pay for freshman through junior years at $3,333 a year. And the dividends from your $10,000 deposit will pay for senior year and all carfare—a tidy $5,200! (Based on continued favorable earnings, 4.40% a year is anticipated for the current quarter on savings on deposit for 4 consecutive quarters prior to the dividend period—4% on other deposits.) So write us a check, fill out this coupon and mail it.

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS (Dept. NY 14)
280 Park Ave. So., New York 10, N. Y.

☐ Please open a savings account in my name. Enclosed for deposit is $__________.

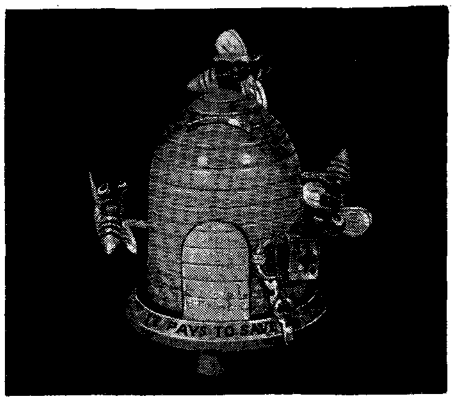
☐ Please send me your Baby's Security Club folder describing a "pay-as-you-go" savings plan.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________Zone_____State_______

We'll send you a bright blue savings book with your deposit entered, your 5¢ postage, and a special reward: our Bobbing Bee Bank.



Frankly, you can get our Bobbing Bee Bank by depositing $10 or more. But check both boxes above. And start saving regularly at the one savings bank in all New York that's paid dividends 144 years in a row. The Beehive!

THE NEW YORK BANK FOR SAVINGS

NEW YORK'S OLDEST SAVINGS BANK

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Tavern," George M. Cohan's loving spoof of theatrical hokum, which it had last done two years ago. George Grizzard and Rosemary Harris then played the leads, and it is useless to pretend that all goes as well without them as it did with them, but all goes quite well.

THE best, though not the only, thing that can be said for Atholl Fugard, the South African author of "The Blood Knot," at the Cricket, is that he has provided a good part for James Earl Jones, who is wonderful in it, and a pretty good, if not entirely believable, part for J. D. Cannon, who does it justice. He has also provided, during the play's more human and matter-of-fact moments, which get sparser as it proceeds, a close look at the strain and hair-trigger passion that exist between the races in South Africa. Mr. Jones and Mr. Cannon play a pair of half brothers named Zachariah and Morris, the first a full-blooded Negro, the second half-white and entirely white in appearance. The setting is Zachariah's miserable shack, which Morris has shared for the past year or so, acting as housekeeper and, as it turns out, total spirit dampener, saving all Zachariah's earnings for a farm they will buy someday, and cutting him off from his old friends. Zachariah has no interest in a future farm or future anything; what he wants is a woman. Morris, who is unable to do anything directly but must make a game of it, suggests that they pick someone from a lonely-hearts ad in a newspaper to be Zachariah's pen pal. Morris will write the letters for Zachariah, who is totally illiterate, and read the replies. Zachariah agrees, in a puzzled kind of way. A letter is sent, and one comes back with a snapshot enclosed. The girl is white. Morris is terrified, but Zachariah thinks it a great joke and persuades Morris to continue the correspondence. When the girl announces that she is coming to their town and would like to meet Zachariah, he insists that Morris take his place. Morris is at first reluctant, then agreeable, and then eager. Zachariah uses the accumulated savings to buy him a white man's outfit, and rehearses him for the part. As soon as Morris puts the dudish clothes on, trouble starts—for the brothers and, unfortunately, for the playwright. All becomes obvious and predictable and soggy with significance.

The play—depending, as it does, on a device—is awkward, and Mr.

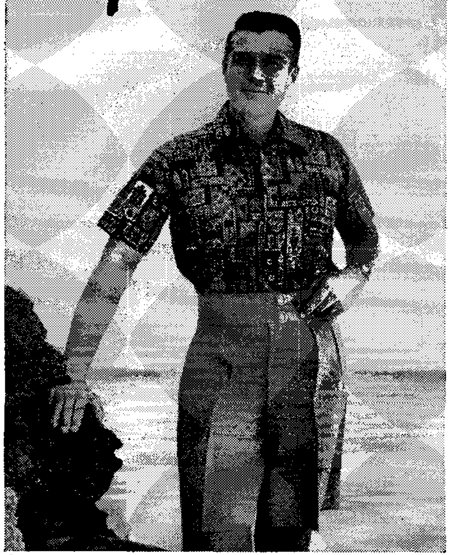
OUR McAFEE EXCLUSIVE FROM LONDON

This handsome three-eyelet raglan blucher gives evidence of its fine British origin in details like inverted side seaming. It's a plain front, town shoe, in black supple grained coach-hide, constructed on our exclusive "119" last. Also in smooth calfskin; black or dark brown; 6 to 13 sizes, 38.50. Men's Shoes.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

TYPICAL BRITISH ARMY STYLE SHORTS IN KHAKI, BRITTANY RED, NAVY. RUGGED, COMFORTABLE. WIDE WAISTBAND, 28-44. $6.98. **ALSO ROYAL NAVY STYLE** WITH REGULAR WAISTBAND. NEAT SIDE ADJUSTMENT. KHAKI, 28-44. $6.98. TAILORED IN ENGLAND; BY MAIL FROM BERMUDA.

Trimingham's
BERMUDA



Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda. Dept. N-32.
Add 50¢ postage per item; give second colour choice.
Royal Navy style also in white, 30-42. $6.98.
Send for our illustrated catalogue.

He'll send you a report on Rome.

Tom Rylance is the first to admit that nobody really understands the enchanting temptress that is Rome. But what to do and where to go in the Eternal City—that's something he's an expert on. And the easy-going executive in Qantas' Via Bisolati office has mimeographed a few pages of his recommendations for getting the most out of Rome. Stuff you won't find in a travel guide. Friends, Romans and countrymen have found it helpful. You may, too. For a copy, send the coupon.

Australia's round-the-world jet airline QANTAS V-JETS

Mail this coupon for a copy of Rylance's Notes on Rome. We'll forward.

Qantas, Dept. GA, Union Square, San Francisco, California.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________Zone____State________

Qantas: 42 years of dependable service. Three daytime flights weekly to London and Europe. Flights every day to Australia and New Zealand. Offices in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington D.C., Detroit, Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Dallas, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Vancouver, Honolulu. (BOAC General Sales Agent in major cities.)

San Juan

LAZY FUN, LIVELY FUN, ALL KINDS OF FUN

You can live it up any way you want at the beautiful new Puerto Rico Sheraton. Sit back and relax on the Gold Coast Beach, at our doorstep. Survey the Caribbean from your own private balcony. Treat yourself to our island-style cuisine. Take in our star-studded floor shows. Dance on our roof. Practice for the Olympics in our huge pool. Fish. Golf. Tour San Juan. Pan Am Jet Clippers® fly direct from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Miami, Baltimore / Washington.

For Insured Reservations, call your Travel Agent or any Sheraton Hotel.

PUERTO RICO SHERATON HOTEL

SAN JUAN'S NEWEST, MOST EXCITING HOTEL

Fugard's hand is too much in evidence. Even so, there are comic and effective moments here and there throughout. Mr. Jones is an actor with great reserves of energy and brilliance, and the part of Zachariah gives him a chance to put them to use. His performance of this inarticulate African is varied and subtle and always under control. He is very funny in brief scenes within scenes—in pantomime, taking the unknown girl for a ride in his nonexistent car and grandly shifting away at nonexistent gears, or impersonating a frisky monkey-nut vender ("I'm ignoring you, son. I'm the cheeky sort") and then, menacing and sullen, reenacting his daily job as gatekeeper and trash collector in a public park. The part of Morris is more subdued and devious and, I think, synthetic than that of Zachariah. Mr. Cannon makes him almost credible, though. The two men play together very well indeed. They were directed by John Berry.

LAST week, the Théâtre de France presented two productions at the City Center—the first Racine's "Andromaque," and the second Ionesco's "Le Piéton de l'Air," plus "Salut à Molière." "Andromaque" was beautiful to look at and beautiful and stirring to hear. Maria Maubin, in the title role, and Geneviève Page, as Hermione, spoke the formal poetry of their lines with a passion and eloquence that are rarely heard in this country, and their silences were as dynamic as their words. As in the company's "Le Mariage de Figaro," two weeks ago, the leading gentlemen—Jean-Louis Barrault, as Oreste, and Jean Desailly, as Pyrrhus—were no match for the ladies.

I'm sorry to have to report that the double bill fell flat. The Ionesco play, with its willful prankishness and inside jokes and self-importance, turned out to be a bore, and even the amusing spectacle of M. Barrault actually walking and swimming and riding a bike and lying on his side in the air couldn't save it. "Salut à Molière" is an arrangement of excerpts from the plays designed to illustrate every step in the playwright's career, with an accompanying narration, which was spoken by Madeleine Renaud, M. Barrault, and M. Desailly. At the rise of the curtain, the actors of the company, some of them in costume and some in evening dress, were grouped onstage, and on a little platform above them was a bust of Molière. The whole enterprise should have been charming, but it just wasn't,

avant garde
JORDAN MARSH COMPANY ALL BRANCHES

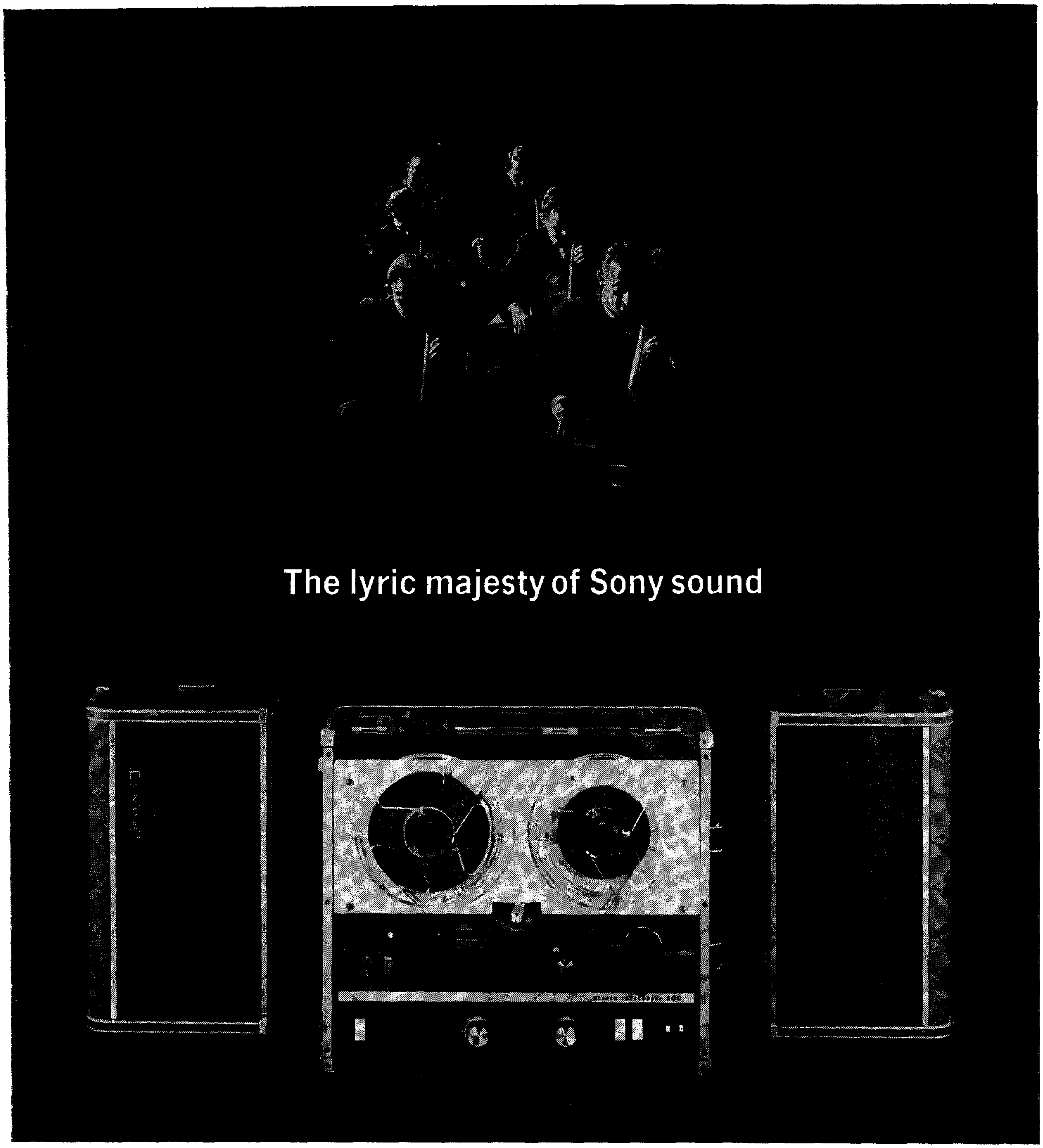
Long sleeved turtleneck shirt with back zipper in Art Nouveau print of Arnel Jersey by Soptra. White with red/navy; white with black/grey. S, M, L. $7.00

AVANT GARDE SPORTSWEAR, INC., 141 W. 36th St., N.Y.

Caterina Valente
is the bird on hand in the
PERSIAN ROOM
February 26 - March 24
Performances at 9 and 12:15
For a lovely evening, call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

OBI-SASHED
HAPPI-JAMA
$10.95
Red
Gold
Turquoise
Oriental Blue
Fine Imported Cotton
S-M-L
Send for Catalogue
Penthouse Gallery

15 W. 55th St., Dept. Y-229, N. Y. 19

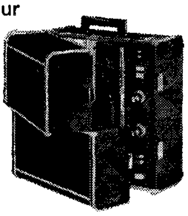


A magnificent new stereophonic high fidelity tape system; precise, versatile, complete in itself, the **Sony Sterecorder 500,** with the revolutionary lid-integrating speakers, may be purchased for less than $399.50 complete with two F-87 cardioid dynamic microphones.

Outstanding operational features distinguish the amazing new Sony Sterecorder 500: ■ Acoustical cone suspension speakers ■ Speakers combine to form carrying case lid ■ 4-track stereo and monophonic recording and playback ■ Vertical or horizontal operation ■ Microphone and line mixing ■ Sound on sound ■ Two V.U. meters ■ Hysteresis-Synchronous drive motor ■ Dynamically balanced capstan flywheel ■ Pause control ■ Contour switch ■ Automatic shut-off ■ Automatic tape lifters ■ FM stereo inputs ■ Multiplex Ready!

SONY SUPERSCOPE® *The Tapeway to Stereo*

Sony tape recorders, the most complete line of quality recording equipment in the world, start at less than $79.50.
For literature or name of nearest dealer, write Superscope, Inc., Dept. K, Sun Valley, Calif. ***In New York, visit the Sony Salon, 585 Fifth Avenue.***



香港
PRESIDENT HOTEL

THE PRESIDENT

COMPLETELY AIR CONDITIONED

The Siamese Starlight Roof with its breathtaking panorama of the harbour, surrounding waters and the city—in every respect, Hong Kong's gourmet highlight.

The Three Kingdoms Restaurant presents international cuisine and specialties from the four corners of the earth.

Hong Kong's newest hotel—the President—800 magnificent and luxuriously decorated guest rooms and suites—most conveniently located—Hong Kong's intriguing shopping area is at your doorstep ...a rare combination of Oriental mystery and Western glamour and elegance. Five superb dining rooms, supper club, and intimate and memorable cocktail lounges. Dedicated to gracious living... symbolized by your attentive personal page, **"Ah So"**.

EUROPEAN and MODIFIED AMERICAN PLAN

Superb convention facilities for more than 1000 delegates.

ROBERT M. SOUERS, General Manager

REPRESENTED BY
LEONARD HICKS, JR., INC.
ATLANTA JA 4-3486 NEW YORK MU 8-0123
CHICAGO MO 4-5100 WASHINGTON FE 8-6481
DETROIT WO 2-2700 TORONTO EM 3-1648
MIAMI PL 4-1667 LONDON REG 6567
JOHN A. TETLEY CO., INC.
LOS ANGELES DU 8-1151 SAN FRANCISCO EX 7-2717
SEATTLE MA 3-1177

though several of the individual scenes came off. Pierre Bertin, the company's portly character man, who is a comedian of absolute authority, scored on every try, and Jean-Pierre Granval's impudent, flashing Sganarelle, in a scene from "Don Juan," was the high point of the show. —EDITH OLIVER

•

LAW-ENFORCEMENT NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Pittsford (N.Y.) Brighton-Pittsford Post*]

BRIGHTON
POLICE GAZETTE

A lady registered at a motel and was given room 12. She is about 28 to 35 years of age and gave a Syracuse address. Friday morning when they checked the room at about 8:30 a.m., they found the lady had left. When they looked, they found a TV set was missing.

A Monroe Ave. restaurant reports a large gang fight is in progress. A citizen tried to stop the fight and he was pushed around.

Clover St. man reports that his mailbox has been damaged again. He is very disgusted with events leading up to his mailbox, which has been knocked down several times. After talking it over with him, he decided it wouldn't be too much of a job to fix it, but he wanted this on report.

Jail reports that maid at Landing Rd. house is having trouble with her boy friend in the city. No cause for this department. Referred her to the city.

Lady has been ill and would like help to get back into bed. Assist made.

Neisner's store manager has three shoplifters.

Resident reports suspicious auto on Pinnacle. Auto contained lovers, who were sent on their way.

Landing Rd. man has just returned home and found that he has a squirrel in his home that has done damage. Squirrel removed by Ray Naramore.

Judy Blumenthal of Antlers Dr. reports they have a dog in their house which is very cold and has no tags. Dog was picked up by Car 124 and brought to the office. There was a dog matching his description in the lost and found dog book. Mrs. Leuty of Monterey Pkwy. identified him and took him home.

Lady reports she has a squirrel in her basement and it keeps chewing on the cellar door to get upstairs. Unable to locate same.

•

THE FUTURE LOOKS BETTER

Also contributing to a bright picture for the future of funeral service—despite the critics—is the rise in the death rate and America's present prosperous economy. Both of these must inevitably influence our livelihoods for there must be deaths for the mortician to stay in business.

—*Funeral Director's Review.*

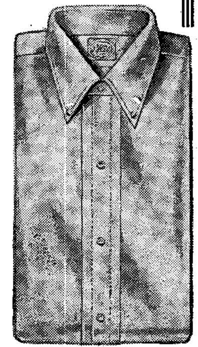
You'll be delighted to hear that we don't feel very good.

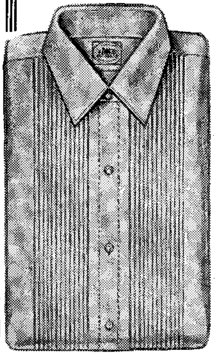
J. PRESS INC.

TUSSAH SILK SHIRTS

TUSSAH DUAL

Imported White Lightweight Silk with wide box center and removable front buttons, plain bosom without pocket, button down collar and cuffs. An elegant dual purpose shirt for both dinner and day wear........ **$15**





TUSSAH PLEAT

Imported White Lightweight Tussah Silk. With wide box center, double cuffs and 24 close set knife pleats running full length of shirt front, on sheer cotton body. The last word in Dinner Shirt perfection. **$16.50**

Please Direct Mail Orders to 262 York Street, New Haven, Conn. State collar and sleeve size. Add 75c for mailing.

New Brochure of other models on request.

SINCE 1902
NEW HAVEN * CAMBRIDGE * NEW YORK *
J. PRESS INC.
262 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN
82 MT. AUBURN ST. CAMBRIDGE
16 EAST 44TH ST. NEW YORK
COAST TO COAST TRAVEL EXHIBITS

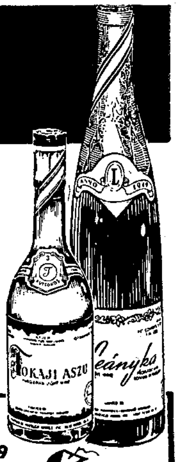
Bachrach

First Family of Photographers

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233

WINES OF HUNGARY

A wide selection of luscious golden Tokays, delightful white and robust red table wines are available at your favorite package store and restaurant.



SOLE IMPORTERS
VINTAGE WINES, INC.
625 WEST 54th ST., N.Y. 19
Circle 5-0100

THE RACE TRACK

Mongo Bingo

THERE are two easy and obvious things to say about the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie last Saturday. The first is that it was a thriller, and the second is that although Mongo won, he came up against a runner in Gun Bow. For my money, Gun Bow is a welcome reinforcement of what we loosely call the Handicap Division. Trainers will tell you that horses who have raced in California all winter hardly ever show their best form when they come East at this time of year. Gun Bow is an exception. My favorite observer, who watched the race from his perch on the roof at Bowie, reports that Gun Bow quickly established a tidy lead—as he customarily did at Santa Anita, where he won three in a row—and galloped along smoothly. Mongo, for his part, began slowly, and instead of keeping to the rail, as he usually does, sidled away from it. Settling into his stride, he passed Gun Bow about three furlongs from home. After turning into the stretch, however, he began to drift out, and Gun Bow, under redoubled efforts by Shoemaker, came on again at the winning post, where Mongo had only inches to spare. Uppercut was third. By the way, it was one of the few times that Mongo has won for a jockey who was new to him. Because Chambers, Mongo's regular rider, was out under a suspension, Rotz had the mount, and he did all right. At the moment, I doubt whether Mongo will go to Florida for the Gulfstream Park Handicap a week from Saturday, but Gun Bow might.

Bowie has been having a most successful meeting, but last Saturday topped everything. The weather was fine, the racing was lively, and the crowd of 23,789—big but no record—bet $2,187,898 in the tote. It was the first time Bowie has had a two-million-dollar handle.

UNQUESTIONABLY the smartest performance by a three-year-old last week was Northern Dancer's in the Flamingo Stakes on the closing day at Hialeah. The little colt from Canada had speed enough to follow closely the fast pace of Mr. Brick to the turn for

let it pour!

This **GLENEAGLES** raincoat stays water-repellent!

Even after repeated washings or dry-cleanings, this coat still sheds water. Still keeps you dry and neat without reprocessing—thanks to the repellency with true staying power, "SCOTCHGARD" Brand Rain Repeller. It lasts. Keeps on repelling rain as well as stains (even oily ones) season after season. Insist on it when buying jackets or rainwear. **Scotchgard** RAIN REPELLER

"SCOTCHGARD" Repeller is a product of
3M COMPANY

GLENEAGLES "Dunbar" coat of 65% polyester-35% cotton. Olive, tan or grey. 36-46 R, 36-42 S, 38-46 L. $39.95 at fine stores everywhere. For the store nearest you write Lamm Brothers, Gleneagles Corporation, Baltimore, Maryland.

Cartier

THE ENGAGEMENT DIAMOND
BY CARTIER

Whatever the size or shape
Cartier diamond rings
are unsurpassed
in beauty, quality and value.
Shown, from a large selection:
Round $870
Oval $1500
Heart-shaped $2400
Emerald-cut $3450
Marquise $5500

ACTUAL SIZE.
FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND
NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111
340 WORTH AVENUE, PALM BEACH

home, and the stamina to go on and win easily by a couple of lengths. (The eye-opening fractional times for the nine furlongs were 0:22⅘, 0:45⅗, 1:09⅖, 1:34⅗, and 1:47⅘.) Quadrangle was third, eight lengths behind Mr. Brick, who was the villain of the piece. Swerving toward the rail shortly after the start, he caused considerable crowding and bumping, and then, at the turn into the homestretch, he bore out and brushed Northern Dancer, but, fortunately, not hard enough to knock him off stride. The disappointment of the race, of course, was Roman Brother, who was never better than sixth. His running suggested that he lacks speed, which he certainly does not. Perhaps it was a case of nerves. Northern Dancer's next start will be in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on April 4th, when he'll meet, among others, the Santa Anita Derby winner, Hill Rise.

IT wouldn't be at all surprising if Calumet Farm's Ky. Pioneer, a sleek bay colt with a tail as long as Whirlaway's, added interest to the spring classics for three-year-olds. He and his stablemate Kentucky Jug ran one, two in the Hutcheson Stakes at Gulfstream last weekend, and, watching that seven-furlong caper on TV, I liked the way he ran. Kentucky Jug is a Derby probability, too, but Jimmy Jones, who trains both horses, gives the nod to Ky. Pioneer. Like Ben Jones, his father, he prefers horses with long tails.

Now for the other races last week worth remembering. Mr. Consistency won a division of the San Juan Capistrano Handicap at Santa Anita from Puyallup—to whom he gave sixteen pounds—and nine other runners over the mile-and-six-furlongs turf course. Cedar Key won the other division. As for the New Orleans Handicap, Bold Commander, who was shipped over from Hialeah, was no match for Green Hornet in the big event at the Fair Grounds. Still, he managed to finish second. Tollway was third.

HORSES are arriving in droves at Belmont and Aqueduct for the opening of the season at the Big A on Monday. Colonel Martingale says he hasn't seen a winner in a carload.

—AUDAX MINOR

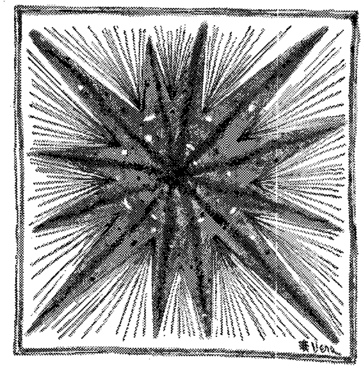
•

Have you heard the latest news?
A fine new restaurant has come our way!
SANDI'S is a place for we, the gourmet.
—*Adv. in the Providence Bulletin.*

Us, the ravenous, will remember.

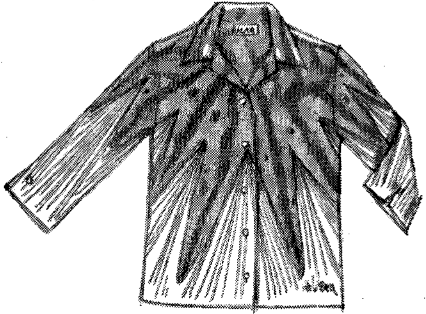
THIS IS VERA

The one and only Vera who can dive a brush deep into a paint pot and make wishes come true. The one and only anybody who ever designed a wish upon a starfish. And painted it. Designer. Painter. Genie. That's Vera.



Vera wishes on a scarf and a large square of pure silk crepe thanks its lucky stars. Don't you wish you had one in hot pink, bold blue, glade green or fresh orange? About $4.00.

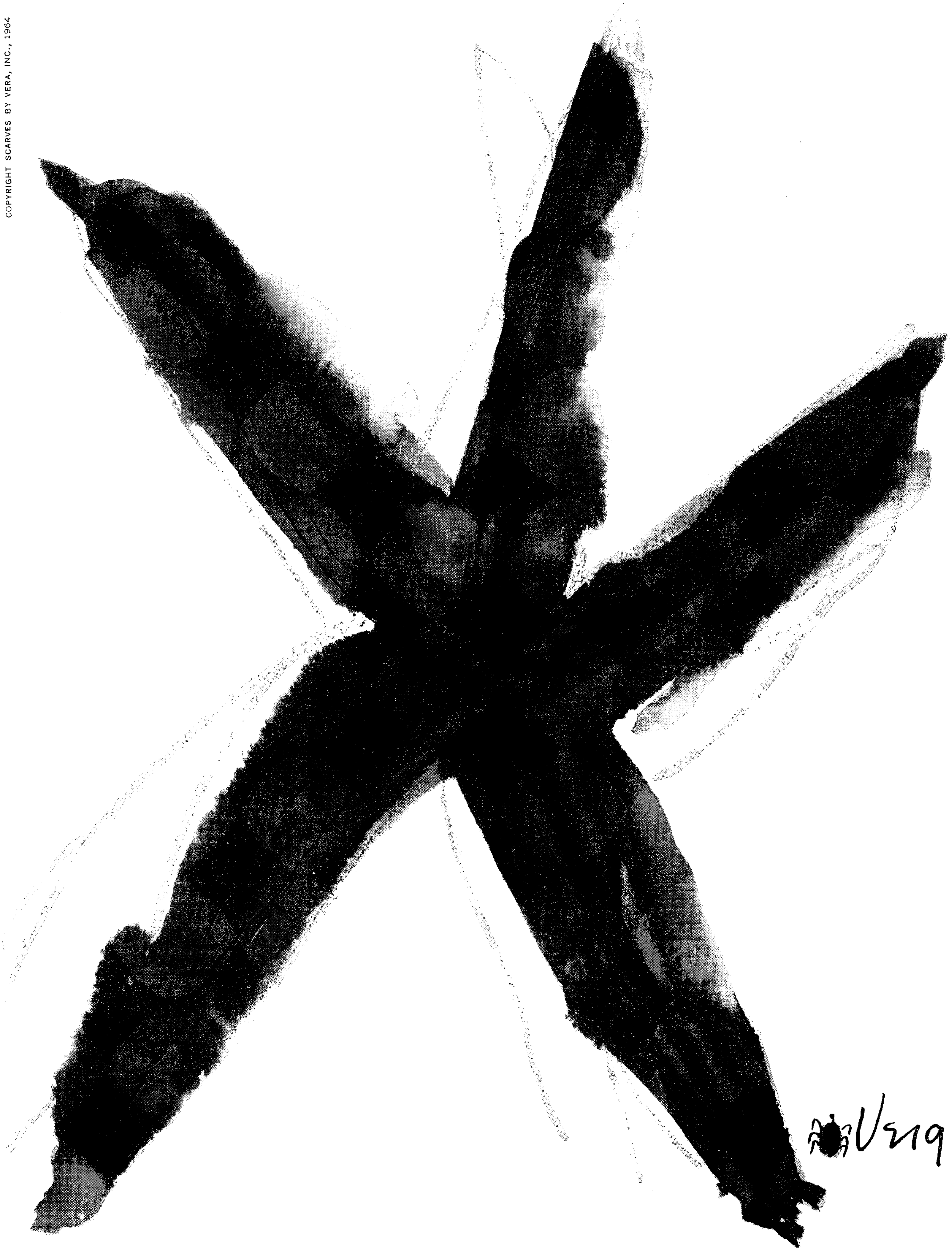
Vera wishes on a shirt in pure silk green, shell pink or yellow. Tuck it in or out. Flip the cuffs up or down. Close the collar or leave it open. Vera's wish looks true anyway you wear it. Sizes: 8 to 16, about $19.00.



See Vera's Wish and many more originals from her collection at these and other nice stores that appreciate art: All Bullock's stores; all Lord & Taylor stores; Jordan Marsh Co., Boston; Joseph Magnin; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Marshall Field & Company. Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

Blouses, scarves and linens by ®Vera.
The Vera Gallery
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City 10016

COPYRIGHT SCARVES BY VERA, INC., 1964



VERA PAINTS A WISH

LACKAWANNA
CANBERRA

"The biggest bloomin' ships sailing the

THIS is *Canberra.* She carries more passengers than any other ship afloat. She's taller than a 15-story building. Longer than 4 city blocks. And can cover a mile of ocean in 2 minutes.

Canberra is just one of 11 majestic liners in the P&O-Orient fleet. These are the *biggest* and *fastest* ships in round-the-world service. They have a total capacity of over 13,500 passengers—more than any other passenger line in the world.

All P&O-Orient liners have *acres* of deck space—for games or simply lazing in the sun. They are roomy inside, too. Even the elevators are big! Step out on the *seventh* deck of *Canberra* and you're in a spectacular cocktail lounge with 40 picture windows overlooking the sea. Stroll a bit farther and you'll discover 17 cafés, 2 libraries and a movie theatre big enough for CinemaScope.®

The service on P&O-Orient liners is as British as a gentleman's gentleman. A steward brings you morning tea in bed, even draws your bath.

Cost? You can sail the seven seas with P&O-Orient for as little as $17 a day.

New way home from Europe

If you're planning a trip to Europe, be daring. Sail home the *new way*—via the Pacific—and explore the rest of the world

Canberra on a special cruise to New York. P&O-Orient's regular ports are shown in red on map below. Tom Hollyman photo.

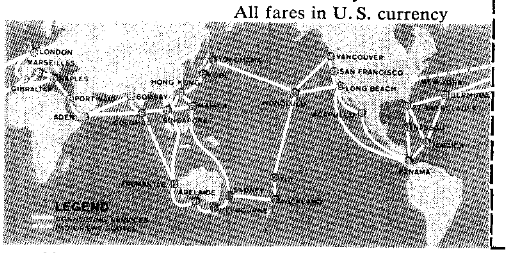
seven seas" fly the flag of P&O-Orient

in the bargain. You'll see the Mediterranean, South Pacific or Orient (or both), and Hawaii. Trip time from England to Vancouver and California: from 45 days. Fares start as low as $770 in a comfortable air-conditioned tourist cabin.

Another idea: take a 6-week round trip from the West Coast to Japan and Hong Kong for as little as $778. Or sail round the whole bloomin' world for as little as $1142.

Clip the coupon for details. Then see your travel agent, and run away to sea!

All fares in U.S. currency



LONDON
MARSEILLES
NAPLES
GIBRALTAR
PORT SAID
ADEN
BOMBAY
COLOMBO
SINGAPORE
HONG KONG
MANILA
YOKOHAMA
KOBE
HONOLULU
VANCOUVER
SAN FRANCISCO
LONG BEACH
ACAPULCO
NEW YORK
BERMUDA
PT. EVERGLADES
NASSAU
JAMAICA
PANAMA
FREMANTLE
ADELAIDE
MELBOURNE
SYDNEY
FIJI
AUCKLAND
LEGEND
CONNECTING SERVICES
P&O-ORIENT ROUTES

P&O-Orient Lines, Dept. G-11
155 Post Street, San Francisco 8, Calif.

Sirs: Please send me a set of your new, full color Vacation Voyage brochures.

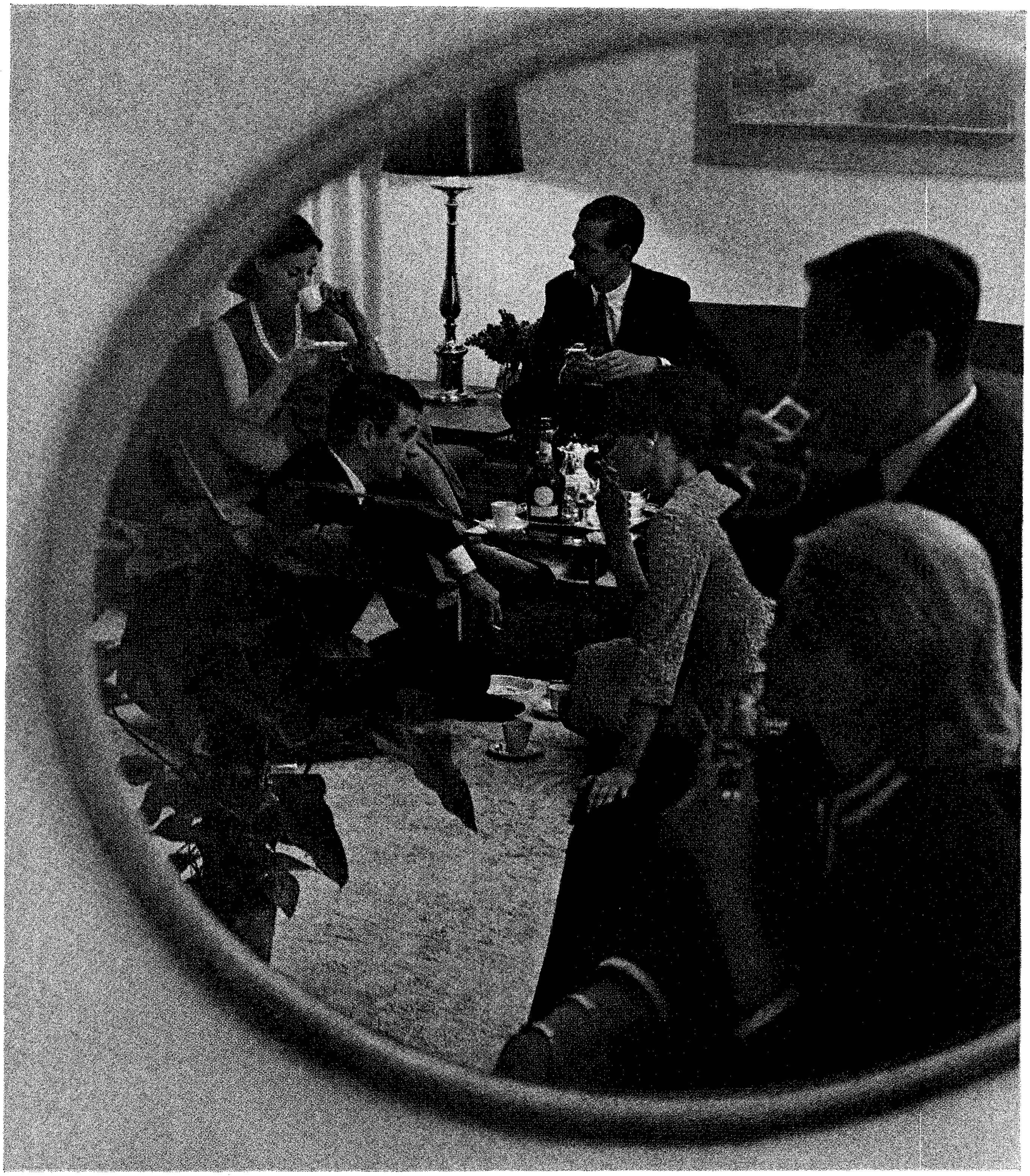
Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ **State**________

My Travel Agent is________________

P&O-Orient Lines: San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Honolulu, Vancouver. Elsewhere in North America, Cunard Line, General Passenger Agents



BENEDICTINE

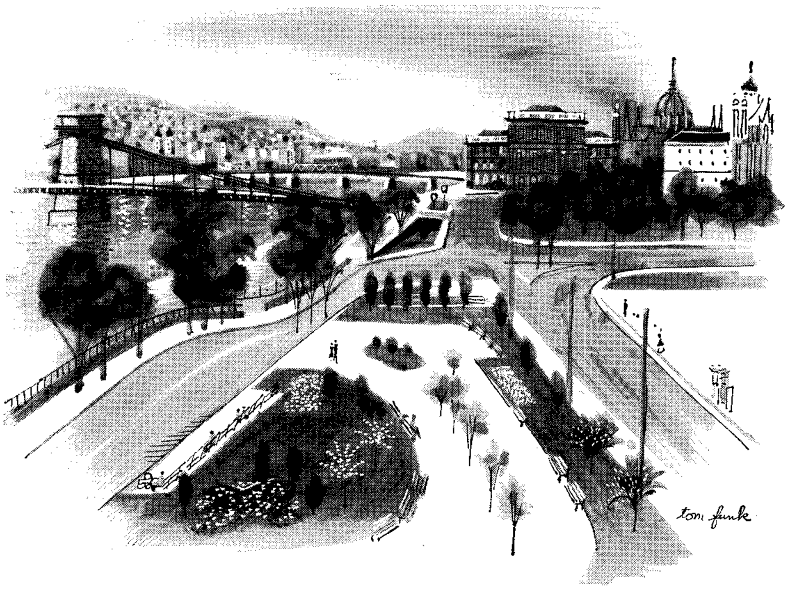
After coffee...enjoy **Bénédictine**
La Grande Liqueur Francaise

Nothing so flatters your guests as serving them Benedictine. For there is only one Benedictine—the noble after-dinner liqueur made for over 400 years at Fecamp, France—the world's most distinguished liqueur.

86 PROOF

Let this seal be your guide to quality. Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

LETTER FROM BUDAPEST

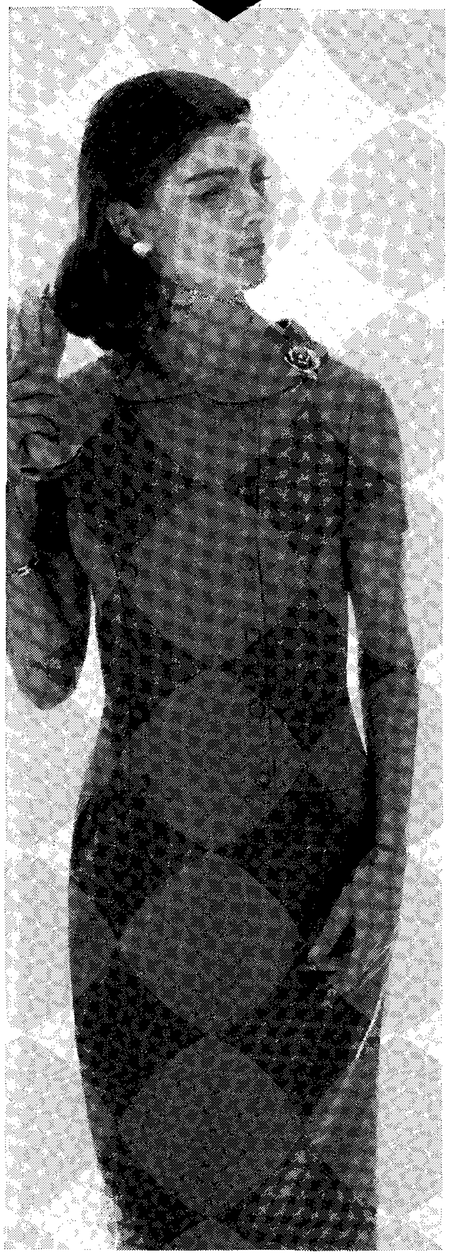


OVER the past few days, I have been having my first look at Budapest since Premier János Kádár undertook what has been referred to in the West as the "liberalization" of Hungary, and what local Communists call "humanist socialism" or "socialist democracy." While the names presumably indicate fine dialectical distinctions, they all describe the same thing—the rather elastic policies Kádár has introduced in an effort to win back the support of his own people and a measure of respectability in the West for his regime, which is still identified in many minds with the brutal repressions that followed the 1956 revolution. I could detect signs of a general relaxation as soon as my train crossed the Austro-Hungarian border, at Hegyeshalom. I can remember when the Hungarian customs guards went through one's luggage with frightening thoroughness, and even took the seats out of the compartments and unscrewed the light bulbs in their zeal, but this time the customs men were polite and cheerful, and so were the police who, as usual, accompanied them. I wasn't asked to open so much as one piece of luggage but was simply requested to sign the Currency Certificate ("a mere formality"), and no one seemed to mind that I was bringing in some American and English newspapers and magazines. When I reached Budapest, the taxi-driver who took me to the Hotel Duna was singing a ditty, "Váci utca, Váci utca," which extolled the street we were driving along, and the hotel concierge, instead of greeting me with the impersonal correctness that one comes to expect in this part of the world, reminisced pleasantly about the old days, when the hotel was known as the Bristol. As I stepped into the elevator, its elderly operator addressed me as Herr Direktor, which is a step up from the Herr Doktor that I get from elevator men in Vienna. He took my suitcase to my room and opened the window curtains to show me the fine view it afforded of the Danube and its numerous bridges, in which the townspeople take great pride. The bridges were all destroyed during the Second World War, but now only one, the Empress Elizabeth bridge, remains to be restored, and work on it is progressing "ahead of the plan," the elevator man told me with satisfaction, pointing out the tall towers on which its cables are being hung. Directly beneath my window was the Korzó, the city's famous promenade, and a surprising number of small children were trooping along it, some with their mothers and some in groups, with their teachers. They were all very well dressed—better dressed than the grownups—and this reminded me that Hungarians spoil their children much the way Italians do.

A little later, I walked around to the corner of Üllői út and Ferenc körút, one of the city's busiest intersections, which was the scene of some of the worst fighting during the last days of October, 1956. There was a large office building on one corner, with a freshly painted ochre façade. Across the street, on the ground floor of the newly renovated Korvin movie house, was a busy fruit stand with great mounds of oranges and bananas, which are regarded hereabouts as symbols of Western luxury. Down the street was a brand-new *espresso* café—one of many that have mushroomed in Budapest during the past two years, I later learned—and beyond it was the recently reconstructed Museum of Industrial Arts. Most of the people around me looked fairly prosperous, and the streets were crowded with private automobiles and a great many trucks—some of them old ones but quite a few of them brand-new trailer jobs. (One of Hungary's assignments in COMECON, the Eastern Common Market, is the production of such trucks.) Streetcars were constantly clanging along, packed to the doors. It was something of a shock to recall that eight years earlier, directly in front of where I was now standing, two Russian tanks had been photographed in flames, having been set afire by Molotov cocktails thrown by Freedom Fighters from the second floor of the ochre-colored office building, which was then known as the Kilián Barracks, named for a Communist underground leader during the Second World War. The building above the movie house had been the headquarters of a suicidal group of Revolutionaries, and its windows had all been blown out and its front peppered with bullet holes. Not a trace of this damage is visible today. There are plenty of shell holes and the pockmarks of machine-gun fire in buildings elsewhere in Budapest, but they are "old" scars—officially sanctioned reminders of the Liberation of Budapest by the Red Army in February, 1945. They are permitted to remain, while the more recent bullet holes have disappeared.

Budapest today reminds me of Vienna in the early fifties, before the Austrian economic boom started. However, there were Russian uniforms all over Vienna in those years, and there are none to be seen here now. When I remarked on this to a Hungarian acquaintance, he replied emphatically, "The difference between Budapest in 1956 and Budapest today is bigger than the difference between Vienna and Budapest now." Budapest has a definite Western appearance—more Western than any other Communist capital. There is none of the drab Eastern look of, say, Prague, Sofia, or East Berlin. For a short while after the rebellion, some of the people here tried hard to make Budapest look more Russian than Moscow, putting up exhortatory posters and huge pictures of Party leaders, and even going around unshaven and without neckties, but those days are past, and the style of life is definitely Western. The Hungarians, surrounded on three sides by Slavs from time immemorial, have never had much love for "the East," and Marxism

Peck & Peck



The Peck & Peck Girl
likes the finesse of
our Carletons

Carletons' fashion personality:
here, in the new dropped waist
look. Crisp rayon textured with
silk in café au lait, a bright
navy, or kelly green. 8 to 16,

30^{00}

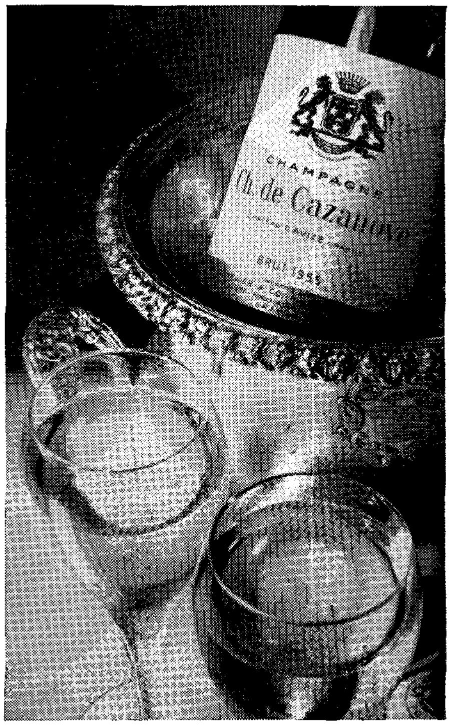
Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

has touched the Hungarian national soul without penetrating it. The people here like to live. Gray, the color of daily life under Communism, isn't popular, and, for that matter, neither is red. Not a single picture is to be seen anywhere of Kádár or Khrushchev, Marx or Lenin.

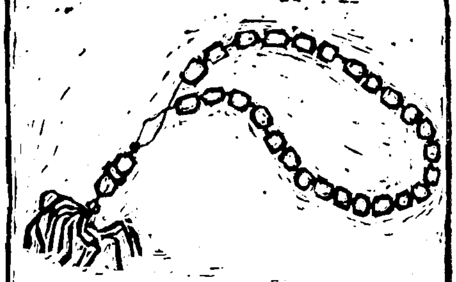
None of this alters the indisputable fact of life that Budapest is the capital of a Communist People's Republic, a country that depends on the Soviet economy. However, there is more food and probably better food in Budapest than there is in any other Communist capital. The big delicatessens are comparable to those in Austria and West Germany, the chief difference being the labels on the cans. Here the cans come from East Germany (mostly meat and fish), Cuba (most notably instant coffee, which is much appreciated in this coffee-drinking country, since South American coffee is very, very expensive), and China, where a clever operator has sold the Hungarian Foreign Trade Ministry a large shipment of canned Chinese pork bearing the German label "Marke Grosse Mauer." (The Hungarians, who produce good pork, have boycotted this Great Wall pork, but whether through dislike of the Berlin wall or the Chinese brand of Communism—or pork—I cannot say.) And there are oranges and lemons from Spain and Israel, bananas from Mali and Ghana and Morocco, and figs from Iraq, not to mention cognac from France and whiskey from Scotland (at the same prices as in America). I saw plenty of fresh meat, sausage and bacon, butter and cheese, salads and vegetables. There were temporary shortages of potatoes and eggs, though, and it is no secret that the shops of Budapest are better stocked than the ones in the provinces. Still, no one complains of a lack of food. The basic foodstuffs are inexpensive, and so are rents, electricity, gas, telephones, and transportation. Shoes, shirts, and woollen goods, on the other hand, cost a lot, and so do furniture, household appliances, and radio and television sets.

THE people of Budapest love their city with a deep and romantic passion, and troops of them are always flocking up Castle Hill to the battlements of Fisherman's Bastion for the simple pleasure of looking down upon it. It is certainly a beautiful city, thanks in large part to the way the Danube winds through the heart of it, instead of around it, as the Danube does in Vienna. All the city's great buildings, whether in Buda, on the right bank, or Pest, on

CHAMPAGNE
CH. de CAZANOVE
FOR THE MOST
EXQUISITE TASTE...
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1811



IMPORTED BY
PARK, BENZIGER & CO. INC.
NEW YORK

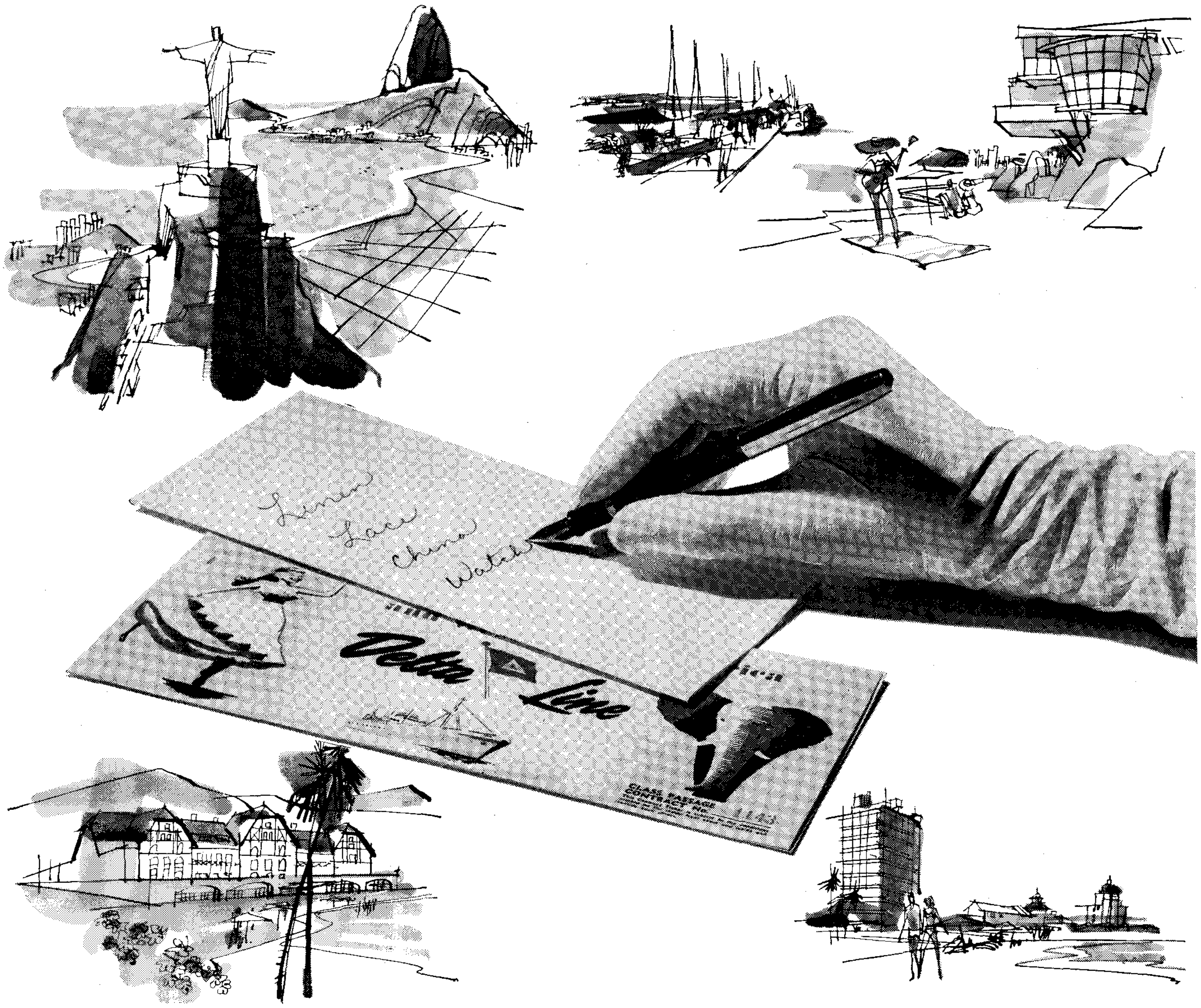


WORRY-BEADS FROM GREECE/PERFECT PACIFIER FOR SMOKERS TAPERING OFF AND LOOKING FOR SOMETHING TO DO WITH THEIR HANDS/IMMENSE VARIETY: FROM $2.50 (SIMULATED AMBER) TO $150.^{00} (GENUINE NON-SIMULATED AMBER)
GREEK ISLAND LTD 215 E.49 ST EL 5-7547

enjoy the best for less...

Modified American, Family
and European Plans at
pleasing rates which
include Free Parking, Free
TV and Free BATHERAPY!
NOW—fully air-conditioned

CLARIDGE
HOTEL
Atlantic City
Area Code 609—345-1271

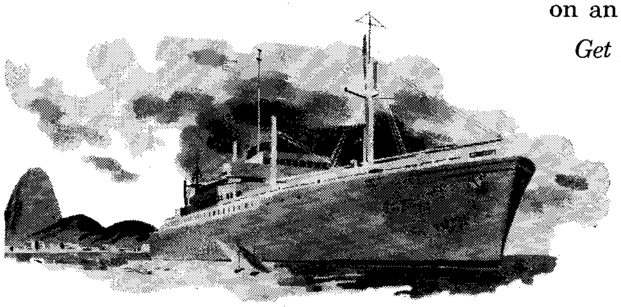


Leave your troubles at home . . .
but take along your shopping list!

You can relax and live—unwind your tensions, forget your troubles—on a Delta Line cruise to South America via Caribbean ports. You'll have a vacation you'll enjoy for the "rest" of your life. But do bring along your shopping list, because the dollar exchange is remarkably favorable in Brazil and Argentina. Enroute, in Barbados and Curacao, you'll find fantastic "free port" bargains—rare French perfumes, delicate laces, fine watches, English china, gold and silverware, Italian silks, leather goods and brassware. Brazil is famed for excellent buys in precious stones. In Argentina, you'll marvel at the low prices on leather goods, coats, sweaters and other woolens.

There's a big bargain too in Delta's low Thrift Season rates in April and May when the climate's best in South America. Enjoy the full cruise to Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Santos, Barbados and Curacao. If you're pressed for time, you can work out a two or three week cruise on an air-sea combination trip.

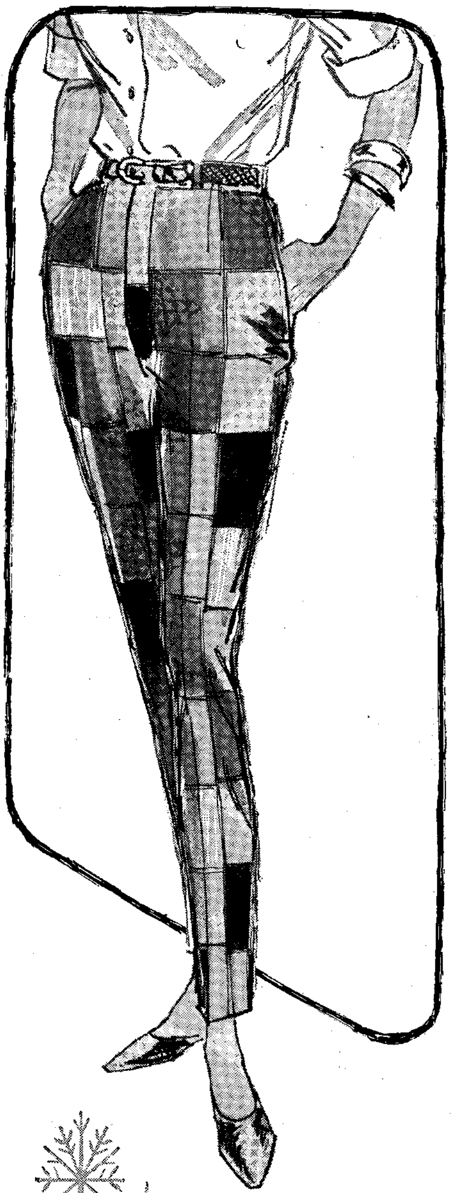
Get full details from your travel agent now.



Delta Line

DELTA STEAMSHIP LINES, INC.
P. O. Box 50250, New Orleans 50, La.

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • ST. LOUIS • HOUSTON • WASHINGTON • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES



Purest form of enjoyment this season. An intricate patchwork of madras . . . authentic solid-color India madras, in tones that owe their stained-glass purity and strength to natural dyes. Each patch individually stitched. The slacks are entirely lined and tailored with John Meyer's scrupulous care. Sizes 8 to 16. About $15 at fine stores or write:

JOHN MEYER® OF NORWICH
NORWICH, CONNECTICUT
In New York: 1407 Broadway

the left, face the river—the Late Gothic Houses of Parliament, the Coronation Church, the Royal Castle, and the old palaces on the hills of Buda. Many of the structures right on the edge of the Danube have new, gaily colored façades, and in general the buildings along the embankment are in a better state of repair than the ones farther back. All the larger buildings, including apartment houses, are nationalized, of course, and it will be a while before the state gets around to remodelling them, even though housing is a big problem here. Since the end of the war, over seven hundred thousand people have moved to Budapest from other parts of the country, and the city's population has reached nearly two million. Every fifth Hungarian now lives here. Calculated on the basis of the unofficial exchange—the official rate is 11.74 forints to the dollar, but visitors get 23.10—rents range from four dollars a month, for a two-and-a-half-room apartment, to eight dollars, for four and a half rooms, but the housing shortage is so severe that people who can scrape the money together are willing to pay the going price of a hundred and eighty thousand forints (seventy-eight hundred dollars) to buy a new apartment outright, or to put down ten thousand forints to get into a coöperative building. The average monthly income is a bit over sixteen hundred forints, or about seventy dollars.

Budapest's best hotels are the only ones in Eastern Europe that can compare with their opposite numbers in Western cities, and there are summer resorts on nearby Lake Balaton that are luxurious by any standard. Local patriots claim that the floor shows in the city's leading night clubs are "as good as Paris, and much sexier," and experts in this field talk as enthusiastically about the tantalizing silhouettes achieved by the strip-teasers who work behind gauzy curtains at the Budapest Club, one of the best-known night clubs here, as the Viennese cognoscenti do about a von Karajan première at their State Opera. While it is true that most Budapest streets are deserted by nine o'clock at night, there is considerable night life for those who can afford it, some of it revolving around the city's two opera houses (I am told that first nights at the Budapest Opera are almost as elegant as opera first nights in Vienna, Milan, or New York), two operetta theatres, and ten legitimate playhouses, and some of it around the night clubs, the hotel bars, the increasingly popular *espressos*, and, above all, the winehouses, where

EVERYTHING'S AT THE ARLINGTON

The Arlington is a traditionally fine resort hotel, surrounded by magnificent lakes, championship golf courses and supper clubs featuring top entertainment. And it's all more fun after relaxing in the whirlpool thermal baths of the Arlington bathhouse.

THE Arlington HOTEL & BATHS

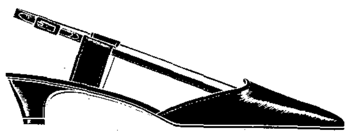
HOT SPRINGS NATIONAL PARK ARKANSAS

New York
MUrray Hill
8-0123

Edgar A. May,
Manager
Phone area 501
NAtional 3-7771

B Altman & Co

ENTRANCING SILHOUETTE IN BLACK PATENT. FROM THE ALTMAN COLLECTION. 36.00



THE SHOE SALON, SECOND FLOOR, FIFTH AVENUE, AND AT SUBURBAN STORES

Ftatateeta's Toast! Like mummy never made. It's the newest addition to New York's most talked about supper menu, which includes The Foot Long Hot Dog. And the Frozen Hot Chocolate. Sumptuous lunch starts at 11:30 a.m. Closed Sundays. 225 East 60th St., New York City, TE 8-3531

serendipity 3

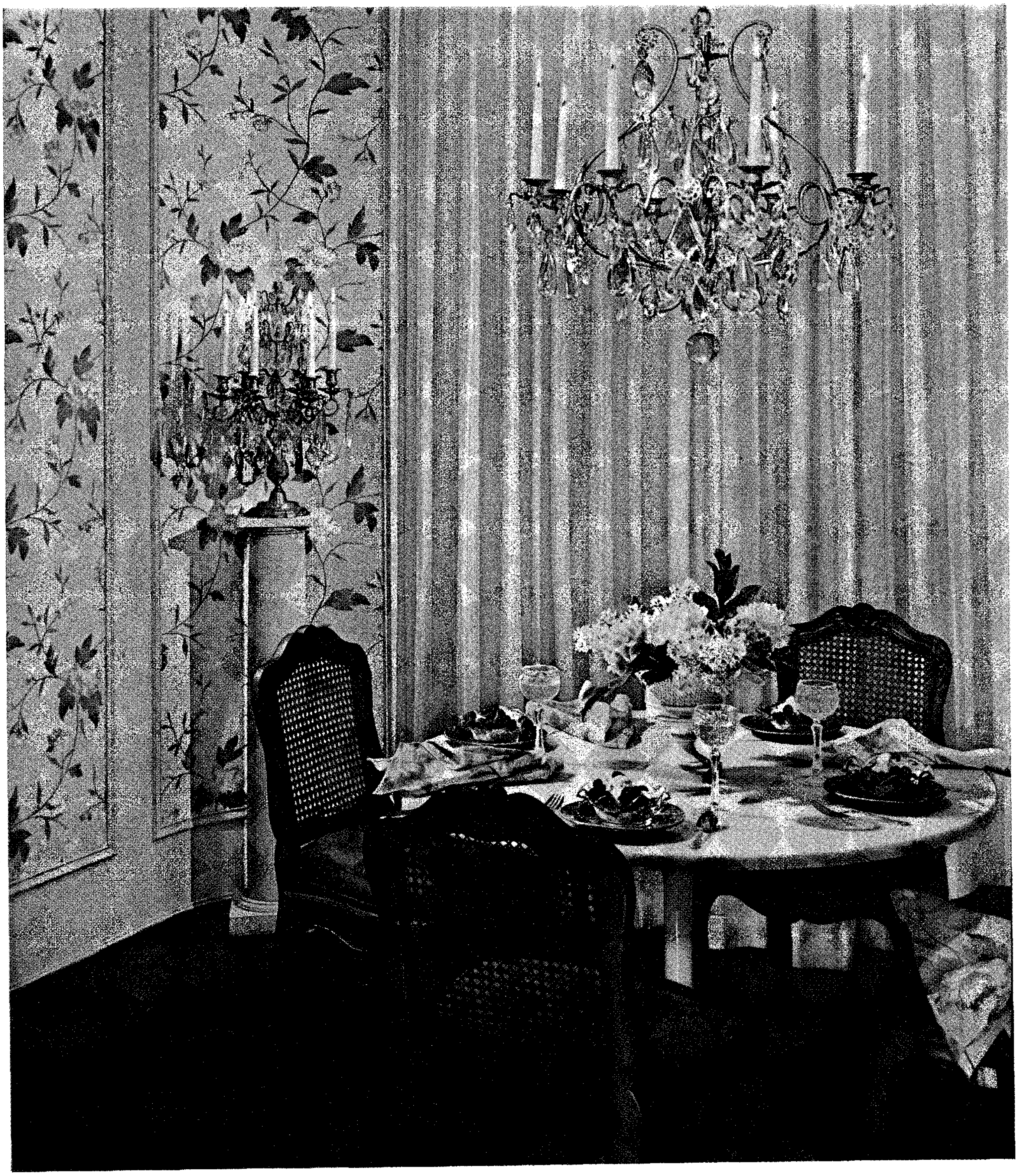
COPYRIGHT © 1964, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.

DRINK
Coca-Cola
W

People go better refreshed. The never-too-sweet taste of Coca-Cola gives a special zing... refreshes best.

things go
better
with
Coke
TRADE-MARK ®

Drink
Coca-Cola



**When you find fabrics as beautiful as these...
build a room around them.**

J. H. THORP styles fabrics with a flair for the look of luxury featuring the woven-in beauty ingredient of American Bemberg® rayon. Chairs love it. Sofas luxuriate in it. And walls turn themselves into works of art. Ask your decorator to show you swatches from J. H. Thorp's American Bemberg collection, the fabrics that bring elegance into your home. BEAUNIT FIBERS, Division of Beaunit Corporation, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

ab

AMERICAN BEMBERG
IS A Beaunit FIBER

Hungarians love to sit by the hour, drinking Egri Bikavér (Bull's Blood) or Villány or one of the great Tokays, and listening to the gypsy fiddlers. (Like practically all other Hungarians, the musical gypsies are employees of the state, covered by health insurance and entitled to pensions when they reach sixty. The majority of the Hungarian gypsies, however, still lead their nomadic life, having successfully resisted all efforts at domestication since the days of Emperor Franz Josef I.) While the older generation is sobbing in time with the gypsy fiddles in the winehouses, young girls with Bardot hairdos and boys in blue jeans are more likely to be dancing the Twist in the back parlor of an *espresso*. The young people in general love to dance. Not long ago, five hundred couples Twisted all night in a ballroom at Karl Marx University. (The day after a new step is imported, the newspapers carry long, earnest explanations of how to do it, complete with diagrams.) The largest jazz club in Budapest was set up by KISZ, the Young Communist League of Hungary, in 1962, and this would seem an intelligent move, but so far, at least, the young people apparently feel more at ease in their neighborhood *espressos*.

The customers who fill the cabarets and winehouses are not, for the most part, expense-account big shots from other Communist capitals but plain local people. And how do they manage it, when the country as a whole is so poor? Well, no one here seems able to explain how so many people can afford to live the way they do, but Hungarians have an amazing capacity for survival and a worldwide reputation for living beyond their means. Always virtuoso *débrouillards*, they have had a lot of experience in adapting to strong regimes. In the thirteenth century, their land was overrun by the Mongols, and in the sixteenth century by the Turks, and after the Turks came the Hapsburgs. In 1919, an interlude of complete independence began, but it lasted only a little over twenty years, and then came the Nazis, followed by the Russians and complete Communist domination. As a result of all this, says one writer, "Hungary was always a country of heroes and corruptionists." Everybody makes a bit of money on the side—a secret second job, a little business, a favor received for a favor done. Recently, for example, the government newspapers were complaining of a new industrial racket, enabling a customer who wanted quicker delivery of goods he had ordered to get it by distributing tips among the

they're lovely
they're engaged
they're j.h.thorp & american bemberg®

As you can see on the opposite page, Thorp and American Bemberg rayon are wedded to the idea of dining in style. These fabrics are ideally suited not only to dining rooms—but every room in the house. Be it plain, print, stripe, or texture, American Bemberg and J. H. Thorp are engaged in the exacting art of creating the most exciting decorative fabrics, each a shining example of functional fashion. Ask your decorator...about the whole romantic story at Thorp. 425 E. 53 St. / 171 E. 56 St., N.Y., and branches in all major cities

J.H.Thorp fabrics
W.H.S. LLOYD WALLPAPERS

Fleischman

puts you in the Pink,
or Blue, with White, for a
new slant on summer stripes
and solids in wrinkle-free
Endowed Denim by

McCAMPBELL GRANITEVILLE

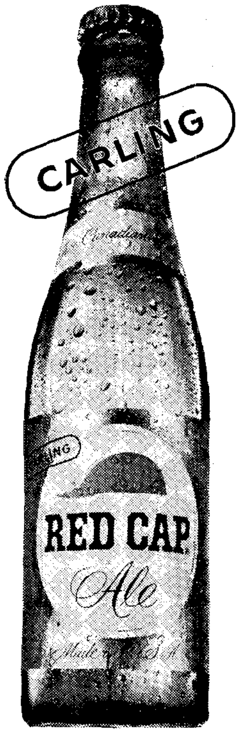
Bias-stripe Tunic about $10
Solid tone Capris about $9
Sizes 8 to 16

LORD & TAYLOR, All stores
JACOBSON'S, Michigan
J.W. ROBINSON, Los Angeles

right clerks and dispatchers. While the very rich—the big landowners and industrialists—have disappeared, a whole class of *nouveaux riches* has sprung up. These people have cars, servants, and summer houses on Lake Balaton, and some of them can even afford an occasional trip to Paris or Rome. They are mostly engineers, scientists with half a dozen jobs as advisers, doctors in private practice, lawyers with good connections, and people who have influence in one Ministry or another.

One affluent economic stratum is made up of people who belong to "Maszek," which is short for "Magán Szektor"—the private-enterprise sector. Their shabby stores and workrooms are often hidden away in side streets, and the work they profit from is done by relatives, since they are not permitted to hire outside help. A watchmaker whose tiny window displays a dreary selection of second-hand watch bracelets may make several times as much as a Cabinet Minister, who may enjoy elegant housing and chauffeured limousines at state expense but whose salary is eight thousand forints monthly, or three hundred and forty-seven dollars. (For that matter, even the government pays its businessmen better than this. Not long ago, the manager of a state import-export enterprise had to take a fifty-percent cut in salary when he was elevated to the eminent rank of Deputy Minister.) As for a good tailor, who can get a hundred and seventy dollars for a man's suit (a ready-made suit goes for thirty-five dollars in the state stores), he earns more money in a week than a Minister does in two months. Budapest's fashionable couturiers and shoemakers have not lost their skill or their chic, and some of the dresses to be found in the shops along the Váci utca wouldn't look out of place in Paris or Rome, though their materials are often of inferior quality. The women of Budapest manage to look quite attractive (there are almost as many beauty parlors here as there are banks in Zurich), and the girls are still pretty, but when it comes to the legendary beauties of Budapest, it seems to me that there are many more beautiful Hungarian women in Vienna and London and *New* York (Hungarians always pronounce it with the accent on the "New") than in Budapest. Feminine beauty has always been one of the Hungarians' important, though unadvertised, export commodities.

Artists seem to do as well as anyone else in the group that make do on what the state pays them. No one I have talked to seems to know exactly how the



Import taste.
Sensible price.

Generous amounts of hops, barley malt, and special fine Canadian yeast give Red Cap Ale that bold, robust taste. You'll like it. It's brewed here in the U.S.A. by Carling Brewing Company, Cleveland, Ohio. The same people who brew Black Label Beer.

Chinese Landscape
by Victor dePauw

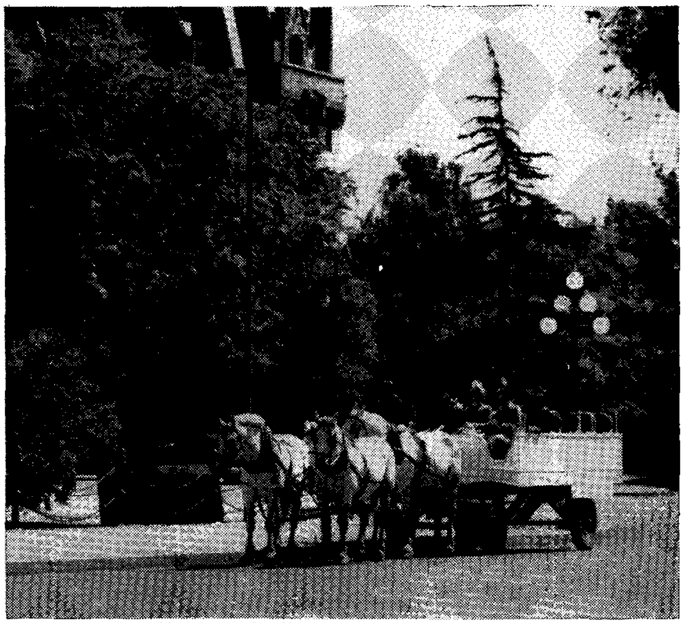
COUNTRY ART GALLERY
Westbury, L. I.

Café Carlyle
MADISON & 76th STREET

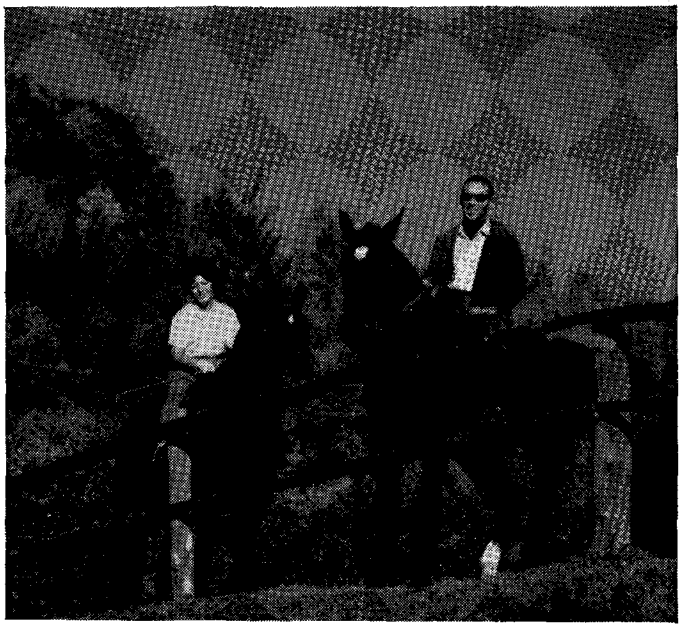
. . . informal divertissement in an intimate setting with colorful murals by Vertes. Cocktails, after-theatre drinks, gourmet supper.
EXECUTIVE LUNCHEON
Noon to 2:30.
Ladies invited.

George Feyer
AT THE PIANO
FROM 8:30

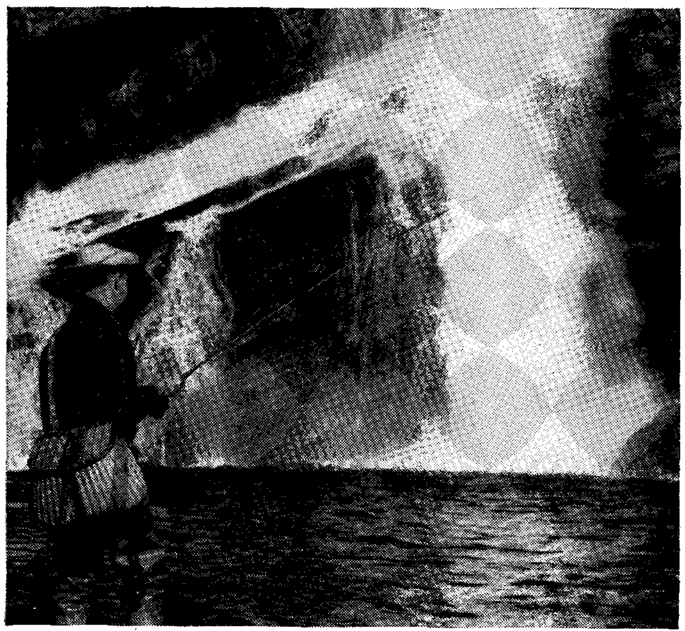
Canada is all kinds of fun... fly TCA and see more of it!



Sightseers' tallyho tours Victoria, B. C.



On horseback across the hills of French Canada



Trout fishing at Waterton Lakes, Alberta

Full-dress parade at Ottawa, Canada's capital

This summer come to Canada. No place so easy to reach offers you so many unspoiled pleasures. Trout streams are teeming. Trails are uncrowded. Towns have a fresh foreign air about them, and shops are bright with surprising finds. Fly TCA. You get where you want to be quickly and comfortably with no travel fatigue. And you have full time there, for your kind of fun. Send the coupon. We'll help you plan the vacation that you'll remember always.

TCA opens up all of Canada to you

TCA **TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES**
AIR CANADA

Canadian Vacations, P.O. Box 598, Montreal 3, Canada
Please send me your free, full-color, "See Canada" folder*
Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City/State__________________________
My TCA Travel Agent is________________
**Offer expires October 31, 1964*
NY-3

What's Kahlúa?

It's the coffee liqueur from sunny Mexico.
It's made from a very old recipe that calls for coffee beans and other goodies to percolate in alcohol until that magic moment when there is a perfect blending of flavor.
Even though Kahlúa tastes like coffee, breakfast is not the best time to serve it.
Try Kahlúa straight, after dinner. And in cocktails and desserts.

You'll be doing yourself a flavor.

53 Proof

KAHLÚA Far and away the most popular, largest selling coffee liqueur in the whole wide world.

JULES BERMAN & ASSOCIATES, INC.
9025 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California
Send for free recipe book

mysterious figures of the official pay scale are arrived at. One Party member whom I asked said, "The authors of the pay scale are the faceless middle-echelon bureaucrats, who keep their jobs under all regimes. Ours have a guilty feeling about their bourgeois backgrounds and try to be better Socialists than the members of the Party." Among the artists, musicians are the best off, in both pay and prestige, perhaps because the bureaucrats know little about music. Next come architects, who are much envied because they get permission to make long trips abroad to study new trends. ("The great dream of every Hungarian," a Hungarian told me, "is to be sent to Paris as a member of a delegation, with all expenses paid. The great dream of every Russian is to be sent as a member of a delegation to Budapest.") Performing artists, especially leading singers and instrumentalists, also make good money. A violist with the State Opera, for instance, is on roughly the same wage level as mechanics, bookkeepers, and pastry cooks, who are all well paid. At the lower end of the artistic scale are film people, writers, painters, and sculptors. Playwrights complain that the local admiration for anything foreign—plays, cars, people—is such that none of their works would ever be produced if every theatre weren't obliged to produce four Hungarian plays each season. Filmmakers are held in low esteem because the pictures they turn out are pretty bad (or perhaps it's the other way around), and the low pay of writers, editors, newspapermen, and critics may very well be a sort of collective punishment for the prominent role that such intellectuals played in the Revolution. Worst off are painters who have committed the sins of abstractionism and formalism, though a prominent abstract painter who was informed officially that his work could be neither shown locally nor sold abroad received a visit a few days later from a high Party functionary who said he had come to express his unofficial admiration for the painter's work.

NO one wants to talk about "Fifty-six." The subject is ignored as if by nationwide consent, and direct questions about it are answered only with obvious reluctance. Foreigners tell me that an apolitical, I-don't-care attitude set in after the Revolution, but I suspect that there may be something else—a national trauma, a case of delayed shock. I found only one man who would discuss Fifty-six. He was never a Com-

Chipp
Clothiers *Furnishers*

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

STRETCH SLACKS

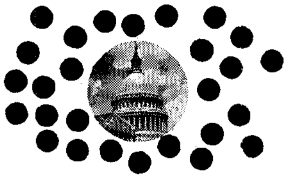
These trousers, traditionally CHIPP, made with Dacron polyester, cotton, and Lycra® spandex will give non-confining comfort, slim fit and complete freedom of movement. Lycra® spandex gives you comfort-in-action whether golfing, bowling or just sitting.

TROUSERS	**$20.50**
WALK SHORTS	**16.50**
SWIM TRUNKS	**14.50**

Waist sizes: 29-40
Colors: Natural, olive, coral
Add 75¢ for postage
Mail orders accepted No C.O.D.'s

14 E. 44th Street
CHIPP NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017 **CHIPP**

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP



172 science-oriented firms have located in Washington, D. C. area since 1954

Looking for a site for your firm? Look into the advantages of the National Capital Area. Write to John Roper, Area Development Consultant . . .

Washington Gas Light Company
WASHINGTON 5, D. C.

OLD AND MODERN
PAINTINGS AND DRAWINGS

EVERETT SHINN
"Mr. Shinn Dancing"
13⅞ x 8⅞

SCHWEITZER GALLERY
958 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Discover new *zest* for life—in marvelous Mexico

■ The lilt and vigor of modern Mexico will give your spirit a lift. Here in this fun-loving *fiesta* land, you'll find gay music, hospitality, dramatic scenery, refreshing off-beat things to do and see.

But part of the refreshed feeling you take home will come from the quiet pools of peace you find in cobblestone villages little changed by the centuries...where the traditions of the past are a colorful, often festive part of the present. Here relaxation is an art ...one you'll love!

It is this delightful combination of old and new that makes Mexico such a wonderful vacationland. Imagine yourself water-skiing, skin diving, golfing the year 'round, shopping for unique handcrafts, dancing in the moonlight to Latin rhythms...tropic palms and hibiscus around you, mountains as a backdrop, a gentle breeze wafting the fragrance of sea and flowers.

Imagine Mexico—then come see it for yourself. Ask your travel agent to help you plan your best vacation, your *zest* vacation ever ...in marvelous Mexico!

Mexican National Tourist Council
Dept. NY-2, 2 East 55th Street
New York 22, N. Y.

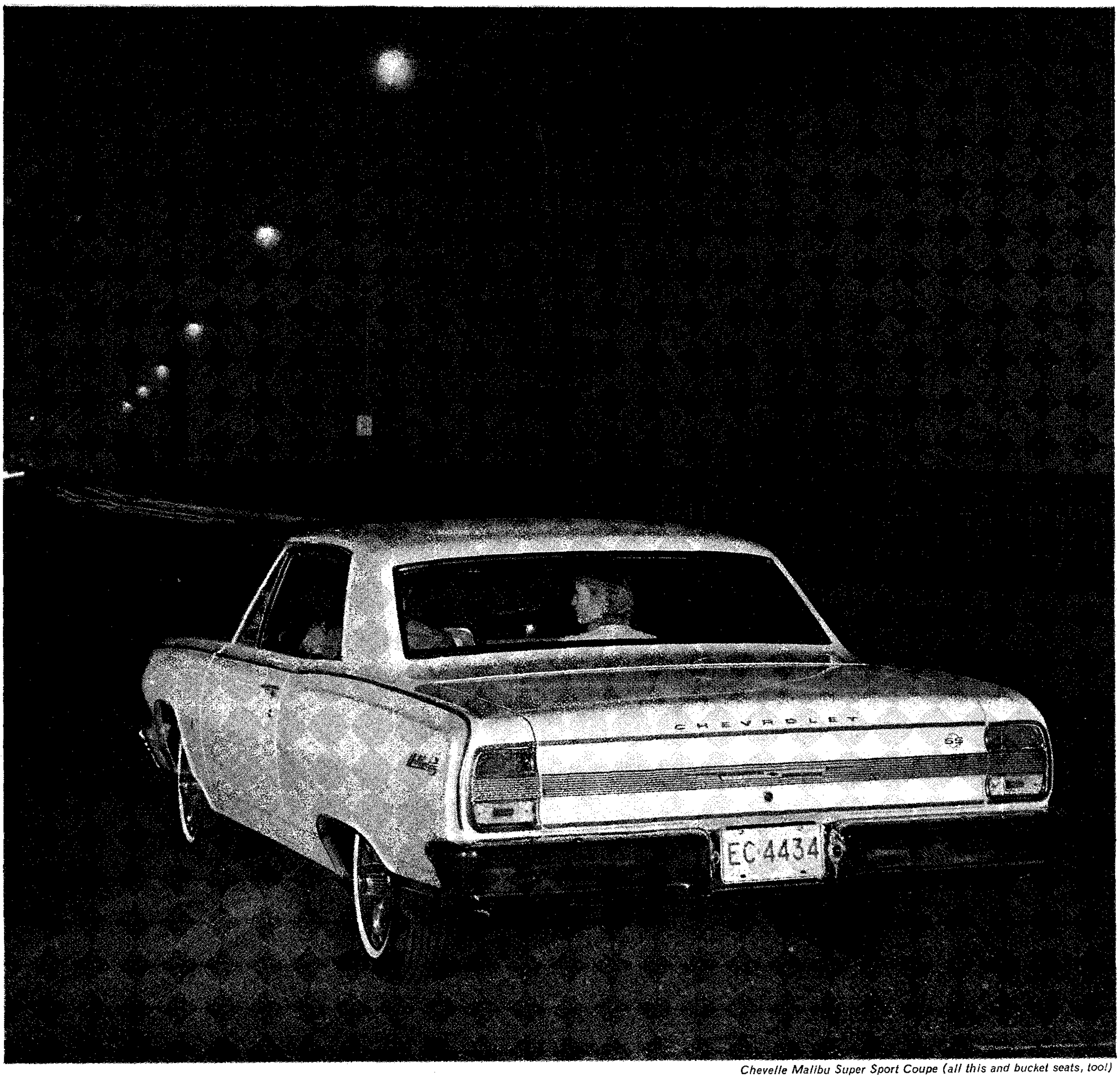
Gentlemen:

☐ Please send me illustrated literature on *marvelous* Mexico.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS____________________________

CITY______________ZONE____ STATE_____



Chevelle Malibu Super Sport Coupe (all this and bucket seats, too!)

WE DIDN'T JUST MAKE CHEVELLE BEAUTIFUL AND HOPE FOR THE BEST

You might want Chevelle just because you like its looks. But if you think all we had in mind was a good-looking car smaller than Chevrolet and bigger than Chevy II, read on.

One of the most beautiful things about Chevelle, for instance, is the way it fits between parking meters (with a good five feet left over), yet still gives you a Fisher Body-ful of head room, leg room and shoulder room inside.

You thought those curved side windows are just for looks? They slant way in for easy entry, and don't need bulky space-wasting doors to roll down into.

Chevelle's long wide hood looks nice, too. But it's that way because of all that goes under it—a wide choice of Six and V8 engines, not to mention optional extra-cost equipment like air conditioning and anything else you'd like us to put there.

If you do lots of traveling, Chevelle's smart rear deck looks even better when you open it up—27.3 cu. ft. of space, no less.

(In case you haven't cubed a foot lately, that's enough room for 4 overnight bags, 2 two-suiters, 2 pullmans, 1 wardrobe and 1 train case, with a set of golf clubs thrown in for good measure.)

You can see we've been very practical about the whole thing. And if you think anything like we do about Chevelle, you're practically driving one already. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette

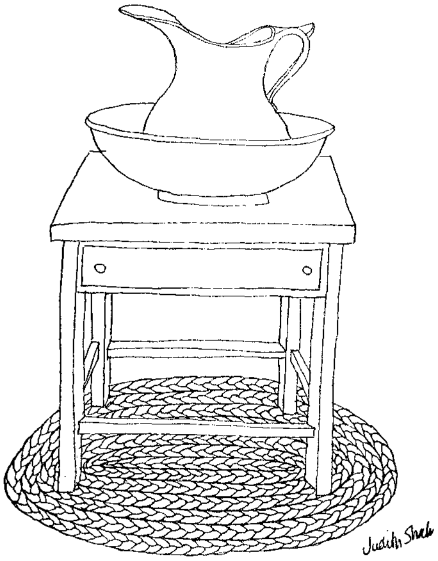
CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

CHEVELLE! BY CHEVROLET

munist (neither were ninety-five per cent of the country's population), and I've known him for years, but even so it was only after we had shared one bottle of wine and started on another that I felt I might hope to get an answer to a question that I had vainly asked many other people in Budapest: Why don't the people talk about the Revolution?

He said, "We try not even to think of it any more. Because it hurts too much." He was silent for a while, and then continued, "It's hard to explain to someone who hasn't lived here all these years, because so many subtle things that we take for granted are involved. There are no straight lines in our political life. Everything is a little zigzag, and for every rule there are some exceptions. It all started long before the Revolution—in May, 1949, to be exact, when the Workers' Party, a combination of the Communists and the Social Democrats, was formed. You remember how the former Foreign Minister, László Rajk, was accused of plotting against Hungary with the Yugoslavs and the Americans, and was hanged for it, along with some of his associates. One political trial followed another, and the country became paralyzed with fear. Every trial had its scenario; everybody was aware that he might be accused of any crime at all, with fake evidence used against him in court. When you left home for work in the morning, you never knew whether you would come back that night. A casual 'So long' might be a final goodbye. During the worst two years, under Mátyás Rákosi, my wife and I never went to bed before one-fifteen in the morning. The children were asleep, but we were downstairs, waiting. For some reason, the Á.V.O. [Security Police] always made their arrests at one



NEW
FOR
1964

Forget flats...Forget blowouts
And now, forget wear

Puncture-sealing General Dual 90s with Duragen rubber deliver thousands and thousands of extra miles.

GENERAL TIRE TM
THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

o'clock. At a quarter past one, we knew we had won another night of reprieve and could go upstairs. There was a story going around then about a married woman whose lover is visiting her when the bell rings at one o'clock. 'Good heavens!' she says. 'I hope it's my husband.' It wasn't so funny then. There was *no* one who was not afraid. Too many friends had been threatened or humiliated or deported, or had just disappeared. From 1949 until 1953, during the Stalinist regime of Rákosi, everybody in this country lived like a Jew under the Nazis. You were arrested for doing the right thing at the wrong time or the wrong thing at the right time. Around 1954, after Rákosi had been forced out and while Imre Nagy was in power, there was a slight thaw. A little of the weight of fear was lifted. And then came October, Fifty-six. Suddenly, there was something beautiful and fantastic and unforgettable. It was everybody's first great love. You prayed that it would last, but deep down in your heart you knew it couldn't—it was too beautiful. The whole nation, with the exception of a few Stalinist diehards and a few police sadists, was united in a conspiracy. People everywhere knew that this was the greatest moment in their life. Perhaps it was the greatest moment in our country's history, and we've had some great moments. But Fifty-six wasn't something out of the history books. It happened to everybody—not just to somebody whose statue is in the park. Even now, it hurts so much to think of it that I don't talk about it with my wife and children, and my friends feel the same way."

My friend took a sip of his wine, and went on, "The Revolution started out against, not for, something. It began *against* tyranny, and only gradually became *for* something—more freedom, or, rather, less *un*freedom. Only on the third day did the cry go up, 'Get the Russians out!' By that time, the city had gone wild. Nothing but complete independence would do. And when the great dream was dreamed out and it was all over, people just didn't want to live any more. November, 1956, was the end of our life—there was no sense in living any longer. But you know how it is. Man is a strange animal. Life does go on. You begin to think of your wife and the kids, and you are busy with the thousand and one trivial matters of mere survival, and there is your work, and then, one day, there is even hope again. For years, I felt a lingering frustration, and I was able to shake it off

Models Coat®
a division of Swirl wrap'n tie

What to wear when you're deciding what to wear: this Models Coat aglow with brilliant tropical blooms on new-for-summer black. Refreshingly relaxed, with quick-close gripper front and its own to-wear-or-not-to-wear belt. Easy care 100% cotton in sizes 7 to 15, 8 to 20. About $9. At all the fine stores listed below or write to Models Coat, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York 18.

BLOOMINGDALE'S, New York
H. C. CAPWELL, Oakland
CARSON, PIRIE SCOTT, Chicago
HUTZLER'S, Baltimore
THE MAY COMPANY, Cleveland

DRY FLY SHERRY
DRY FLY
SHERRY
FINDLATER MACKIE, TODD & CO. LTD.

Like the accomplished dry fly fisherman, DRY FLY SHERRY is the product of expert knowledge, practice and skill. It is both light and delicate, neither too sweet nor yet very dry.

A gracious welcome to your guests

IMPORTED SPANISH SHERRY IN THE
FAMOUS FINDLATER BOTTLE
Sole property of and bottled by
Findlater Mackie Todd & Co., Ltd. of London
U.S. Agent
ROBERT F. PHILIPP, STAMFORD, CONN.

DELICIOUS
LENTEN DISHES

Lüchow's
RESTAURANT
THE GOURMETS' RENDEZVOUS
Since 1882
110-112 EAST 14th STREET
GR-7-4860
We park your car
at dinner

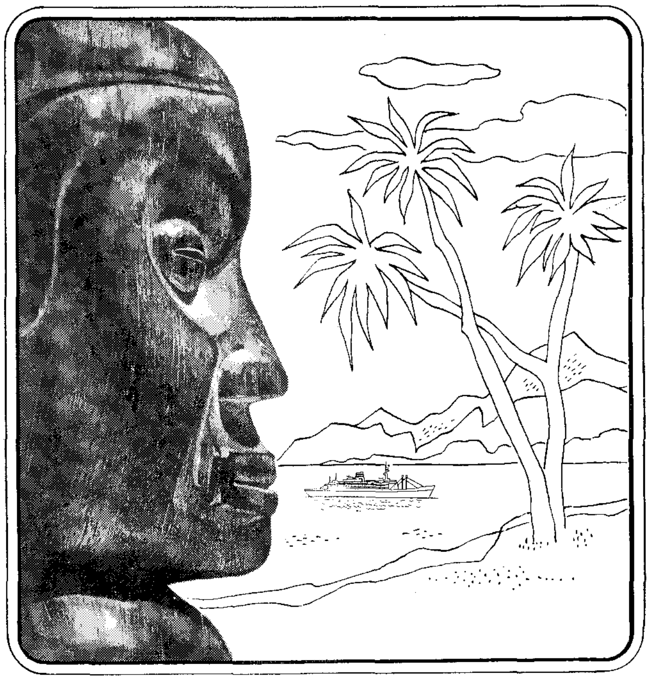
your next move...

Dinner
AT THE ELEGANT
RITZ RESTAURANT
IN THE
Carlton House
Madison Ave. at 61st St.

Private Suites for Social functions
For reservations call TE 8-3000

Operated by the Ritz Carlton Hotel Co., Inc.

TWO OF THE GREAT CRUISE VACATIONS OF YOUR LIFETIME



1964 PREMIERE
ORIENT/SOUTH PACIFIC
50-DAY DISCOVERY CRUISE

FROM LOS ANGELES October 6, 1964 aboard the s.s. Statendam, calling at: Honolulu • Yokohama • Kobe • Hong Kong • Singapore • Bali • Suva (Fiji Islands) • Pago Pago (Samoa) • and Papeete (Tahiti). **Returns to Los Angeles.** Rates from $1,485.

This Fall, for the first time ever, Holland-America Line's world-famous luxury liner Statendam sails west from Los Angeles—on her Premiere Orient/South Pacific "Discovery Cruise." Come along, as Holland-America brings to the Pacific its decades of leadership in luxury cruises.

You'll discover fascinating sights and shopping ashore, plus many other pleasures aboard your air-conditioned floating resort hotel.

Cruise membership is limited, so use the coupon or see your travel agent now.

Europe-bound? Consider one of our elegant First Class sailings to Ireland, England, France, Holland and Germany.

SAIL A HAPPY SHIP

Holland-America Line

Pier 40—North River, New York, N. Y. 10014

1965 CRUISE
AROUND THE WORLD
IN 80 DAYS

FROM NEW YORK CITY January 23, 1965 aboard the s.s. Rotterdam, calling at: Gibraltar • Villefranche • Naples • Athens • Alexandria • Port Said • Suez • Aden • Bombay • Colombo • Penang • Bali • Singapore • Bangkok • Hong Kong • Kobe • Yokohama • Honolulu • San Francisco • Acapulco • and Balboa. Rates from $2,700.

Here is the cruise of your dreams—around the world aboard Holland-America's fabulous flagship Rotterdam. You'll explore 21 of the world's most romantic cities—where the sight-seeing and the shopping are superb. And you'll have the world's largest world cruise liner as your air-conditioned luxury resort hotel at all times.

So make those dreams come true. Use the coupon or see your travel agent now—because cruise membership is limited and accommodations will be going fast.

HOLLAND-AMERICA LINE
Pier 40—North River, New York, N. Y. 10014

Please send me your full-color
☐ Orient/South Pacific "Discovery Cruise" brochure,
☐ 1965 World Cruise brochure.

Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City & State ______________________
Travel Agent ______________________

25R3

different as night & day

Frothy and light as dawn...pretty as a starry sky. Our newest awake-or-asleep dream in white, turquoise and flower pink. The ruffled nylon shift gown, 9.00. The shawl-collared coat of twin-sheer nylon, 15.00. Sizes: petite, small, medium, large. AT B. ALTMAN & CO., NEW YORK; FREDERICK & NELSON, SEATTLE; GLADDING'S, PROVIDENCE; SANGER-HARRIS, PRESTON CENTER, DALLAS; JOHN WANAMAKER, PHILADELPHIA; AND AT OTHER FINE STORES.

Gotham Lingerie®

GOTHAM LINGERIE, A DIVISION OF CHADBOURN GOTHAM, INC.; CHADBOURN GOTHAM SALES CORP., 401 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10016

only a little while ago, when I realized, as so many of us are realizing now, that János Kádár had gradually put into effect about eighty per cent of the demands of the Revolution. The process began shortly after de-Stalinization started in Moscow. One heard that our factories were no longer managed by little Stalins, and that the local dictators were replaced by workers' councils. That was one of the original demands. Rákosi's collectivization, with its impossibly high quotas, was slowed down, and replaced by a much softer, more human collectivization. That was Demand No. 2. Next, the regime began to issue passports to individuals for travel to the West—Demand No. 3. We can even take a little hard currency with us, and, what is more, there's no longer the awful feeling of being locked up behind the minefields. Then the leading Stalinists, the torturers, were expelled from the Party—Rákosi and his deputy, Ernő Gerő; István Kovács, who had been a member of the Politburo; and twenty-two others. After that, Kádár abolished all class discrimination when he said, 'We must not punish young people who were born in our People's Republic because their fathers happened to be wealthy merchants or high officials.' Today, the sons of former bankers and industrialists can attend the university with the sons of workers and peasants; the report card, not the birth certificate, decides who may go to college. That was Demand No. 4. Finally, there was the amnesty for many political prisoners. When we learned that István Bibó, the Minister of State in Imre Nagy's government, was being released, there could be no doubt that Kádár wanted a final settlement of Fifty-six."

My friend shrugged. "We are no fools, though. It's still only eighty per cent, not a hundred. The Russians are still here. Hungary is not an independent country. The Western frontier is still closed by minefields and electrified barbed wire—a matter of internal security, we are told. And we still live under a dictatorship. But the relationship with the Russians is no longer humiliating. There is no compulsory worship here of anything Russian. Russian plays and films are shown, but if they are bad, they are panned. And we also have plays by Aristophanes, Molière, Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, Brecht, Arthur Miller, and Tennessee Williams. And Agatha Christie's 'The Mousetrap.' Let's put it this way: You can't do everything you want to do, but you don't have to do a lot of things you

MORGAN-JONES'
"Raleigh Tavern"
and "Queen Anne"
bedcoverings,
at the authorized
Williamsburg®
Craft House
in these stores:

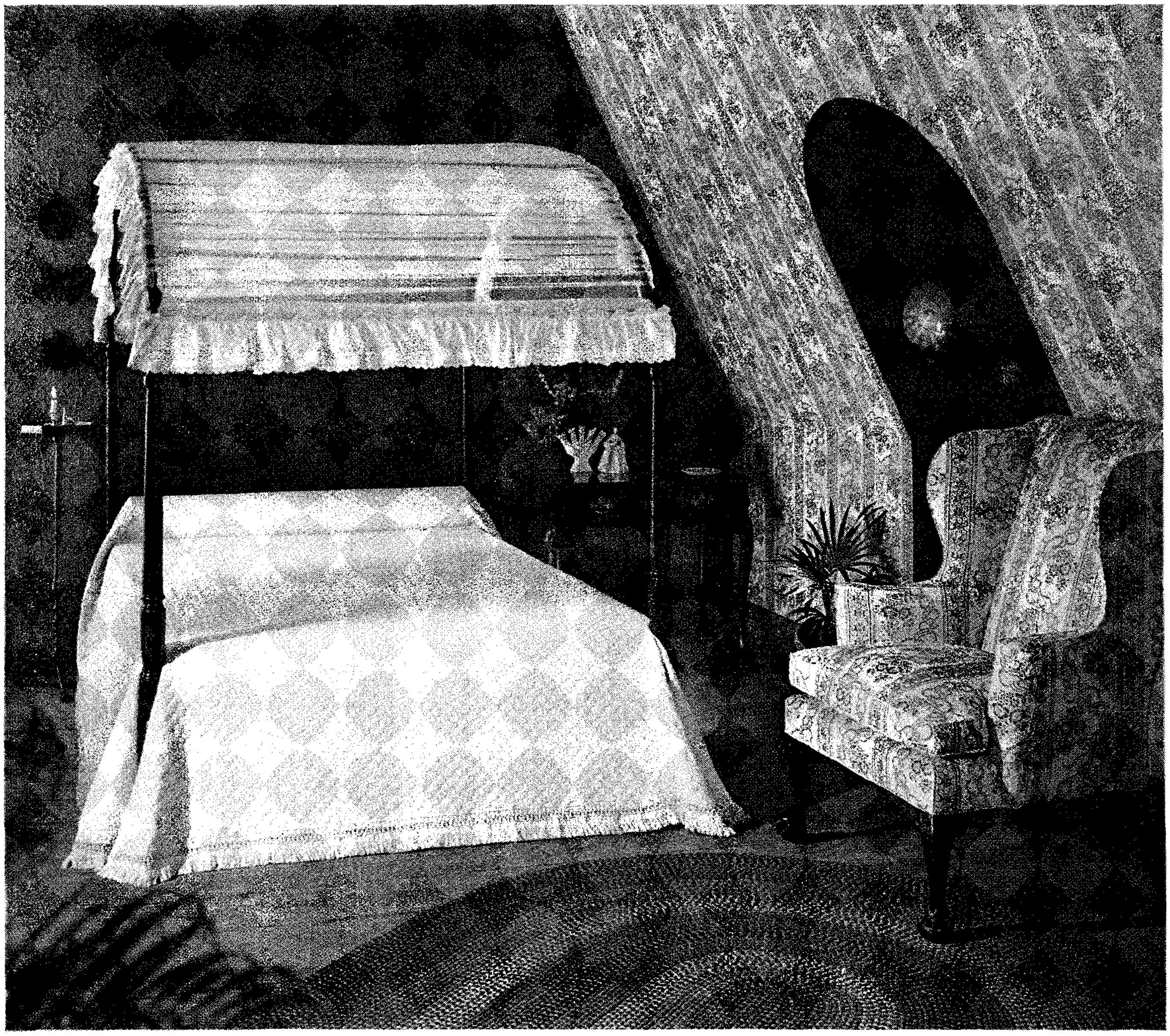
Williamsburg, Va.	The Craft House
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Company
New York, N. Y.	B. Altman & Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Joseph Horne Company
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller

Also at these stores...

Albany, N. Y.	W. M. Whitney & Co.
Alexandria, La.	Wellan's
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Baltimore, Md.	Hutzler's
Baton Rouge, La.	Goudchaux's
Beaumont, Texas	White House
Birmingham, Ala.	Loveman's
Boston, Mass.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Charlotte, N. C.	J. B. Ivey & Co.
Charleston, W. Va.	Woodrum's Home Outfitting Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros.
Columbus, Ohio	F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Dallas, Texas	W. A. Green
Denver, Colo.	May D. & F. Co.
Detroit, Mich.	J. L. Hudson Co. & Branches
El Paso, Texas	Popular Dry Goods
Fort Worth, Texas	Monnig's
Galveston, Texas	Eiband's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Paul Steketee & Sons
Grosse Pointe, Mich.	Jacobson's
Houston, Texas	Joske's
Houston, Texas	Sakowitz Bros.
Jackson, Miss.	R. E. Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	Furchgott's
Knoxville, Tenn.	Miller's Inc.
Laredo, Texas	Hachar's
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifers
Louisville, Ky.	Stewart Dry Goods Co.
Lubbock, Texas	Dunlap's
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Miami, Fla.	Jordan Marsh Co.
Middletown, N. Y.	Carson & Towner
Nashville, Tenn.	Cain-Sloan Co.
New Haven, Conn.	The Edw. Malley Co.
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Neb.	Kilpatrick's
Orlando, Fla.	Ivey's
Peoria, Ill.	P. A. Bergner's
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Providence, R. I.	Gladding's & Branches
Raleigh (Cameron Vil.), N. C.	The Linen Closet
Richmond, Va.	Thalhimers
Roanoke, Va.	S. H. Heironimus Co.
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's
Shreveport, La.	Rubenstein's
Syracuse, N. Y.	Dey Bros.
Tampa, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Toledo, Ohio	Lasalle & Koch & Branches
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown-Dunkin
Utica, N. Y.	Boston Store
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop
West Palm Beach, Fla.	Pioneer Co.
Worcester, Mass.	Denholm & McKay Co.

Morgan-Jones
404 Fifth Avenue, New York 18, N.Y.
A Division of Springs Mills, Inc.

WILLIAMSBURG and the Hallmark are registered trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc.



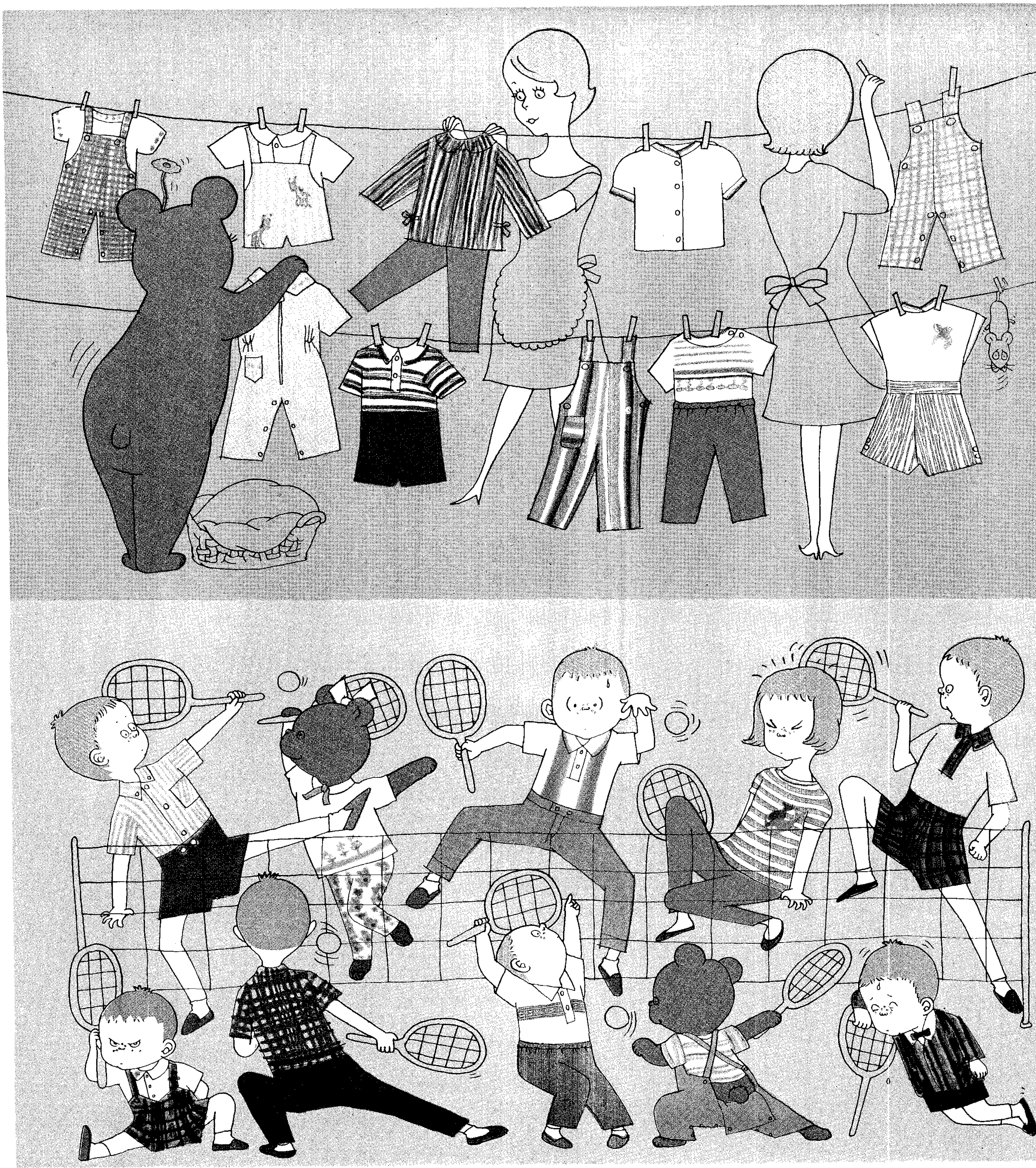
MORGAN-JONES is proud to announce their appointment as official weavers of Williamsburg® Bedspread Reproductions

®

Authentic, long-awaited and exclusively ours. Morgan-Jones recreates these 18th Century bedcoverings with a sure sense of history and a heart-warming fidelity to design and detail. Here, one from this great new period collection: "Raleigh Tavern," rows of ribbed squares and rosettes in a classic overshot weave. Thus, the elegance that is Williamsburg with the ease of care that is Morgan-Jones. Documentary colors of Antique Ivory, Boxwood Green, Crown Gold, Dominion Blue, Colonial Copper, Teal Blue, Hearth Red. Twin, about $22.50. Double, about $25. Also see "Queen Anne." Twin, about $45. Double, about $50.

Morgan-Jones

Master weavers for bedroom, kitchen, bath · 404 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 18. A Div. of Springs Mills, Inc.



Mama can't bear to buy any sets but Health-tex

They're a racket on washdays. They bounce through playdays. They're in perfect form on Sundays. Any day is Health-tex day. So get set: longie sets and shortie sets, sister sets and baby sets and bully bully brother sets. Dressy sets and sporty sets and all sorts of things that aren't sets at all. All prices leave lots left over. 6 months to size 8 at nice stores. By Standard Romper Co., Inc. Look for the label:

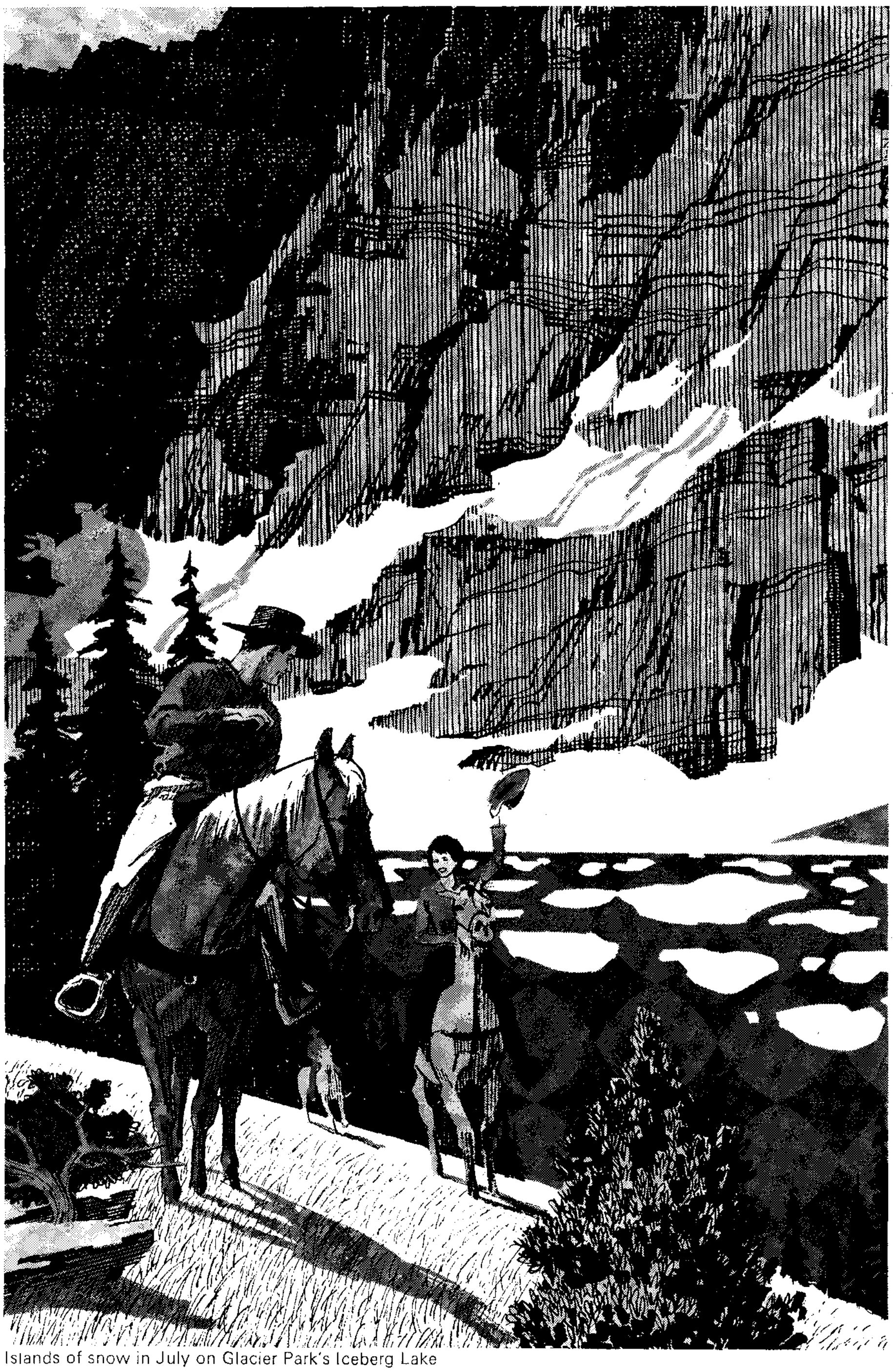
Health-tex®
STANTOGS

STANDARD ROMPER CO., INC., 130 WEST 34TH STREET, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

don't want to do. That makes a big difference. A few weeks ago, a man who is high up in the Party telephoned me and asked me to do something. I turned him down, gave him my reasons, and hung up. A couple of years ago, I couldn't have afforded to do that."

There are people here who feel that the presence of the Russian troops—an estimated sixty to eighty thousand soldiers, kept in seclusion in various Army camps around the countryside—is what enables Kádár to be a benevolent dictator, because it keeps liberalization from spilling over into anarchy. Nevertheless, when people talk of liberalization they think of Kádár, rather than of the Communist Party. In the West, Kádár may still be remembered as the dictator who took over the country under the protection of Soviet tanks, but inside Hungary his reputation has undergone a considerable evolution. At first, he was bitterly hated. Unlike Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka, who came to power as a national hero who had said "*Nyet*" to the demands of an angry Khrushchev, Kádár came in as a puppet of the Russians. (It is interesting to note that Khrushchev is not the Russian villain in Budapest. It was Malenkov who came here during the Revolution, and he and the Russian generals are regarded as the guilty ones. There is a certain sympathy here for Khrushchev, and hope that he will be able to resist the feared Chinese.) Gomulka has lost much of his earlier prestige, because he hasn't lived up to the widespread expectation that he would give his country something close to a Western-style democracy; he has had to make too many compromises. Kádár, who came in under a curse, has gradually improved conditions in his nation, and the hatred has given way to respect; indeed, many people seem now to have a genuine affection for him. A new legend has grown up, blotting out many bitter memories. I've heard people say that, after all, it wasn't Kádár who called in the Russians; it was the other way around. When the Russians offered him the job, he accepted it "out of a sense of patriotic duty, knowing that he would be called a traitor by his people."

Kádár has made many changes in the state apparatus, replacing old Communists, who were officially accused of "lagging behind the times," with experts who aren't necessarily Party members. Taking a daring risk, he replaced forty per cent of the Party deputies and half the members of the local councils—over fifty thousand of them—because



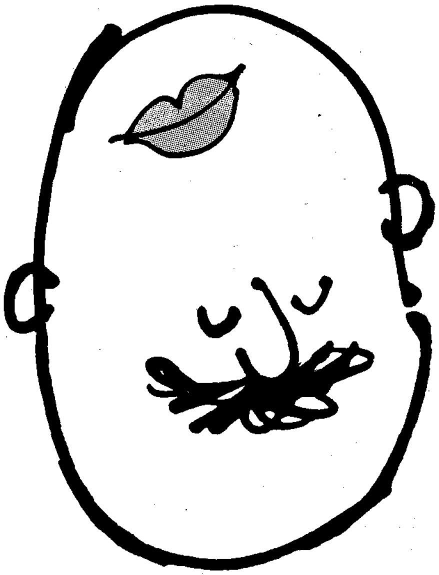
Islands of snow in July on Glacier Park's Iceberg Lake

Vacationland, U.S.A.
a mountain retreat from summer heat

In mid-July icebergs still float on a mountain tarn—just a hike or saddle horse ride away from Many Glacier Hotel in the heart of Glacier National Park. Your vacation is enhanced by superb hotel accommodations that command exhilarating views of the awesome crags of the Montana Rockies. Adventure lies just outside your door. Although Glacier Park is 'way out west, it is easily reached aboard Great Northern's Western Star. This fine, modern train conveys you swiftly and smoothly right to Glacier Park's front doors. Keep cool—come to Glacier Park's wonderland this summer.

Great Northern Railway

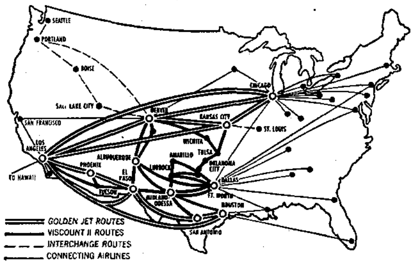
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY



get the golden touch

(go Golden Jet)
enjoy T.L.C. from
a cabin crew of five

Tender Loving Care starts with a "state of mind" on Continental Airlines. To put this attitude into *actuality*, it takes a cabin crew of five. Four hostesses on each Golden Jet ...warm, friendly, attentive. And the unique Director of Passenger Service. He supervises every aspect of "golden touch" service aloft. In-flight ticketing. Delicious full-course meals. Cocktail service. Arrangements for your connecting flight or for a rental car waiting upon your arrival. Only Continental has so large a cabin crew. But who else offers so much service? For Golden Jet reservations, call your Travel Agent or Continental. Or any other airline.



CONTINENTAL AIRLINES

they were "unable to adjust themselves to the changes in social, economic, and cultural life." It was the greatest change any Communist society has ever undergone, and, of course, it has created bitter discontent among the dismissed old-timers. I have asked people who know Kádár what he considers himself. A Communist? A patriot? A Hungarian? Each time, the answer has been "A Hungarian Communist." It may be that for Kádár the emphasis is on the "Communist," but for his people it is on the "Hungarian." They remember that, like thousands of other Hungarians, he was a victim of the Rákosi regime, and spent years in jail, where he was brutally treated. He is described by members of the diplomatic community as "a realist, not a fanatic," as an unassuming man, and as a good speaker, especially when he is speaking extemporaneously. He lives quietly—I'm told that he likes to spend his evenings playing cards—and he almost never raises his voice, yet he is so completely in control that no one has any idea who Hungary's No. 2 man may be. Some Westerners compare Kádár to Imre Nagy, who was accused of imperialist leanings and executed by the Kádár regime in 1958, but there is little, if any, basis for such a comparison. From the Communist point of view, Nagy was a heretic. He wanted to end collectivization, abolish the dictatorship of the Party, and take Hungary out of the Soviet bloc into neutrality. Kádár is in every respect an orthodox Communist, though he has softened the impact of collectivization (thereby winning the coöperation of the peasants) and has rid the Party of extremists. The ground rules are still the same, but Kádár applies them without harshness. He has improved the nation's standard of living and enabled the people to work out an attractive modus vivendi. His dictum is "He who is not against us is with us." This means that he demands not lip service to the Communist line but only neutrality. Both Kádár and the people have parted with some illusions—Kádár with the illusion of winning over the nation for Communism, the people with the illusion of gaining complete freedom. The people have accepted this state of affairs, and now do the best they can under the circumstances. "In 1954," a man here says, "we had more tyranny than any other nation under a Communist dictatorship. Today, we have more freedom than any other such nation, except Poland. A few years ago, people were afraid of being arrested by the regime. Today,

BEACH
FLARE

Full, full, full is the shape of our flared beach jacket. Two big slanty pockets add just the right touch. In our **new terry print** with polka-dots almost as large as portholes: Black dots on White . . . or Orange dots on Yellow. Sm(8-10), Med(12-14), Lg (16-18). **$8.95**
Add 35¢ each for shipping. *Send for catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP LESTER SQUARE
AMERICUS, GA.

BAMER HOTEL
mexico city

service beyond comparison

Ask your travel agent
U.S Representatives:
Robert F. Warner Inc.

New York. N.Y
Tel: JUdson
6-4500

Chicago Ill
Tel: RAndolph
6-0624

EUROPE BY CAR
PLEASE WRITE FOR 36 PAGE FULL COLOR 'EUROPE BY CAR' CATALOGUE. NO CHARGE. SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL AND PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN
MERCEDES
CITROEN
RENAULT
HILLMAN
JAGUAR
PEUGEOT
MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
CAR (S)__________
Name__________
Address__________
City__________State______ NE-14

One of the Great Ones

The action of playwright James Costigan's "Little Moon of Alban" takes place in the final days of Ireland's "troubles" with England.

And from the fervent reviews that greeted the drama's presentation on the "Hallmark Hall of Fame" six seasons ago, one thing was immediately clear: All plays should have such troubles.

Inevitable Encore

A new Hallmark production of this 90-minute original (again in color) will be seen on NBC-TV this Wednesday, March 18, giving additional millions of viewers the chance to see what all the cheering was about.

Much of that cheering was, of course, for Julie Harris, who will again be starring as Brigid Mary, a religious girl who renounces God after losing her father, brother and fiance in the struggle against the English. Co-starring with her this Wednesday will be Dirk Bogarde, one of England's very finest performers, in what will be his very first role in television anywhere. Bogarde will be playing the seriously wounded British lieutenant whose aggressive cynicism toward religion gradually disappears as Brigid Mary—now a Daughter of Charity in an Army hospital—helps nurse him toward recovery. Also starring in the play are Alan Webb, Liam Redmond and Ruth White.

In readying the drama for Wednesday night's show, producer-director George Schaefer (who performed the same duties on the original) is leaving Costigan's script intact. He'd have to be out of his mind to do otherwise. But this presentation will be on tape (the original was live), which will give Schaefer much more latitude in his sets. "In the first production," he explains, "we kept our sets on the small side—both in number and size. On a live show, it's important to keep camera movement to a minimum, to guard against noises."

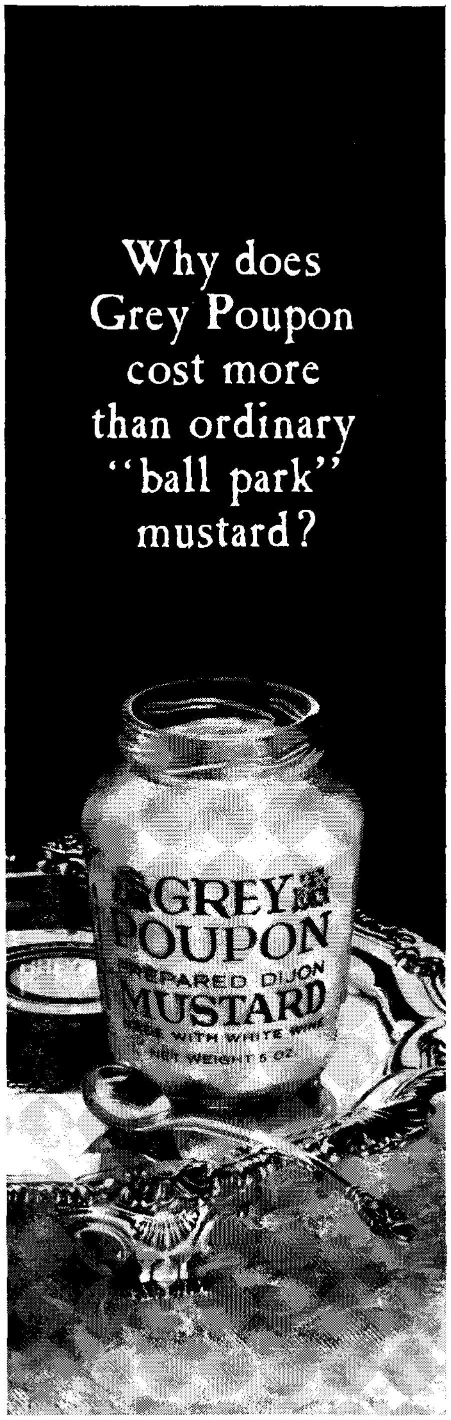
The tape technique also eliminates the need for those lightning-fast costume changes. Between scenes, last time out, Miss Harris never did get the chance to secure the collar of the nun's garb she'd donned so hurriedly, and the collar kept popping up during the sequence that followed. Miss Harris, fortunately, was much too involved in her role to be thrown by the contingency. Evidently, her audience was just as deeply caught up in the drama. For the balky collar went virtually unnoticed by the multitudes out front.

Praise and Prizes

It is not unusual, of course, for viewers to become that completely absorbed in a "Hallmark Hall of Fame" production. Now in its 13th season on NBC-TV—and boasting such distinguished presentations as "Macbeth," "Victoria Regina," "The Green Pastures" and "The Invincible Mr. Disraeli"—this series has achieved a record of excellence unmatched by any other dramatic series in television. Why, all by itself, the 1958 "Little Moon of Alban" won a dozen awards, including four Emmies and the Peabody drama medal for the year. A clearcut example, we'd say, of reaching for the moon—and making it.

NBC

Look to NBC for the best combination of news, information and entertainment.



Why does Grey Poupon cost more than ordinary "ball park" mustard?

Simply, because it's worth it in flavor. Grey Poupon is all mustard. No starchy filler, no artificial flavoring . . . nothing but rich, full-bodied mustard goodness. Grey Poupon has character. It's mellowed with white wine and aged in wood. Into that handsome jar is packed more delicious flavor than you'd ever believe. Grey Poupon is authentic Dijon mustard—and once you try it, you'll never be satisfied with anything else. We dare you!

GREY POUPON®
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

they are afraid it won't last. People say, 'Why are the churches crowded? Because they are full of good bourgeois praying for the health of Comrade Kádár.' "

A state police still exists, but, unlike the dread Á.V.O. or Á.V.H., it is not an élite force, and its members are anything but supermen. A while ago, the Party decided to take over their big headquarters on the Danube embankment, and the police had to get out in such a hurry that they left behind some secret files and some of their wire-tapping apparatus. They are now installed in a less conspicuous building several blocks away. "To get arrested now, you would have to do something really dangerous, like organizing a secret anti-state group," my friend told me. "Today the Stalinists are more closely watched than the anti-Communists. Rákosi had built up a monolithic system, under which, logically, everybody was guilty. Kádár's system is less monolithic; in fact, it is often quite paradoxical."

The system practices the Christian virtues of tolerance and forgiveness to an extent that puzzles many people here. Even people like Gábor Péter, once the much feared head of the Á.V.O., are free; he is said to be working somewhere as a bookkeeper. Another former high-ranking Secret Police official works for the state television network, where he is doing a good job. Two well-known actors who served long prison sentences for collaborating with the Nazis are back on the stage and earning good money. The presiding judge and the prosecutor at the Rajk trial are living quietly in Budapest and working at modest jobs. Gerő, Rákosi's second in command, is almost blind and is living here in seclusion. (Rákosi himself is living in exile in the Soviet Union, and people hope he will never come back.) The other day, I met the widow of a writer who was executed for his part in the Revolution. For a long time, she was watched by the police, could not get a job, and survived only with the help of a few friends. Then, several months ago, a high Party official called her, offered her a good job as head of a special school, and made it clear that she was back in the government's good graces. Yesterday, as I was walking with an acquaintance, he pointed out a man across the street and said, "There, by the grace of Kádár, goes Mihály Farkas, the former Minister of Defense." Farkas was known for his ingenious methods of inspiring terror, and one of the prisoners he often "visited" was

Peter Duchin plays at the St. Regis Maisonette

Peter plays piano, and with his orchestra, makes nostalgic, romantic music that's definitely to dance to. Dine, dance, dream at the Maisonette, or have dinner at La Boite, the intimate trysting place downstairs. In fact, enjoy all the wonderful traditions of the St. Regis—at fifty-fifth and Fifth. Reservations: PLaza 3-4500

Is Executive Mixture really luxurious?

Executive Mixture

Smoke out the facts free!

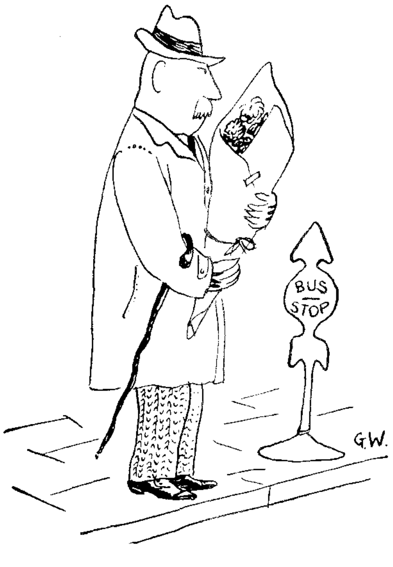
Discover how this *natural* blend of all premium tobaccos achieves luxurious flavor and aroma without added aromatics. For free, full size pack (offer limited to U.S.A.) send name and address to Executive Mixture, Dept. B-14, P.O. Box 3-AC

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

Round Hill
MONTEGO BAY • JAMAICA
The renowned beach resort.
December 15 to April 30.
See your Travel Agent, or
call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington
Toronto/Miami/Boston/London

Kádár. Of the two hundred and fifty thousand Hungarians who left the country after the Revolution, seventy thousand are said to have come back. None of them have been arrested, as far as is known, or even discriminated against, and all are working, some of them at their old jobs.

IN this country, the word "music" always evokes the sound of strings. Hungary abounds with string artists and string quartets. One reason may be the long tradition of Hungarian folk music, which is based entirely on strings; another may be the succession of great early-nineteenth-century gypsy bandleaders, like Bihari, Csermák, and Lavotta; and still another may be the concentration in Hungary over the past hundred years of numerous outstanding violin teachers, like Joseph Joachim, Leopold Auer, and Jenő Hubay, and cello teachers, like Dávid Popper, Adolf Schiffer, and Jenő Kerpely. Then, early in this century, when Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály discovered that a genuine peasant music existed in Hungary, quite apart from the synthetic stuff that passed for folk music at the time, and that here was a true and serious national force, Hungarian chamber music, based on the country tunes, became an expression of national feeling. Composers whose large-scale works were ignored by the State Opera and the major symphony orchestras began to write chamber music instead. The trend was started by Bartók and Kodály themselves. In fact, their early string quartets were played at the début, in 1910, of the Waldbauer-Kerpely Quartet, one of the first string quartets established in Budapest. Its members, all young artists, rehearsed their pieces more than a hundred times in a period of two years before they appeared in



The imported one

BEEFEATER
BEEFEATER®

Martini Men appreciate the identifiable excellence of imported **BEEFEATER GIN**

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
BURROUGH'S
BEEFEATER
LONDON DISTILLED DRY GIN
KOBRAND CORPORATION

94 PROOF • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N. Y.

SMART TIME "Kimo" in a "Beautique" print by Benrose of Estron acetate and cotton. Blue/green, orange/gold or pink/purple. Long, made to sell for about $11; short, about $9. P, S, M, L. At Stern's, New York & branches; Gertz—L. I., Jamaica & branches; Jordan Marsh Company, Boston & branches; Jordan Marsh, Florida, Miami; The Wm. H. Block Company, Indianapolis.

ACETATE
Estron®

Estron is the trademark for Eastman acetate fiber. Eastman makes only the fiber, not fabrics or robes.
EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company

public, and later the same year they played the Debussy Quartet in the presence of the composer. They lasted until 1946—a long life, by quartet standards. The Léner Quartet, organized in 1918 by four young members of the Budapest Opera orchestra, won international fame for its technical skill and for a beauty of tone. It moved to the United States in 1929, and was disbanded only after Léner's death, in 1948. The Roth Quartet, also founded by four young men from the Budapest Opera, went to America in 1928 and is still playing, although Roth himself is the only one of the original group who is left. The Hungarian String Quartet, founded in 1935, still performs all over the world; Bartók was a close friend of its first violinist, Zoltán Székely, and dedicated his Second Violin Concerto to him. Another Hungarian group in the West is the Végh Quartet, which is based in Switzerland. (The most famous of all string quartets, the Budapest, which was founded in 1921 by three Hungarians and a Dutchman, replaced its last Hungarian, Imre Pogány, in 1927, and since then it has been strictly American, both in its membership and in its base, which is Washington, D.C.)

Among the various quartets now performing regularly in Budapest, the best known are the Tátrai and the Weiner. The Tátrai, founded in 1945 by four of the principal string players in the Budapest Municipal Orchestra, is the most famous Hungarian quartet. It is subsidized by the state and is an excellent group, performing not just Hungarian music but the rest of the repertory. The Weiner Quartet is named for Leó Weiner, a Hungarian composer and music teacher who between the two World Wars held the chair of chamber music at the Budapest Academy of Music and trained so many musicians in the secrets of chamber-music style and phrasing, and the art of ensemble in general, that in time the country suffered from an oversupply of able players. Some were forced to emigrate in order to earn a livelihood, and others left for political reasons. In fact, for a time there was practically a mass exodus of Hungarian string players.

I went to the State Opera House the other night to hear a performance of Kodály's "Háry János." It is a sort of modern fairy tale, about a Hungarian Munchausen, and Kodály uses some of the old peasant tunes in his score, which is beautiful. The production had great charm—the sets and the costumes were handsome, the orchestra was first-

When we play hop scotch, we do it with real scotch

The Colony Hotel in Palm Beach is an *adult* hotel. Perhaps the finest in the world. Splendid place to winter. Perfect climate. Perfect service. And the most stimulating "hop scotch" game ever.

Accommodations by reservation only through your travel agent or Ledyard D. Gardner, General Manager.

Colony Hotel
Palm Beach, Florida

Cables: Prestige, Palm Beach

Represented nationally by
Leonard Hicks, Jr., Inc.

Amazing Device for Cracking Ice!

Now—crack ice so fast you won't believe your eyes. One or two light taps crack an ice-cube to bits without effort. It's the action of the vibrator-handle that does the trick. The ice doesn't scatter. No jabbing. No pounding. No skill required. Money-back guarantee. Gift-boxed, only $1.00 at gift-shops and department stores, or postpaid from

Tap-Icer Co., Box 156N, Williamsport, Pa.

Luxury in the New York manner

Regally spacious guest rooms and suites . . . heart of Rockefeller Center area . . . adjacent to everything of interest in New York. Meeting, banquet rooms.
Two notable restaurants

Hotel Dorset
Just off Fifth Avenue
30 West 54th Street
A Bing & Bing hotel

rate, and the artists obviously enjoyed what they were doing—but the most interesting aspect of the evening was on my side of the orchestra pit. The audience was very different from audiences in other Communist countries. Next to me sat a shrivelled little lady with an enormous pair of opera glasses, probably a family heirloom, who evidently knew the opera well, for she chuckled happily before each joke. In front of me sat two elegant Hungarian women with stunning hairdos. There were people who looked like the old bourgeoisie, and no doubt were, but there were also peasant women in colorful dresses and headkerchiefs. On the whole, the audience had dignity and the people enjoyed the performance; it was clear that they had all looked forward to it, and all wanted to look their best for it—workers and peasants, bourgeoisie and old ladies. Glancing around the auditorium, whose dark-red boxes and baroque ceiling painted with angels reminded me of the prewar Vienna Opera, I had to keep telling myself, "This is now, after all, the representative opera house of a Communist People's Republic." But then, as I've said, present-day Hungary is full of surprises. I know a man who once a great industrialist and one of the richest people in the country, and who assembled a noteworthy art collection. He has lost his factories and his houses, but he has been permitted to keep his collection of Old Masters. Before the war, he gave many treasures to the museums of Budapest, and spent so much time in the National Museum that a desk was permanently set aside for him in the museum library. He still has the desk, and he gets along well with the Party man who is in charge of the museum. Every so often, he sells one of his paintings to the museum ("I can't afford to give them away now," he says), and gets a good price for it. He could probably get an even better price if he sold it abroad, but he won't do that, because he is a Hungarian patriot and wants his collection to remain in Budapest.

EARLY one morning, I went to the city market, a gloomy structure piled up along the banks of the Danube in the heart of the business district, that reminded me of the Halles of Lyon—except, of course, for the foodstuffs on display. Compared to the market of what has been called the gastronomical capital of France, the Budapest Halles are not very exciting, but by comparison with the markets in other Eastern countries, they are spectacular. On the

LA SCALA OPERA HOUSE
SAN CARLO OPERA HOUSE
Théâtre Italien Moderne
N° 1
LUCIA
DI
Lammermoor,
LA BO
GIUSEPPE GIAC
MADAMA BUTTERFL
E RIUNITE DI L
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR ®
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored · Made and bottled by
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI - MILANO (Italy)
80 Proof
EXCLUSIVELY FOR AND IMPORTED BY
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York, N. Y.

FOND OF
THINGS ITALIANO?
TRY A SIP OF
GALLIANO

A masterpiece as truly Italian as the scores of Italy's unforgettable operas is the liquid gold of Galliano, the legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun." Try a sip of its bright, sunny flavor. Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that conquered America.

80 PROOF, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y. ©McK&R, 1963

HAWAII

World's greatest water show

(we give you the best seats in the house)

Sheraton's 4 hotels at Waikiki look right out on the world's most famous surfing reef. You can lie in the sun and watch the fun, or you can join in. There's a small navy of outriggers, catamarans and surfboards. (And the water temperature averages 72°!) What's more, you can stay at one great Sheraton, play at all 4. There's everything from free hula lessons to lavish, moonlit luaus. (Children stay with you free.) So, hurry and get into the act. **For Insured Reservations, call your Travel Agent or any Sheraton Hotel.**

Royal Hawaiian
Moana
Surfrider
Princess Kaiulani

SHERATON HOTELS
AT WAIKIKI

ground floor are the booths of the state farms and the collectives, which now cultivate a fraction over ninety-six per cent of all the arable land in Hungary. (The only privately owned farms of any size are a few orchards and vineyards near the big cities.) On the upper floor, individual farmers have smaller booths. This distinction seemed to make no difference to the housewives, who were busily shopping wherever they liked the goods. One woman I talked to told me that she usually bought her fruit and vegetables downstairs, and that, like everybody else, she was required to buy her sausage, bacon, and fresh meat at one of the state stores, but that she always went upstairs for chickens, because a peasant woman up there had the best. Each of the collectivized farmers is permitted to keep a small piece of land—not more than an acre and a half—as his own household garden, and the farmers perform miracles on these small plots. Eighty-five per cent of all the poultry raised in Hungary, fifty-eight per cent of all the pigs, and fifty-five per cent of all the cows are raised on household gardens, but only the poultry can be sold outside of the state stores. Collectivization really began to take hold in 1959, and it has brought about a complete change in the agricultural work force. Most of the young people have left the farms to live in the cities and work in the factories. The average age of the farm workers is now fifty-two, and a third of them are women. Hungary imports over four hundred thousand tons of wheat a year, mostly from the Soviet Union, and four hundred and sixty thousand tons of fodder. Before the war, a third of the national income was derived from industry and the rest from agriculture. Now it's about the reverse.

Since Hungary lacks almost all the important raw materials, she must import them, and depends heavily on the Soviet Union for them. Most of the oil, seventy-five per cent of the iron ore, fifty-four per cent of the metallurgical coke, and seventy-eight per cent of all the timber used come from Russia, and so does more than a million kilowatts of electric power every year. Oil imports are pouring in through the new Friendship Pipe Line, from Kuibyshev to Százhalombatta, ten miles south of Budapest, at the rate of a million and a half tons a year. The frantic industrialization undertaken by the Rákosi regime, which resulted in a miserably low standard of living, has been slowed down under Kádár, and more modest—and realistic—economic goals have been

For that well-dressed feeling!

(Revel in "Woolflex"® socks by Marum.)

Live it up in wonderful, washable, Hi-Rise Woolflex. Fashion, comfort and long wear. 65% Zephyr wool, 35% stretch nylon in heather tones of black, brown, navy, olive, dk. oxford, burgundy. Hi-Rise regular fits 10-11½; kingsize 12-14. $2.00 the pair. Ankle length fits 10-13. $1.50 (both plus postage). Write: **The Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio.**

marum
MARUM KNITTING MILLS, INC.
40 E. 34th Street, New York 16, N.Y.

Preferred in Pittsburgh

HOTEL
WEBSTER HALL

- 600 Air-conditioned Rooms
- 12 Attractive Function Rooms
- Ideal Location in Heart of Famed Civic Center
- Free parking for overnight guests
- Direct Limousine Service to and from Airport

WH

HOTEL WEBSTER HALL
4415 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15213
Telephone 412-621-7700 Teletype 412-642-2263
Henry J. Huemrich, Vice Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

Los Chavales de España
Shows 9 & 12
Sats.: 9-12-2 A.M.
LUNCH-DINNER-SUPPER
CHATEAU MADRID
42 WEST 58th ST. • PL 3-3773

established, with the emphasis being placed on industries that depend on skill and quality rather than huge quantities of raw material. "Hungary hopes to become a sort of minor-league Switzerland," an official told me, perhaps with more pride than justification. Still, Hungary already has a well-developed electronics industry and a first-rate pharmaceutical industry, and its production of machine tools and precision instruments is increasing all the time. The ultimate aim is for Hungary to supply the needs of other Communist countries in these fields under the Eastern Common Market. No change is foreseen in Hungary's present trade ratio, which is seventy per cent with the East and thirty per cent with the West. Because of last year's grain emergency in Russia, Hungary bought seventeen million dollars' worth of wheat and nearly ten million dollars' worth of corn and soybean products from the United States, but, normally, trade with the United States is insignificant; according to the Department of Commerce, Hungary sold us a little over a million and a half dollars' worth of goods in 1962, mostly wine, paprika and other spices, brooms, bicycles, and books, and bought from us eight hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars' worth of industrial machines, medicine, raw leathers, chemicals, and technical and scientific books.

The Budapest subway is called the oldest and smallest in the world. It was built by a Swiss firm in 1896 for the celebration of Hungary's millennial (the country's history dates back to 896, when the Magyars marched in and settled), and its small, clean, pleasant two-car trains run from the river, in the center of town, to the Városliget, or City Park—a distance of about three miles. This anachronistic subway connects two anachronistic landmarks of Budapest—Gerbeaud's Pastry Shop, in the middle of the city, and Gundel's Restaurant, in the park. Gerbeaud, which has been officially renamed Vörösmarty, after the famous nineteenth-century Hungarian poet, is now operated by the state, but old habitués claim that it has regained its position as the world's greatest pastry shop. ("And why not?" said a dignified civil-service lady who showed me around it. "We have butter, eggs, chocolate, and cream, and our pastry makers still use the old recipes.") An American guidebook published by a former citizen of Budapest says of it, "As good as Demel's in Vienna—the once distinguished still meet there." The second part of the statement seems

Style 82
Slip-on
Slip-on
Style 828
Traditional Slip-on

something smooth in imported Scotch

GOLDEN GORSE... new style stimulant for jaded wardrobes. One of the world's rarest, most costly leathers, imported from Martin's Glasgow tannery. Reserved exclusively for these men's casuals with hand-sewn vamps. Fashioned with Taylor flair, Taylor care. Fully leather lined. About $28.

At these and other fine stores:
Carson Pirie Scott and Company, *1 South State St., Chicago, Ill.* Mark's Boot Shop, *9679 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif.* Fellman, Ltd., *6 East 46th St., New York City.*

the taylor made shoe

E. E. TAYLOR CORP., Dept. T-23, Freeport, Maine
also manufacturers of British Walker Shoes for Men

Peck & Peck

The blazer look in pure Irish linen for the Peck & Peck Girl

In the forefront for Spring: the blazer's young dash, and linen's importance. Cornflower blue, beige or black, each with brass buttons. Fabric by Irish Looms. 8 to 16,

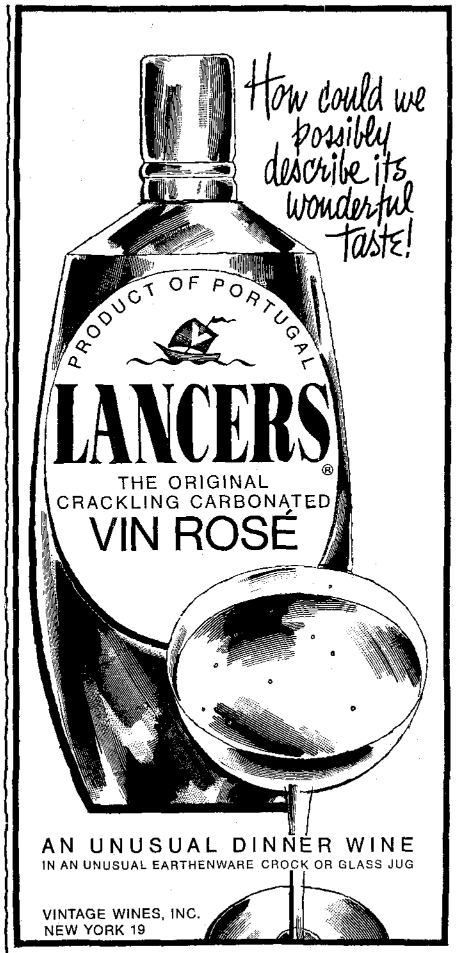
23.00

Fifth Avenue, New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia
Rochester • Detroit • Baltimore • Cleveland • St. Louis
Indianapolis • Atlanta • Twin Cities • Buffalo • Kansas City
Cincinnati • Washington, D. C. • Hartford • Providence

to me more accurate than the first, because I would say that, *torta* for *Torte*, Gerbeaud, or Vörösmarty, is no match for Demel. However, Vörösmarty is crowded from morning to night, and people say that it looks exactly as it did in the old days—lace curtains, dark oil paintings, large crystal chandeliers (I noticed that a light bulb was missing here and there), and intimate salons with a certain patina. The clientele illustrates another Hungarian virtue—resilience—being made up largely of old ladies and soigné gentlemen whose proprietary attitude leaves no doubt that they once belonged there and still do. They rarely order any pastry—just coffee in a glass—and they sit there for hours taking a dim view of the new clientele, the people who, they say, "come because they have money and want to stuff themselves with *dobos torta*." The new guests eat and drink in a hurry; the pastry, ice cream, and strudel are good, but the guests don't feel quite at home.

From one of the old-timers at Gerbeaud's, I learned that, with the apparent blessing of the regime, the sons and daughters of former Hungarian aristocrats now have a club of their own, like jazz fanciers, stamp collectors, poetry lovers, and so on, where they can meet in splendid isolation. In the years since social discrimination was ended by decree, many young ex-countesses have been working as hairdressers and many young ex-barons as automobile mechanics, those obviously being the most suitable professions. A while ago, a Hungarian who had written the history of one of the country's great families was received by the impoverished head of the dynasty, who thanked him for his work and expressed hopes that "times will get better." The writer, mindful of the near-feudalism that existed under the Horthy regime, remained silent, but he saw that he had missed the point when the dignified old man continued, wistfully, "I hope the day will come when my daughter has her own beauty parlor."

From the has-been world of Gerbeaud I descended into the subway and boarded a car where three deaf-mutes were carrying on an exciting pantomime conversation. They got out at the station marked "Opera" (where else?), and two men in short, Russian-style fur-lined coats got on, accompanied by two blind women. I had a sense of being on a Surrealist train, and was happy to arrive at the City Park—the scene, by the way, of Molnár's "Liliom." Not far away, I could see the zoo, which is


How could we possibly describe its wonderful taste!
PRODUCT OF PORTUGAL
LANCERS®
THE ORIGINAL CRACKLING CARBONATED
VIN ROSÉ

AN UNUSUAL DINNER WINE
IN AN UNUSUAL EARTHENWARE CROCK OR GLASS JUG

VINTAGE WINES, INC.
NEW YORK 19

What's the best way from Oshkosh to Osaka?

There are at least 50 different ways to cover this route. Some are better than others. Actually, there is no best way — it depends on how much time you have, your budget, what you want to see and do en route. Whether you want to go to Osaka, Oslo or Odessa, The House of Travel will plan your itinerary and make your travel arrangements the best way possible. It will save you time, trouble and even some money. We pride ourselves on having clients who know the ropes almost as well as we do. If it weren't for the "almost" we'd be out of business. Try us.

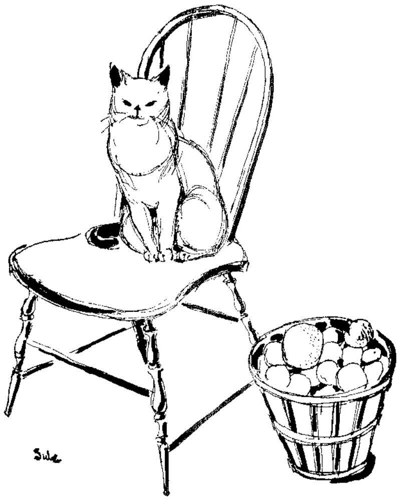
THE HOUSE OF TRAVEL
17 East 49th Street, N.Y.17,N.Y. MU 8-0185

MARIO'S

Villa D'ESTE	Villa BORGHESE
Open Daily 12:00 *Sundays at* 5:00	*Open Daily* 12:00 *Closed Sunday*
58 E. 56 ST. PL 9-4025	65 E. 55 ST. PL 1-2990

SUPERB FRENCH AND ITALIAN CUISINE
FOR LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Lavish CONTINENTAL DINNERS from $6

famous, as the American guidebook points out, for being "the only zoo in Europe where hippopotami give birth and where lions lie down with lambs," but I ignored it and gave myself up to nostalgia, evoked by a bluish neon sign nearby that said "Gundel." Sixteen years ago, when food was by no means plentiful, I had had one of the most memorable meals of my life in this restaurant, and had met Charles Gundel, who had worked with Ritz and Escoffier and was without any question the greatest restaurateur in Budapest—the caterer to the Hapsburg court and to all the later regimes. Even in 1948, Gundel, a towering, oaklike man of enormous presence, with a bald head and a large double chin, had somehow managed to keep up the great tradition. As a matter of fact, it was really Gundel who established it, creating the fine Hungarian cuisine by taking the noble French heritage and adding a dash of paprika. Like the famous Fernand Point, whom he resembled, Gundel was a perfectionist. (He used to put live carp taken from still lakes into screened tanks, which were lowered into the Danube for two weeks, so that the current would wash away the muddy taste, and his carp was the most delicate I have ever tasted.) He died a few years ago, in exile in Austria, and now the restaurant that bears his name is a nationalized enterprise. The palm tree in the middle of the main dining room, the columns, the chandeliers, and the gypsy musicians were still there, and the glasses and china had Gundel's name on them, I found, but the silver was scratched and the napery was flimsy compared to the heavy linen that Gundel used. As I entered, a stately old man took my coat, and then a polite young headwaiter gave me a friendly greeting and led me up three or four steps to a table. The place was not crowded, for Gundel's big season has always been the summer-



Take your Spring vacation at El San Juan Hotel.

We'll spoil you silly.

We'll wait on you hand and foot. Pamper you to death. Because service is what makes El San Juan a really great resort hotel. Plenty of comfortable chaises beside the Olympic size pool or on our big palm fringed beach. Purr under our warm, perpetual sunshine.

Bringing the children? Relax. We'll spoil them too in our wonderful supervised playground.

Rooms at El San Juan are big and beautiful. Always plenty of pillows, towels, soap and hangers.

Something to do and somewhere to go every evening right in the hotel. Wonderful restaurants like the Four Winds & Seven Seas or The Lemon Tree, each with a different atmosphere and a different gourmet menu; entertainment lounges that swing on into the night; the dazzling Tropicoro night club (the biggest on the Island) with headline entertainers like Eddie Fisher, Connie Francis, Alan King, Fran Warren and Frank Sinatra, Jr.

Our whole staff cares. Our telephone operators really operate. Our room service really services (*hot* coffee, *hot* toast, *hot* eggs). When you return home after a vacation at El San Juan Hotel, it takes a while to get accustomed to reality, but everyone should get out of this world once in a while.

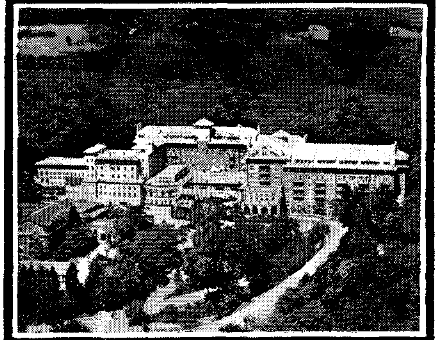
SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR WRITE EL SAN JUAN HOTEL, 850 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y., MU 8-8815
LOU PURO, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD / SAM SCHWEITZER, PRESIDENT / SOL W. GELTMAN, MANAGING DIRECTOR

El San Juan Hotel
ON THE FINEST BEACH IN PUERTO RICO

Evelyn Pearson's®
HUMDINGER
goes everywhere . . . does everything in gay and care-free comfort! Just snap close and be on your way! Crisp cotton seersucker with flower-appliquéd pockets to wear straight and free, or belted, *as* you please. Pink, Aqua, Maize. 10 to 20. $9.00. At Franklin Simon, 33 W. 34 St., and all branches; or for one of many stores near you, write Evelyn Pearson, Inc., Empire State Bldg, N.Y.1
price slightly higher West of the Rockies

time, and on hot Sundays, I was told, as many as two thousand people are crowded into the garden and onto the terrace.

A big table along one wall was occupied by a government delegation. A patron of the better restaurants in the Communist countries sees a great many of these, and by now there is probably an official code on How to Entertain a Delegation. There are always the uncomfortable-looking hosts, who wish they were elsewhere and didn't have to make boring conversation but who at least order the best (after all, the state pays for it), and the equally uncomfortable-looking guests, who are gradually thawed out by the food, which would be hard to obtain back home in Prague or Sofia or East Berlin. The menu, printed in Hungarian and French, looked the way I remembered it, and Gundel's name showed up twice—there was "*Gundel tál* (*Grillade à la Maison Gundel*)" and "*Gundel palacsinta*," which were Gundel's famous crêpes, filled with ground walnuts, sugar, and raisins, and covered with hot chocolate sauce—but there the similarity ended. People had told me that Gundel's was still very good, but I'm afraid they were victims of nostalgic illusions. No one who had worked under Gundel was left in the kitchen, and although his recipes were still used, the Master's touch was no longer there. I had a filet of cold *fogas*, reasonably fresh from Lake Balaton, and afterward a famous Gundel specialty—breaded goose liver. The food was perfectly edible; it was simply without gastronomic distinction. I cancelled an order I had put in for the *palacsinta*, preferring to nurse the memory of that marvellous dessert, and reflecting that wherever Mr. Gundel might be now, he couldn't be happy about what they were doing in his name. Earlier, I had refused one of the house cocktails—the wine card offered a White Lady, a Gin Fizz, a Sidecar, a Puszta (or Steppe) Cocktail, and an Orosz (or Russian) Cocktail—and the headwaiter seemed disappointed, but he cheered up a bit when I ordered a half bottle of Egri Bikavér, which I recalled had been one of Mr. Gundel's favorites. I asked him how business was. He told me proudly that last July they'd taken in one million eight hundred thousand forints and more than fulfilled the quota set by the state. I offered my congratulations, and asked him if there was anyone on the staff who remembered Charles Gundel. He shook his head and then said, "Oh, yes, the old man in the cloakroom knew him. He



Buck Hill
is a world of its own
...only 100 miles away

This grand resort in the Poconos offers acres and acres of vacation pleasure. And, something new has been added. It's a new wing with eighty guest rooms, enlarged dining area and an additional function lounge. Completely automatic elevators, too. Everything else is the same—golf on 27-hole championship course, tennis, lawn bowling and friendly, old-fashioned hospitality. Come for a change of pace. Only 2½ hours from New York, Philadelphia.

THE INN
Buck Hill Falls
IN THE POCONOS OF PENNSYLVANIA
For reservations and information: N.Y. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Circle 5-5620. Phila. — PEnnypacker 5-2433

a Bruce Safari is a Personal Affair

Betty or Dancy Bruce will show you East Africa themselves. The Bruces are Americans who have made East Africa their second home.

For $550, they'll take you on a memorable 12-day safari: a stay at Treetops; Lunch at Bill Holden's Mt. Kenya Safari Club; you'll camp under Kilimanjaro; then safari on through Hemingway country, and explore the inside of Ngorongoro Crater; visit the ancient port of Mombasa, and, finally, tropical Malindi Beach on the Indian Ocean.

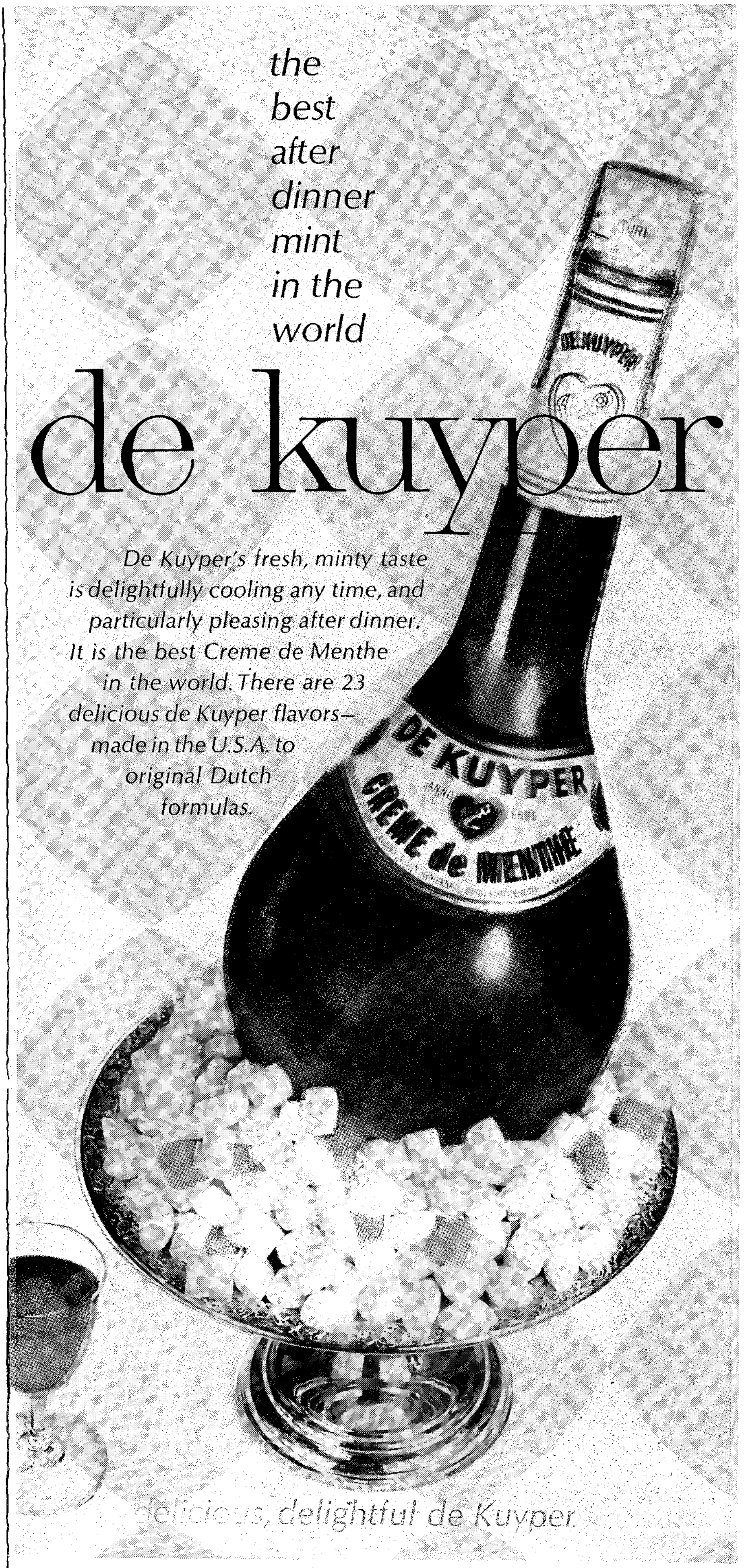
To join the Bruces, see your Travel Agent,
or write ORBITAIR INTERNATIONAL INC.,
8 East 48th Street, New York 10017
General Agents for
BRUCE SAFARIS

IS YOUR ALLIGATOR TIRED?
Dull, Worn And Soiled Alligator & Leather Handbags Cleaned, Redyed, Reglazed . . . Like New Again! Petit Point & Beaded Bags Also Repaired & Relined. Free Estimates!
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
62 W. 56th St. W. of 5th Ave., N.Y.C., JU 6-3737

used to dine here often in the old days." I paid and left, handing a large tip to the patriarch who gave me my coat.

BEFORE I left Vienna, H. C. Robbins Landon, the Boston-born musicologist and Haydn scholar, who lives in Vienna, had told me to be sure to stop in at the Bartók Archive in Budapest and have a talk with Dr. Bence Szabolcsi. "He's the outstanding figure in Hungarian musicology," Mr. Landon told me. "He's a leading Bartók authority, and back in the fifties his class in musical history at the Budapest Academy of Music turned out a whole group of dedicated musicologists, who are all in their thirties now." So the other afternoon I rode up Castle Hill, in Buda, and walked along Országház utca (Parliament Street), where many of the fine homes destroyed during the war have been faithfully rebuilt from the old plans, among them No. 9, which houses the Bartók Archive.

On the walls of the entrance hall and along the stairway were programs, in many languages, of historic Bartók premières, and on the second floor I met Dr. Szabolcsi, a small, bald man with twinkling eyes, a heavy mustache, and a cordial manner. No sooner had he greeted me than a door down the hall opened and out came a man who looked so exactly like Béla Bartók in his later photographs that I gasped. There was the same ascetic face, with its high forehead and big, burning eyes, and the same proud bearing. "Allow me to introduce Mr. Béla Bartók—Junior," said Professor Szabolcsi, chuckling. Mr. Bartók smiled, too; evidently this was one of Dr. Szabolcsi's standard jokes. Mr. Bartók, a shy, friendly man with a very soft voice, told me that he was an engineer and that he knew little about music. "It makes life much easier for me," he said. "My brother, Péter, in New York, knows about music. He has a recording studio." His mother, he told me, lives in seclusion in Budapest. Before Bartók left Hungary for America, because he refused to live under the Nazis, he had not been very popular in his homeland, and had been better known as a pianist than as a composer. However, he was very much admired by a small circle of musicians, and in 1945, when the liberation came, he was asked to return to his native land. He was delighted, and made plans to go, but failing health prevented it, and he died that fall in New York, of leukemia. The Rákosi regime considered his music "formalistic," and it was scarcely performed at all in Hungary


the
best
after
dinner
mint
in the
world

de kuyper

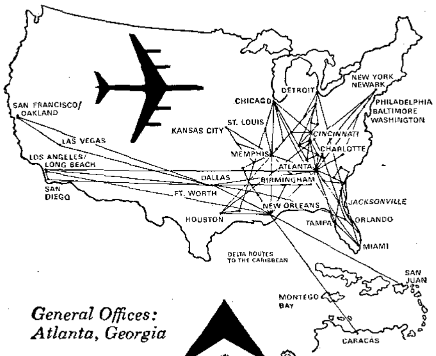
De Kuyper's fresh, minty taste is delightfully cooling any time, and particularly pleasing after dinner. It is the best Creme de Menthe in the world. There are 23 delicious de Kuyper flavors—made in the U.S.A. to original Dutch formulas.

delicious, delightful de Kuyper

GREEN OR WHITE. 60 PROOF. NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

cordially yours... DELTA

Seasoned travelers agree... Delta's quick and personal service, Jet-age speed and convenient schedules are a winning combination for any flight. Next trip, why don't you Jet with Delta!


SAN FRANCISCO/OAKLAND
LAS VEGAS
LOS ANGELES/LONG BEACH
SAN DIEGO
KANSAS CITY
ST. LOUIS
CHICAGO
DETROIT
NEW YORK NEWARK
PHILADELPHIA BALTIMORE WASHINGTON
CINCINNATI
CHARLOTTE
MEMPHIS
ATLANTA
DALLAS
BIRMINGHAM
FT. WORTH
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
JACKSONVILLE
ORLANDO
TAMPA
MIAMI
DELTA ROUTES TO THE CARIBBEAN
MONTEGO BAY
SAN JUAN
CARACAS

General Offices: Atlanta, Georgia

DELTA
the air line with the BIG JETS

during that era. Neither was the music of Bartók's lifelong friend, Zoltán Kodály, who is now, at the age of eighty-one, Hungary's greatest living composer. Kodály, who is a proud man and has been a fighter all his life, never concealed his feelings about the Rákosi government. At a reception early in the fifties, he was introduced to Rákosi, who was then at the height of his power, and the dictator gave Kodály his celebrated penetrating stare and said, "I've heard bad things about you." Kodály stared coldly back at him, said, "I've heard bad things about *you*," and turned around and left. Kodály and Bartók share the honors in the Archive's current exhibition, which memorializes their researches in the field of Hungarian folk music, their rediscovery of Hungarian children's music, and their special efforts on behalf of each other's music.

"They were almost the same age," Dr. Szabolcsi told me as he and Mr. Bartók escorted me into the first of two large rooms given over to the exhibition. "Bartók was born in 1881 and Kodály a year later. They became friends at the Royal Academy of Music in Budapest when both of them were studying under Professor Hans Koessler, who had been a pupil and a friend of Brahms. Another schoolmate—and a lifelong friend of Bartók's—was Emmerich Kálmán. His 'Czardas Princess' is practically the Hungarian national operetta. It's always being performed somewhere."

The exhibition, which is arranged chronologically, begins with a row of glass-covered cases containing photographs of Bartók and Kodály as young students, mostly looking intently and challengingly into the camera. In several pictures they are seen with Kodály's first wife, Emma Gruber, who was a pupil of Debussy, and who was a stimulating influence in their early, hard days.

"They were not satisfied with just composing," said Dr. Szabolcsi. "They wanted to discover the sources of the real Hungarian music, which until then was known only in the romances of the gypsy fiddlers. When both were in their twenties, gifted musicians and true patriots, they went out into the countryside in search of the country's music. Here on this chart you can follow the trail."

"The yellow trail is Bartók, the red one Kodály," said Mr. Bartók. "On their first trip, in 1905, Kodály went north and my father went to Transylvania, and when they came back, they compared their results."

W-u-r-r-l-d's best travel bargain*

insist on COOK'S TRAVELERS CHEQUES

"Scotty" is right because...you save *25% on the issuance charge when you buy Cook's Travelers Cheques. Safe...accepted everywhere. Better than cash too, for they're promptly refunded if lost or stolen. Backed by the world's largest Travel Organization.

THOS. COOK & SON

In $10, $20, $50, $100, and $250 denominations.

STILL ONLY 75¢ PER $100
WHY PAY MORE?
at authorized banks, travel agencies and all Cook's Offices.

BUSHKIN'S BACK!
WITH QUARTET

ROAST BEEF
• STEAKS •
BARBECUED RIBS

WORLD RENOWNED
EMBERS
161 E. 54 • PL 9-3228 • OPEN SUN.

The Leopard
RESTAURANT

253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

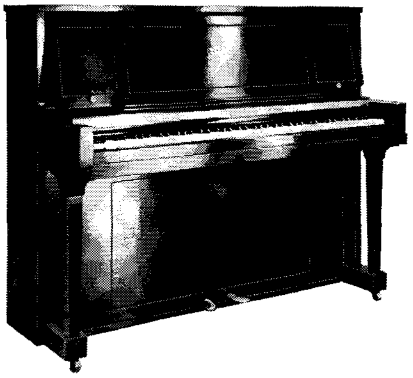
Mitzi Holmes' Jager House
LEXINGTON AVENUE at 85th STREET
Exceptional Continental Food
Enchanting Viennese Music
Spacious Banquet Facilities
Reservations: RH 4-3820

"*Terrific* results!" Dr. Szabolcsi exclaimed. "They discovered the very depth—*die tiefste Schicht*—of Hungarian folk music." In his excitement, Dr. Szabolcsi, who had been speaking English, began to talk a mixture of English and German. "Each found out, independently of the other, that an archaic Asiatic musical style still existed in Central Europe! They brought back a wealth of material. *Wahre Schätze!* And then they went after the sources of our national children's music." Dr. Szabolcsi pointed out several photographs showing the two men surrounded by children's choruses. "Those were hard years for the composers," he said. "They had many enemies." Dr. Szabolcsi took me by the arm and led me to another case, this one containing the original scores of Kodály's "Psalmus Hungaricus" and Bartók's "Dance Suite." On the wall above was the program of the festival concert of November 19, 1923, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the merger of the city's three historic parts—Buda, Pest, and Alt-Ofen. In the next case were Bartók's unfinished "Five Songs," Opus 15, which were arranged after his death by Kodály.

"They helped each other right from the start," Dr. Szabolcsi said. "Very unusual, in the case of two great composers. Look at this score of Bartók's 'Duke Bluebeard's Castle.' You can see three different handwritings. The original was done by Bartók, of course, who also wrote the Hungarian text. Then Mrs. Kodály added the German translation, and, finally, Kodály made the corrections. An amazing document of devotion and friendship! Kodály still spends a great deal of time on the unfinished work of his friend, doing the right-hand part of a piano composition where Bartók wrote only the left-hand part, for instance, and generally looking over the scores and correcting. Absolutely unique in the annals of modern music!"

"Please don't lean on the glass," Mr. Bartók said to him. "It's not very solid."

Next Dr. Szabolcsi showed me pressed flowers in frames, and explained that Bartók, an enthusiastic amateur naturalist, had collected them. "He was bound to nature by close ties. He responded to every nuance of landscape, of the seasons, of the day. The 'Notturno' of his 'Mikrokosmos' is inspired by the sighing of the wind, and his 'Night Music' by the sound of bullfrogs in a pool on the plains. And the bird-song music of his Third Piano



Punish this Steinway all you want

Every Steinway is built with incredible capacity to last. But the Professional is specially designed to take punishment throughout its long life. Teachers prize the robust strength and sensitive response that demonstrate technical supremacy in hundreds of hidden places. This rugged Vertical possesses the golden tone that distinguishes the Steinway as the Instrument of the Immortals.

Please send for our color catalog

STEINWAY & SONS 111 W. 57TH ST. NEW YORK

Bloomingdale's, N.Y.; Neustetters, Denver; J. L. Hudson, Detroit; Woodward & Lothrop, Wash. D.C.
THIS LITTLE LOUNGEES...goes
window-shopping, island-hopping, park-walking, table-talking. Camese in cotton chambray with cowl collar that dips to a V in back. Obi belt to use if you chose. Multi-stripes in either coral, blue or green. 8-18 eleven dollars.
Prices higher in the west.
Loungees
362 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.
LOUNGEES MAKES IT EASY TO LOOK LOVELY!

Concerto is closely related to the bird-song studies of his last American summer . . ."

Mr. Bartók was beginning to look uneasy, but whether it was because of the good doctor's lush romanticizing about the source of Bartók's inspirations or the lateness of the hour I could not tell. At any rate, Dr. Szabolcsi caught a look from him and interrupted himself to say, "I know you've got to leave. You are already late."

I said I had to leave, too, and we all shook hands.

Dr. Szabolcsi asked me to come back again soon.

"The next time, we'll have many new things to show you. We are quite busy here, as you can see. No wonder. We are years behind, and we have a lot of catching up to do."

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

• •

A LEMUR IN THE SUPERMARKET AT NIGHT: A VIEW OF THE AFTERLIFE

I

I can see in the dark but my eyes
look much too big
in the soup tins. I am always
amazed to see myself.

II

In my wire bowl, I can scarcely
arrange my tail
without bringing a pound of strawberry
jam on my back. I am too athletic.

III

It helps to be tricked out
with a pair of hands
you could hide in a watch-
case, of course. I have to spend

so much time eating
to keep warm.

IV

Having gnawed through their Japanese house,
I no longer investigate
rice crispies for signs
of tops. I am all saliva.

V

The eccentric pleasures of arching at high
speed over quite
unbelievably large tracts
of space are palling,

as are the delights
of messy activities amid flour.

VI

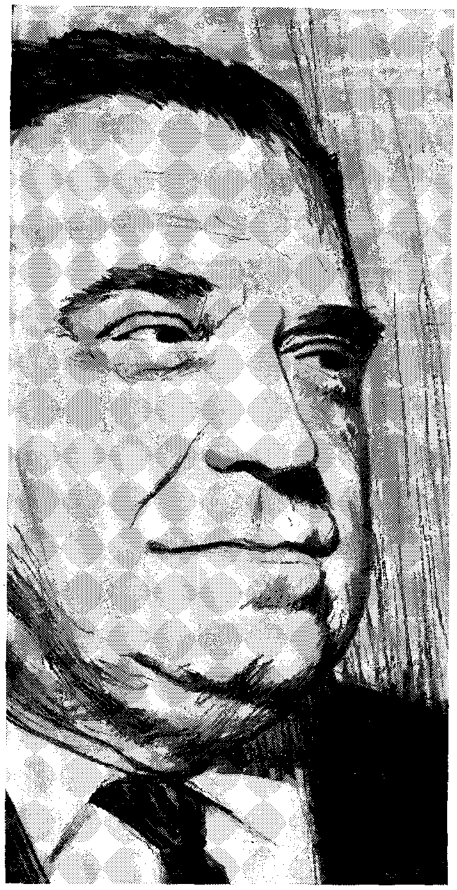
I have not yet approached the arctic
regions of my world flowing
with milk and honey. Why risk
such excoriating cold

for wrapped meat?

VII

I could live on the shelves for
years without touching the ground.
There might be enough cauliflower
for the rest of my life.

—GEORGE MACBETH



Mr. Knud Nielsen, *Executive Chef of the Hotel Fairmont, Nob Hill, San Francisco.*

Escoffier Sauce
is the personal choice
of the most
distinguished chefs

"It is most rewarding that one is now able to purchase sauces so absolutely faithful to the original recipes of the world's greatest chef, M. Auguste Escoffier. I find both Sauce Diable and Sauce Robert indispensable to the complete enjoyment of many meat and fish dishes. Both Escoffier Sauces are available at all times to our guests, either served from their bottles, or mixed with equal parts of warmed butter."

We are pleased to tell you that now both Escoffier Sauce Diable and Sauce Robert are available at your favorite food store for your pleasure at home.

SUPERB ON MEATS, FISH, POULTRY
The Escoffier Sauce Robert
SUPERB ON MEATS, FISH POULTRY
The Escoffier Sauce Diable

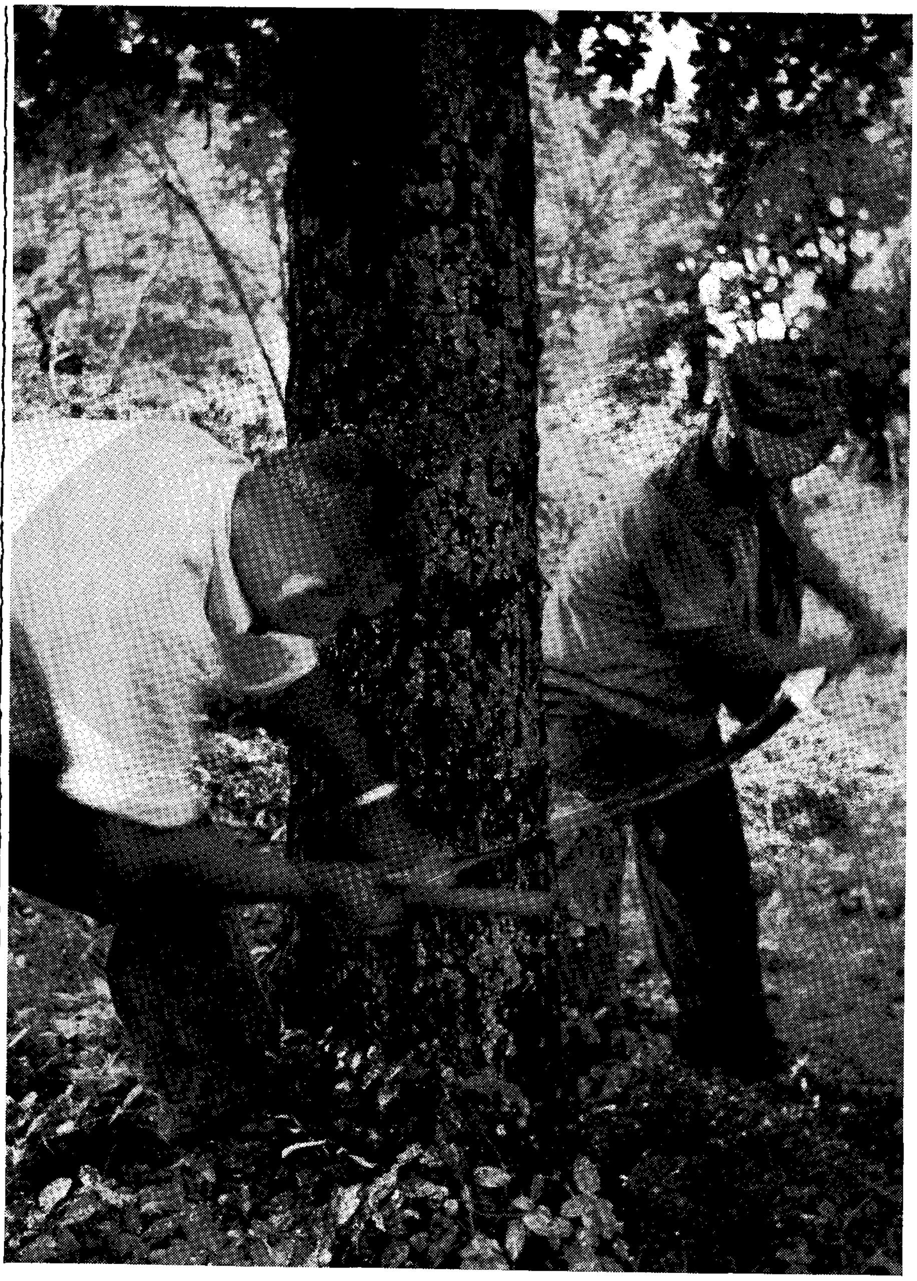
ESCOFFIER, LTD., DIVISION OF HEUBLEIN, INC.
HARTFORD, CONN., LONDON, ENGLAND

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Priest and King

IN "Becket" we behold a curious marriage of convenience between two altogether different attitudes toward drama—that of Jean Anouilh, who wrote the play on which the movie is based, and that of Hollywood, which, though the movie was shot in England, is plainly the spiritual home of its makers. Offhand, one wouldn't have said of such a marriage that it had much chance of success, for among contemporary playwrights Anouilh is the most cunning manipulator of the purely theatrical, while Hollywood isn't, at bottom, theatrical at all, and can even be argued to be the opposite of theatrical. By insouciant trickery, Anouilh turns all the natural disadvantages of the stage to his advantage, forcing us to accept the most outrageous unlikelihoods of plot and setting by deliberately increasing our sensation of make-believe, but Hollywood, beginning with no natural disadvantages (a camera can go anywhere and see anything), forces us to accept the outrageous by demonstrating that it doesn't exist—that, in the crudest optical terms, whatever is in a movie really and truly *is*, as a stone is a stone. If no artifice is too difficult for Anouilh, no reality is too difficult for Hollywood. With the former, to gallop on horseback along the shore of the English Channel is to hop up and down on one's own feet on a square yard of dusty stage; with the latter, it's to bestride a true steed on true sand beside a true sea.

Oddly, this radical disparity of means to a given end doesn't destroy "Becket." Thrust headlong, fearing the worst, into the huge maw of a socko spectacular, we detect with relief, in the voices of Becket, Henry II, Louis of France, and the Bishop of London, the urbanely disillusioned, intellectually playful tone of the hidden puppetmaster. Edward Anhalt, who wrote the screenplay, has had the audacity to preserve many of Anouilh's best strokes of wit, correctly assuming that the brilliance of the original work would survive being blown up by Panavision and drenched in Technicolor, and though the director, Peter Glenville, has self-indulgently dawdled over the opening and closing passages of the movie—a little of a liv-



CUTTING A TENNESSEE WHISKEY TREE is the quickest step of the ancient process we still use to gentle Jack Daniel's.

Good woodsmen can cut a hard maple on high ground in 20 minutes. It takes 3 days to saw it up and properly rick-burn it to charcoal. Then it's packed tightly in vats 10 feet deep, and our whiskey is seeped down through it . . . drop by drop . . . for 10 unhurried days. This is the ancient Charcoal Mellowing process. And the sippin' smooth difference it gives Jack Daniel's is worth every minute it takes.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
BRAND
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

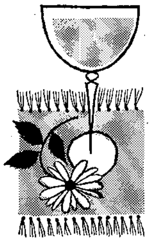
©1963, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

'23 skidoo and a Side Car, too

The Twenties—Fads, flivvers, flappers. Era of wonderful nonsense...Paris cafes jammed with Americans and Frenchmen enjoying that inspired mixture of Cointreau Liqueur, Cognac and lemon juice, whimsically tagged the Side Car.

The Sixties—The Side Car rides again...the wicked 20's are back and famous Cordials by Cointreau are the rage at fashionable gatherings.



The Side Car — ⅓ Cointreau Liqueur, ⅓ lemon juice, ⅓ Cognac (or, change proportions to taste). Shake well with cracked ice.

The Side Car is only one of many colorful, conversation-piece drinks made with Cordials by Cointreau. For other fascinating drink and food recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 22.

Cointreau Ltd., Pennington, N.J.

Cordials by Cointreau, 50 to 80 proof.

ing man aiming quips at a corpse goes a long way—the race is nearly always to the swift. Peter O'Toole makes a vivid and touching figure of poor Henry II (O'Toole's Henry is much less loutish than the Henry of Anthony Quinn, in the Broadway production of a few seasons back), and Richard Burton plays a Becket who is perhaps a trifle too dully of good old Saxon peasant stock. Nowadays, Mr. Burton relies almost entirely on his remarkable voice to do his acting for him; his face has become a sad, slightly blurred mask, and the eyes punched in it rarely tell us what the mask conceals. Others in the large cast are John Gielgud, Donald Wolfit, Martita Hunt, Pamela Brown, David Weston, and, for a brief spell, Felix Aylmer, playing the part of Becket's immediate predecessor in the chair of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Surely it's time Mr. Aylmer was given a bishopric of his very own.

"TWO ARE GUILTY" is an imperfect and irritating French film. Throughout most of its length, it lures us down the usual twisting garden path of the detective thriller, but in the last five minutes, unconscionably betraying itself and us, it becomes a tract on the nature of justice—or, rather, on the seeming impossibility of achieving justice under law. This is a subject that has attracted the attention of André Cayatte, the director of the film, on other occasions, and I respect him for his seriousness of purpose, but when I discovered that the intricate skein of plot was not to be unravelled—that the mystery I had racked my brains to solve was never to be solved by anyone—I felt far too angry with M. Cayatte to heed his legal lucubrations. For American audiences, the most important actor in the picture is Anthony Perkins, and he is simply terrible. —BRENDAN GILL

•

DEAR MRS. POST:
"I have recently become engaged and am buying my linens. I was told by several salespeople that the linens should be marked with both my fiance's and my initials, with the initial of my future name in the center and on either side of this, the initial of my first name and my fiance's first name. I have never heard of this. Is it correct?" C. K.

DEAR C. K.:
No. The linen should be marked with the initials of your maiden and future husband's name. For example, if you were marrying a man named Jones, you would use the initials MSJ. —*Emily Post in the Miami News.*

Maybe you just better not *get* married.

B'WAY'S 3 TOP MUSICALS

"THERE IS NO HANDSOMER WAY TO VISIT LITTLE OLD NEW YORK!" —*TIME MAGAZINE*
CAROL CHANNING *in*
HELLO, DOLLY!
UNANIMOUSLY ACCLAIMED MUSICAL HIT!
Directed & Choreographed by
GOWER CHAMPION
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Evgs.: $9.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. & Sat. Mats.: $5.50. 4.80. 4.30. 3.80. 3.
SAT MATS. Sold out thru May 30
ST. JAMES THEA. 246 W. 44th ST., N. Y. C.

"A MUSICAL WOW!"—*GLOVER, ASSOC. PRESS*
CLIVE REVILL GEORGIA BROWN *in*
LIONEL BART'S
OLIVER!
THE SENSATIONAL MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Evgs. Tues. thru Thurs. $8.60, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Fri. & Sat.: $9.30, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90. Wed. Mat.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90. Sat. & Sun. Mat.: $5.50, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90.
MATINEE EVERY SUNDAY at 2:30
IMPERIAL THEATRE, 249 W. 45 St. N. Y. C.

"A REAL CHARMER!" —*LIFE MAGAZINE*
ROBERT HORTON
INGA SWENSON
STEPHEN DOUGLASS *in*
ONE HUNDRED AND TEN IN THE SHADE!
THE EXCITING NEW MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED: Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $8.80, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $9.40, 7.50, 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.80. Wed. Mat.: $4.90, 4.40, 3.80, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: $5.50, 4.90, 4.40, 3.80, 3.
BROADHURST THEA., 235 W. 44 St., N. Y. C.

"SPARKLING COMEDY"
—New York Times
"LIGHTS UP BROADWAY"
—New York World Tele.
ROGER L. STEVENS presents
MARGARET LEIGHTON
ALAN WEBB JOHN WILLIAMS
ENID BAGNOLD'S new comedy
The Chinese Prime Minister
Directed by JOSEPH ANTHONY

"Margaret Leighton is at her radiant best. Wise, witty—a distinguished play. It shimmers on the stage."
—*Walter Kerr N.Y. Herald Trib.*

"The author of 'The Chalk Garden' is writing again with civilized wit...teasingly subtle and joyously direct."
—*Howard Taubman N.Y. Times*

Eves. Mon.-Thurs.: $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.05, 3.60, 2.90. Fri.-Sat. Eves.: $7.50 6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mats.: $4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 2.90, 2.30. Sat. Mats.: $5.40, 4.80, 3.60, 2.90.

Royale Theatre 242 W. 45 St., N.Y.
Circle 5-5760

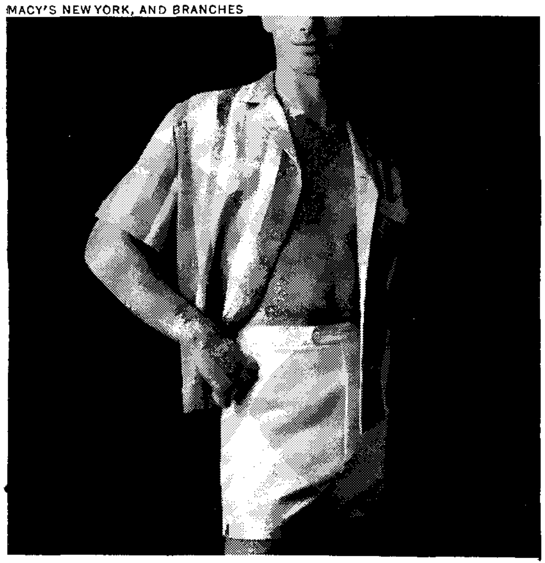
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST MUSICAL
DICK SHAWN *in*
A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM
Directed by GEORGE ABBOTT
ORIGINAL CAST ALBUM ON CAPITOL RECORDS
PRICES: Evenings Monday thru Thurs.: Orch. $8.60; Mezz. $7.50; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.40; Mezz. $8.60; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Sat. Mat.: Orch. $5.40; Mezz. $4.80; Balc. $4.30, 3.60, 3.00.
ALVIN THEATRE 250 W. 52 St., N.Y.C. Cir 5-5226

MUSICAL EVENTS

Faulty "Falstaff"

HEARING "Falstaff," the wittiest and most subtle of all Verdi operas, is such a rare treat nowadays that it is an especial pity that the production of it last Friday evening at the Metropolitan fell short of perfection on many counts. Anselmo Colzani, who was singing the title role for the first time anywhere, lacks—at present, at any rate—the stage presence, the acting skill, and the vocal polish of a great Falstaff. The lack of vocal polish was most noticeable in the aria with the lute in Act II, Scene 2, which passed by as a mere episode instead of standing out as a sudden and inspired lyric outburst on the part of the Fat Knight. Mario Sereni, as Ford, was tame; his big scene of jealousy was not the impassioned one that nearly always brings down the house, and it didn't bring down the house on this occasion. Franco Zeffirelli's scenery and costumes, which held to a predominant hue of drab yellow until the final scene, in Windsor Forest, seemed to me unnecessarily colorless—though that final scene, with spreading oak trees and all the paraphernalia of the age-old British forest and fairy tradition, was undeniably beautiful. Last, and all-important, there was the conducting of Leonard Bernstein. Mr. Bernstein is technically a cut above most of the conductors now serving at the Metropolitan, but he is a very excitable maestro who is apt to lose his poise in music of such delicacy. He did so during the entire first act, with the result that all those magical little ensembles between the Merry Wives were badly mangled. Later, Mr. Bernstein improved greatly, and the second and third acts were conducted with both verve and accuracy. Probably his first-act trouble was only a case of opening-night nerves; if so, we can confidently expect a brilliant first act in the many performances of this production that are in store for us. Mr. Zeffirelli's stage direction was broad, farcical, and somewhat coarse. On the whole, I can say that I have seen and heard much finer "Falstaffs." The audience, however, seemed highly amused by the production, and the magnificent score, even

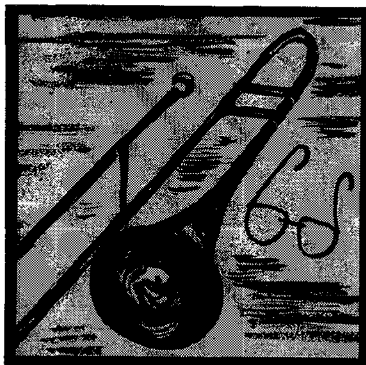
MACY'S NEW YORK, AND BRANCHES



The first thing you notice is the fabric.

When Dunmar Sun City Casuals plunged into Roventi to make this nifty-looking outfit, they had good reason. Here was one linen-y fabric that had all the muscle, body, color and coolness needed to make a splash. Amazing, how one always finds a treasure at Crown Fabrics, 119 West 40th Street, New York 18, N.Y.

Crown Fabrics



AN EVENING OF
MUSIC MADE FAMOUS
BY
GLENN MILLER

STARRING
TEX BENEKE
•
RAY EBERLE

AND THE
MODERNAIRES
WITH PAULA KELLY

AND THEIR
ORCHESTRA

AT THE
ROYAL BOX
americana
OF NEW YORK

nightly at 9:30 and 12:15
(except Sundays)
DINNER & SUPPER DANCING
RESERVATIONS: PETER/LT 1-1000
'TIL MARCH 28th!
JULIE LONDON
OPENS ON MARCH 30th!

The Sheraton-Kingston gives you calypso, duty-free bargains, your own private balcony

(and all of Jamaica, of course)

To sum up, we've sort of cornered the market on fun. Our casual, Jamaica-modern guest houses surround a tropical terrace with king-size swimming pool. (Every room with private balcony.) Outdoor and indoor dining. Dancing nightly in the Spanish Main. Our own duty-free shop. Golf, fishing nearby. And you're minutes away from lively downtown Kingston. For Insured Reservations, call your Travel Agent or nearest Sheraton Hotel.

SHERATON-KINGSTON HOTEL

though it was not invariably set forth with the utmost clarity, was there to hear and to improve upon in the imagination.

Is this the best I can say for the performance? Of course not. The female roles were all well cast. Gabriella Tucci was a fetching Mistress Ford, Rosalind Elias a spirited Mistress Page, and Regina Resnik a hilarious Dame Quickly. The true-love relief, in the hands of Judith Raskin and a new young lyric tenor named Luigi Alva, was admirably set forth, with Miss Raskin hitting and sustaining some lovely high pianissimos. And nearly all the lesser roles, including the Dr. Cajus of Paul Franke, the Bardolph of Andrea Velis, and the Pistol of Norman Scott, as well as the many pantomimic characters who appear in the last scene, were excellently done. And anyway, flaws or no flaws, it was good to have "Falstaff" back after an absence of fifteen years. Several changes in the cast are expected later on, Mr. Bernstein is bound to recover himself, and I expect to report much more favorably on some subsequent performance.

ON Tuesday evening last week, the Houston Symphony, under Sir John Barbirolli, made an appearance at Philharmonic Hall, and surprised a good many people, including me, by the brilliance and virtuosity of its playing. Since the string section is a little short on numbers, it is sometimes overbalanced by the sheer power of the brasses and woodwinds. But the orchestra, trained by Sir John to hair-trigger responsiveness, is a phenomenally anxious one—anxious, that is, to do its utmost—and it shone the other night with a sort of aggressive spit and polish seldom encountered in the older ensembles along the Eastern seaboard. To judge by the paucity of gray heads on the stage, the orchestra is also a youthful one, and it certainly sounded that way. The program, designed to show off its ability to play a great variety of music, began with Berlioz's "Le Corsair" Overture, in which it met the challenge of the rapid and taxing string opening; continued with Delius's impressionistic idyll "In a Summer Garden," which demonstrated the capacity for refined tone coloring in the brasses and woodwinds; and wound up at half time with Ralph Vaughan Williams' Sixth Symphony—the one with the rather sensational nine-minute pianissimo close. After the intermission, there was a sturdy and judicious performance of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. None of these works happen to be among my favorites, but they made

CAVANAGH'S ORIGINAL ISLAND PRINT SPORT SHIRT of FINE MOYGASHEL COTTON. TWO POCKETS. BLACK etched with white, WHITE etched with black. SIZES: S, M, L & XL. SEND ONLY $7.95 plus 90¢ for mailing costs

FASHIONS, GIFTS & FAMOUS LABELS from 44 COUNTRIES at free port prices

$7.95 SPECIFY COLOR

Cavanagh's

ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS, U.S.A.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED COLOR BROCHURE

"Julius Monk has done it better than ever: Baker's Dozen . . . It's the best yet and better than that."
—Crist, Herald Tribune

JULIUS MONK'S PLAZA 9

new show 'BAKER'S DOZEN'

with GERRY MATTHEWS
Two shows nightly—8:45 & 11:30 P.M.
Reservations: PLaza 9-3933

at The Plaza
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

DAWSON'S

Lunch Dinner

Ha-Penny Bar

159 EAST 53RD STREET • PL 2-1387

Houston's traditional host...

the RICE hotel

For reservations, phone SPring 7-5080
in New York or see your travel agent.

for an unusual evening of listening, and they were all done with astonishing craftsmanship by both conductor and orchestra.

TWO nights later, Josef Krips devoted the main part of his program with the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall to the late Paul Hindemith's "Symphonic Metamorphoses of Themes by Carl Maria von Weber" and Anton Bruckner's Fourth, or "Romantic," Symphony. The Hindemith item strikes me as one of the most delightful works in that earnest composer's output, possibly because somebody—namely, Weber—gave him some real themes to work on. In it, Hindemith, for once, wrote insouciant music of no great pretensions but of great charm, and the result is in the category of, though totally unlike, Prokofieff's Classical Symphony. Under Mr. Krips' baton, the orchestra turned in a magnificent performance.

I wish I could say as much for the performance of Bruckner's Fourth. While Mr. Krips' approach to it was obviously painstaking, and all the notes were in place, he failed to set the atmosphere of magic at the opening, where the horn hovers above the string tremolo, and throughout there was none of the peculiar mood of exaltation that is mandatory in a superior Bruckner performance. There was also none of the intuitive feeling for cohesion without which Bruckner is apt to fall apart into apparently unrelated sequences, and the "romantic" element was largely missing. All in all, the slow movement fared best—mainly, I think, because it coheres naturally, without a conductor's help.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

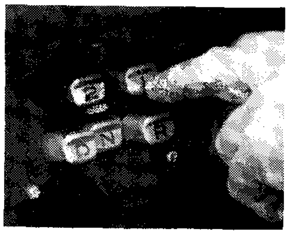
JAZZ CONCERTS

Triumph

THE curse of the originator is adulation. His inventions, diffused and sullied by admiring hands, disappear behind a skein of imitations. But some originators, through sheer inventiveness, outwit their apostles; no matter how often their work is emulated, it remains simon-pure. One such immutable figure is the pianist Earl Hines, who, visible in New York just once in the past decade, held forth with stunning results last Friday at the Little Theatre in the third of the "Jazz on Broadway" concerts.

Hines founded one of the three schools of jazz piano playing. The earliest, made up mainly of blues pianists, flourished under Jimmy Yancey

"...or could it be his Louis Roth Suit?"



Europe at your fingertips...

in your own new Renault Dauphine or R-8 with push-button automatic transmission. Up to 64 kilometers per gallon (40 miles of Europe!). All this driving comfort and economy for as little as $1,191 f.o.b. Paris. ◆ Over 5,500 Renault dealers throughout Europe are ready and equipped to help you should the occasion arise. Learn more about the car geared for American driving that knows its way around Europe. Visit your Renault dealer or mail this coupon today, and we'll see that you get the full story on the Renault Overseas Plan.

RENAULT OVERSEAS SALES N-3

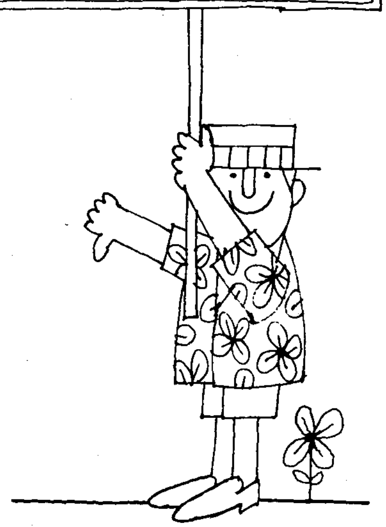
RENAULT, INC., 750 THIRD AVE.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10017

NAME ______ ADDRESS ______

CITY ______ ZONE ______ STATE ______

DOWN WITH FARES

TO THE CARIBBEAN!



JET OR PROP-JET 21-DAY ECONOMY EXCURSION FARES

Between New York and	April 15-June 14	June 15-Sept. 14
St. Kitts	$161.00	$193.00
Antigua	161.00	193.00
Guadeloupe	167.00	199.00
Dominica	173.00	208.00
Martinique	177.00	213.00
St. Lucia	181.00	217.00
Barbados	189.00	228.00
St. Vincent	199.00	240.00
Grenada	204.00	244.00
Trinidad	209.00	251.00
Tobago	214.00	256.00

NOW THE FUNDERFUL ISLANDS ARE BARGAIN-PRICED! New, lower-than-ever BWIA excursion fares . . . first-time-ever for many of these happy islands. Come and let the sun and the sand and the sea chase your cares away! For information and reservations, see your travel agent, any BOAC office or, in New York, call MU 7-1600.

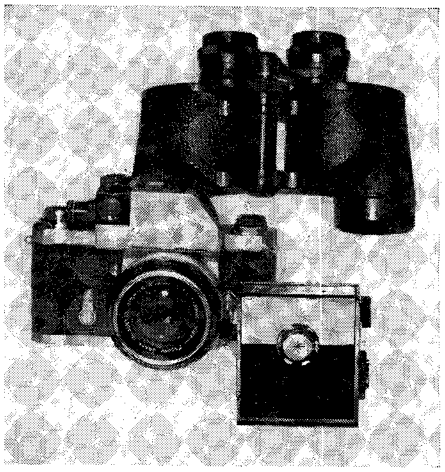
To help you plan your trip, send for our free "Caribbean FunPak." It contains complete information on each of the islands where the fun comes from. Write to: BWIA, Dept. N-3, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. (10036)

BWIA
BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS

All fares subject to government approval.

and his disciples Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons. The second, an outgrowth of ragtime, was established by James P. Johnson and others, and it produced such marvels as Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, and Count Basie. Hines, drawing in small part from these traditions and in large part from himself, came to prominence in 1928. The effect was startling; no one had ever before played the piano that way. Like Bix Beiderbecke and Jack Teagarden and Louis Armstrong, Hines seemed to spring up unique and fully grown. In time, his followers included Teddy Wilson, Art Tatum, Mary Lou Williams, Jess Stacy, Billy Kyle, Eddie Heywood, Nat Cole, and Erroll Garner. Before Hines, jazz pianists had been orchestral and baroque (the stride men), or one-track primitive (the blues men). The ground between was bare. Hines retained the orchestral quality and skimmed the cream from the blues, but he subordinated these to remarkable innovations. His style, which has changed little, is marked by enormous rhythmic impetus, rich harmonies, total unpredictability, and a singular joyousness. (Fats Waller's bounding spirit was deceptive; more often than not, it merely mocked ebullience. And Tatum's energies were monolithic.) Hines did not—despite the critical cliché—invent the single-note melodic line in the right hand. He did, however, compound usually incidental methods of earlier pianists with knifelike arpeggios, on-time and double-time runs that disregarded bar measures, and octave doublings. He frequently added tremolos to the last in an attempt to shake a vibrato from a vibratoless instrument. (He is celebrated for his hornlike approach, and in this sense he should be.) At the same time, he set off his single-note patterns with chords played a little behind the beat or in rapid staccato ladders. In his equally important left hand, he occasionally commemorates the stride pianists' oompah bass, but more frequently he uses tenths, trills, isolated chords placed everywhere around the beat, and percussive single notes. His hands seem at war. A right-hand run races ahead of a fragment of stride bass; a left-hand trill rumbles while the right hand rallies irregular octave doublings; staccato right-hand chords are poised, like an inverted pyramid, on a simple legato left-hand melody; sustained right-hand tremolos cascade toward ascending left-hand block chords. These devices constantly advance and retreat, and now and then dissolve into brief arhythmic interludes, in which the beat

Traveling to the Caribbean?



Then don't fail to stop in and see the most complete collection of photographic and electronic merchandise found anywhere.

Send for free catalogue

EL GLOBO
CURACAO · ARUBA · ST. MAARTEN N.A.

"CHILD HOLDING FISH"

Statuette in lead suitable for fountain, Fish piped for water ■ One of many famous statues in our extensive collection, in Lead, Bronze and Stone ■ "CHILD HOLDING FISH"—260-N . . . in lead, suitable for fountain. 35" high, 9¾" wide, octagonal base. Fish piped for water (can be made to use house water supply or with circulating pump, to order). $175.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C. express collect. 25¢ in coins or postage for catalogue M-63.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
Phone LExington 2-3926

Gin and Vodka's new rival . . .

Gavilan Tequila!

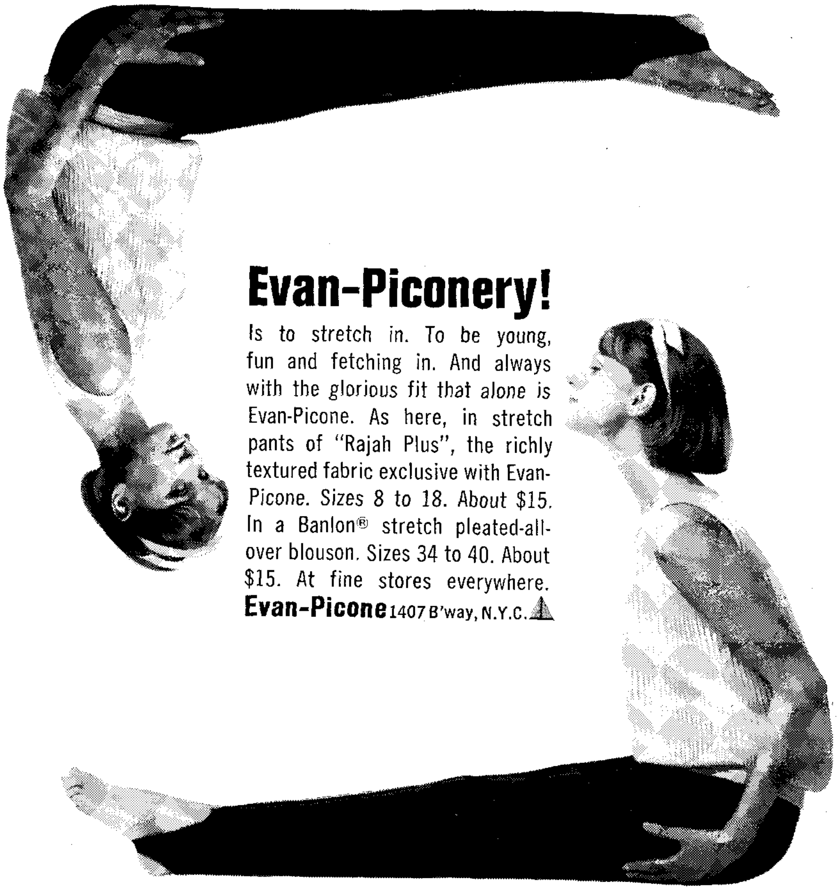
Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 90 proof.

SINGING SPREE NIGHTLY ★ SHOW TUNES ★ OPERA
Superb Italian Cuisine
Steaks & Chops
Closed Sundays

BIANCHI AND MARGHERITA
186 W. 4th St. • Bet. 6th & 7th Aves.
CH 2-2756 • OR 5-9852

gives way to a whirling, suspended mass of chords and single notes. (This exciting, treading-water invention was carried to Cloud Cuckoo lengths by Art Tatum, and, possibly as a result, has been abandoned by modern pianists, which is too bad. It vibrates the mind and stirs the blood.) Hines was the first pianist to make full use of dynamics. With an infallible sense of emphasis, his volume may swell in mid-phrase or at the outset of a new idea and then fall away to a mutter, before abruptly cresting again a few measures later. He makes sound flash. The epitome of the solo pianist, Hines is freest without a rhythm section. He is, though, a masterly accompanist, who, with a discreet tremolo or seemingly wandering melodic figure, immeasurably heightens both the greatest and the meanest soloists. Hines has sporadically let down in the past decade or so, and in slow tempos he may even turn rhapsodic, as if all that muscle were going to fat. But these lapses are pardonable; the boldest can afford self-indulgence.

Hines—tall and quick-moving, with a square, noble face—is a hypnotic performer. His almost steady smile is an unconscious, transparent mask. When he is most affected, the smile freezes—indeed, his whole face clenches. Then the smile falters, revealing a desolate, piercing expression, which melts into another smile. He tosses his head back and opens his mouth, hunches over, sways from side to side, and, rumbling to himself, clenches his face again, tears of sweat pouring down his cheeks. His face and his manner are his music—the sort of naked, perfect, non-showman showmanship that stops the heart. And time and again last Friday, Hines did just that. Each of his thirty-odd numbers—about half were liquid medleys devoted to such as Fats Waller and Duke Ellington—was done as if nothing had come before and nothing would come after. Brilliance topped brilliance. He exhibited arpeggios that made Tatum sound electronic and Monk scraggly; shocking dynamic shifts; odd, melancholy, turned-in chords; an unbelievable rhythmic drive; lyricism upon lyricism; and a juxtaposition of moods that made one laugh with delight. "Love Is Just Around the Corner," "I Ain't Got Nobody," and "Rosetta" were done without his fine but expendable accompanists—Ahmed Abdul-Malik (bass) and Oliver Jackson (drums)—and they were awash with roaring stride passages, staccato chords, hide-and-seek runs, quick double-time accelerations, and arhythmic interludes,


PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Evan-Piconery!

Is to stretch in. To be young, fun and fetching in. And always with the glorious fit that *alone* is Evan-Picone. As here, in stretch pants of "Rajah Plus", the richly textured fabric exclusive with Evan-Picone. Sizes 8 to 18. About $15. In a Banlon® stretch pleated-all-over blouson. Sizes 34 to 40. About $15. At fine stores everywhere.
Evan-Picone 1407 B'way, N.Y.C.

THE NEW PORTFOLIO OF
500 BAKER DESIGNS. $2.00

Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
303 Milling Road, Holland, Michigan
DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES
DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

A Singular Use of the Singular "We"

by
Julian P. Van Winkle
President
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

"The only people entitled to use 'we' in the singular sense," Mark Twain once remarked, "are kings, editors and people with tape worms".

With no speaking acquaintance with any of the three, I may be pardoned here for possible over-use of the singular "I".

The subject of this little story is a "Birthday"—a matter so personal as to be of certain interest to no one but myself.

It so happens, however, that all ninety Kentucky Derbies have been run in my single life time.

As a young distiller, in 1893, I laid away my first barrel of Kentucky Bourbon to be packaged four years later in the first Bonded bottles ever offered as protection to the American public.

At ninety—and still an active distiller—I have had cause to age and bottle more hand-made Kentucky Sour Mash Bourbon than any man alive today. In one batch, I expect it might more than float the Maine.

Now age alone may often be something to brag about in bourbon but forget in your birthday book. Accordingly, when asked what I wanted for my latest anniversary, I replied—"Not to be reminded of it." Truth of the matter, I've managed to stick around so long perhaps for the sole reason that I've given all my time to it—all the time I've had!

Yet 90 years is long enough to learn a thing or two. In the matter of my specialty, OLD FITZGERALD, I have never been more sure that bourbon quality is best served, not by modern short cuts, but by patient adherence to the slow and proven methods of our forebears who first made Kentucky Bourbon famous. I invite you to enjoy it, as is my custom—in moderation.

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
Always Bottled-in-Bond
Mellow 100 Proof

(*Advertisement*)

one of them (in "Love Is Just") done in the upper registers, and giving the impression of tremors chiming crystal. "Tea for Two," a tune surely beyond rescue, was converted into an impressionistic lullaby, as well as an extraordinary display of dynamics; after several measures of soft, floating half-time chords that appeared to be leading up to a brassy stride or block-chords passage, Hines, pausing a split second, slid into an even softer roundabout, on-the-beat run. Its timing and taste and delicacy took the breath away. Similar wonders occurred in "Stealin' Apples;" "Sweet Lorraine," in which he sang in a way reminiscent of Jelly Roll Morton; and "St. Louis Blues," a marvellous bravura performance topped with a right-hand, two-note tremolo that he held for six choruses (a muscular feat no weight lifter could match) while his left hand played casual middle-register melodies and accompaniment for bass and drum solos. Poised on the lip of melodrama, he never slipped. He was joined in three numbers by Budd Johnson, a tenor saxophonist, former colleague, and sturdy eclectic who admires Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and Stan Getz. Hines, whose face was a study in pleased concentration, provided backing that unwittingly shaded Johnson at nearly every turn. Early in the evening, Hines suggested that he was not giving a concert but was simply playing in his living room for friends. Concert or musical soirée, its likes won't happen again.—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

FICTION
DIARY OF A CANDID LADY
Francis M. Arroway $3.95

A sophisticated satirical novel about two elegant alumnae of an establishment somewhat like Polly Adler's who find themselves responsible for an oafish eighteen-year-old intellectual named Jessica, the product of their former employer's affair with an unknown celebrity. The ladies—one now the wife of an exceedingly rich and boring Wall Street broker, the other editor-in-chief of a leading women's magazine—decide that their only course is to launch Jessica in society and marry her off as soon as possible. She is unpromising debutante material, but by politely blackmailing Jessica's mother's former clients they enlist their aid in a public relations campaign that makes Jessica the most remarkable debutante of the season.

Diary of a Candid Lady is a sharp, withering spoof of the current metropolitan scene—literary, journalistic, intellectual, fashionable, social, medical, military, and financial.

Francis M. Arroway is a young theological student.—*Doubleday catalogue.*

Whose thoughts wander.

PETERS
Whaler®

PATCHWORK WHALER®

Authentic bleeding India madras in a casual arrangement of squares. When not indulging in sport, it rolls up into its own kangaroo pouch-pocket and hibernates. Very wardrobe-accommodating.

XS, S, M, L. About **$16.**

Boston, JORDAN MARSH • Detroit & Pittsburgh, HUGHES & HATCHER • Kansas City, WOOLF BROS. • Philadelphia, STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER.

ALL WEATHER PETERS® SPORTSWEAR

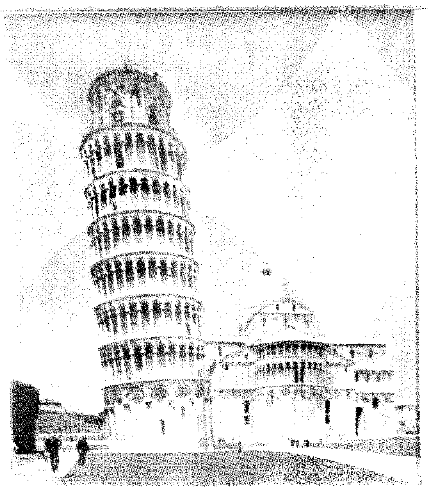
Peters Sportswear • Philadelphia 32

The Christmas Tree Inn
Sugarbush Valley, Warren, Vt.

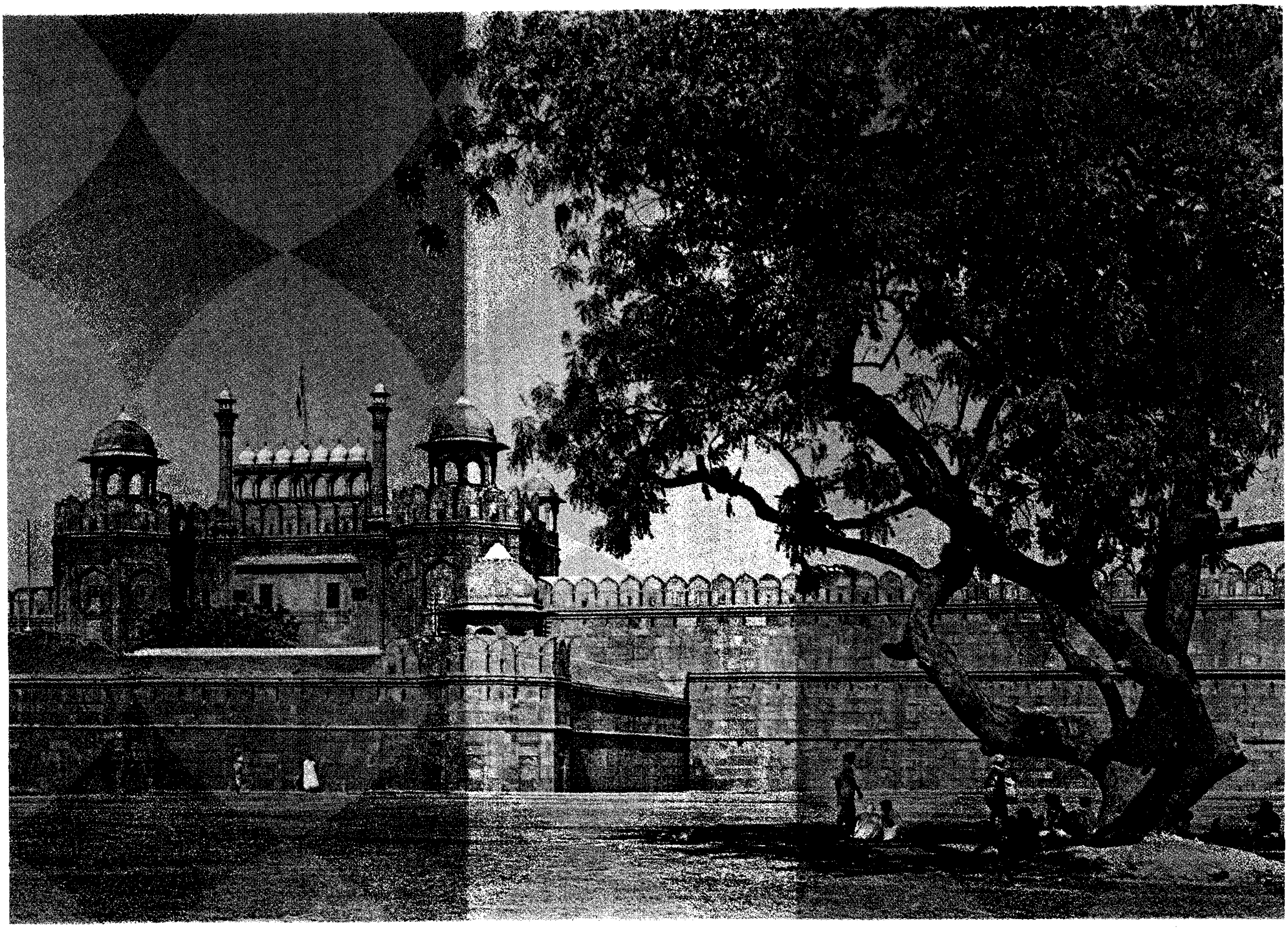
Unwind... at this delightful resort inn in famous Sugarbush Valley. Ski, wine, dine, sightsee, or simply relax. Superb cuisine. Weekend entertainment in the Red Nose room. Late dining in the Wine Stube. Just five minutes from Sugarbush Valley, Mad River Glen, Glen Ellen ski areas. Sun deck. Ski weeks. For rates call (802) 496-3941. Reservations requested.

Lou Ebling's
The Rob Roy
LUNCHEON DINNER
Route 22 • Armonk Village, N. Y. • ARmonk 3-3071

OLD WORLD ATMOSPHERE
LITTLE HARRY'S
FAMOUS DETROIT RESTAURANT



So what else is new?



Delhi

Leaning over backwards to find somewhere fresh? Try India. Visit Delhi's magnificent Red Fort, the glory of Emperor Shah Jahan. Built in 1639 of brilliant red sandstone, marble and precious stones, it's described by the gold letters that grace her Hall of Private Audience, "If there be a paradise on earth, it is this, it is this, it is this!" ■ Delhi has much to delight you. Festivals, exotic foods, sidewalk bazaars. India is a land whose people pamper you as a guest, and speak your language. For colorful brochures, see your Travel Agent, or write the Government of India Tourist Office.

New York, 19 East 49th Street. San Francisco, 685 Market Street. Toronto, 177 King Street W.

India

Has Lubin taken the romance out of sachet?

You know sachets . . . those wonderful little organdy bags filled with flower petals and romantic as an old valentine.

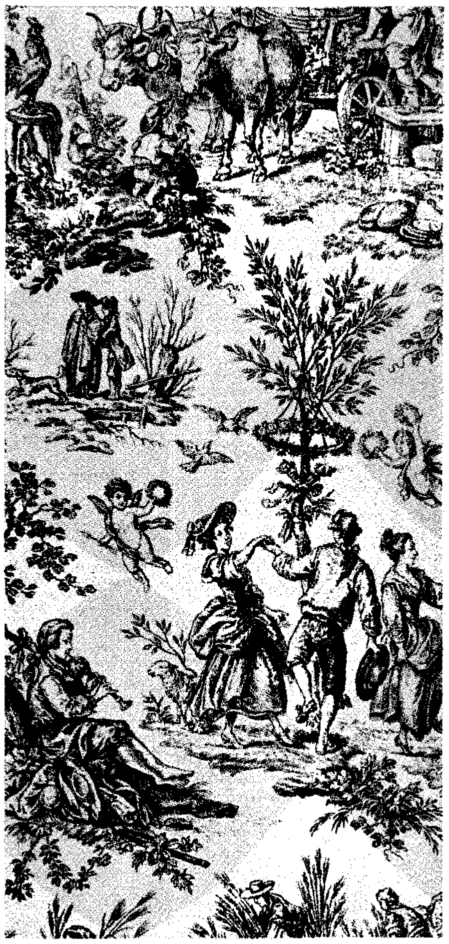
Well, Lubin doesn't make them.

Instead, we make an exciting new version of sachets called French Toiles. They include:

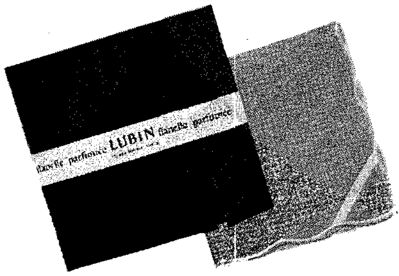
French Toile Sachet Spray. It comes in a can. Spray it in your bureau drawers and they'll carry the classic jasmine fragrance of Lubin's Nuit de Longchamp for months. And so will your slips, panties, bras and things. The price, $5.

French Toile Sachet Parfumées. Yes, they do look like ordinary sachets. But instead of filling them with the usual dried petals, we use Nuit de Longchamp sachet powder. It lasts much, much longer. Two Sachet Parfumées in a French Toile hatbox. $5.

Lubin's French Toiles do wonderful things to a Louis XV chest. Not to mention Louis XIII, XIV, XVI and Danish modern.

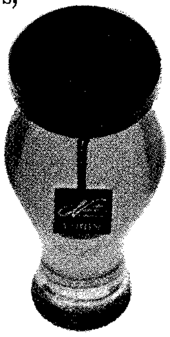


French Toile Sachet Papier. A scented paper for lining shelves, drawers, what have you. It's like buying perfume by the yard. Four sheets, lavishly packaged, $5. Sachet Papier is printed in French Toile, of course. Marie Antoinette's favorite pattern. Ours too.



Flanelle Parfumée. Just a thin sheet of flannel, but we impregnate it with Nuit de Longchamp by a very secret and ununderstandable process. Spread a Flanelle in your dresser drawer to keep your things very fresh—and very French. Or pack one in your travelling bag as some extravagant women do. $10.

French peasants gather the jasmine for Nuit de Longchamp at dawn, before the dew bruises the fragrance.



This you use on yourself. Nuit de Longchamp perfume by Lubin. $25 the ounce. *All plus tax.*

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

SCIENCE has been at pains to carefully plot the seasonal migratory habits of many species—lemmings to the sea, horseplayers to the dogs, young men and women to the altar—but it has been unable to do anything about them. In fact, the whole matter of young ladies bounding heedless down the bridal path has been left to our department stores, who know exactly—or almost exactly—what to do about the situation. The Bridal Salon operated by Saks Fifth Avenue is prepared to take on both the custom bride and the ready-to-wear one. In the custom collection there is a dress of off-white silk twill with wild roses wandering along the shoulder-tip décolletage and the sides of the slim overskirt. A bouffant dress of off-white French shantung is adorned by appliqués of self circles in which fat rosebuds appear. Blue ribbon and embroidered butterflies show up on the petticoats. A month's work and $450 or more go into the acquisition of any of these deals.

In the ready-to-wear division, the fairest flower of them all for a very young bride is a dress that involves white organza over white dotted swiss, with embroidered lilies of the valley on the slim bodice and the bell skirt. This is $125, the lowest ready-to-wear fee; the highest is $500. Garlands of white dogwood or pink poinsettias wreathe the hems of Empire frocks whose basis is white organza, and a nosegay of lilies of the valley (pink, in this case) nestles at the high waist of the poinsettia dresses. Sizes run from 6 to 16; orders run from five to six weeks. (How, nowadays, to tell custom from ready-to-wear requires a term paper on semantics.)

Long bridesmaids' dresses ($35 to $60) can be done in the same sizes in four or five weeks. Two-piece ones of apple-green rayon linen have button-in-back overbodices with high round necks and short sleeves, plus décolleté bodices of white rayon linen. Afterward, these would make perfectly good resort party dresses. Shirtwaist dresses, too, are here, with bodices of pink organza and skirts, collars, and cuffs of deep-pink rayon shantung.

BENDEL'S ready-to-wear Shop for Brides contains a simple and simply beautiful dress of white Swiss cotton ottoman. It has split hip pockets, and an inverted pleat shoots from just above the waist to the bottom of the short train. The high round neck and the armholes are filled in by a shirt of white organdie tied at the throat in a pussycat bow. This is $115—a modest price as prices go here. Little bouquets of embroidered white mimosa and foliage of Belgian-type lace run along the hem and above the detachable square train of a dress done in off-white silk linen. The Empress Josephine is represented by a slim dress of white organza on whose short sleeves and hem organza leaves are embroidered. Brides who are counting on more elaborate weddings could make do with a redingote of white reëmbroidered Alençon-type lace and the stately dress of white gros de Londres that it covers. A prayer book might be a more appropriate accompaniment than a bouquet. The same ingredients get together in a dress whose elongated bodice, of lace, is seeded with a pearl bead or two; the skirt, of gros de Londres, becomes almost as full as panniers over the hips and then spreads out into a vast train. Sizes here run from 3 to 18; orders take from three to eight weeks.

Among the bridesmaids' dresses (sizes 6 to 18, and six weeks) is one of shantung in a shade christened Green Relish. It breaks forth into a flounce, nine inches wide, along the short hem. Moss-green velvet bows and streamers float from the bateau neck. Rather longer is a jumper dress of sky-blue shantung that has a brief train. With it goes a guimpe of white reëmbroidered organdie, but only the puffed three-quarter sleeves of it are visible. A trainless dress of pale-blue organza is striped from the low round neck to the high waist with white grosgrain on which clusters of lilies of the valley are embroidered. Prices begin at $35 and stop at $65.

BONWIT TELLER'S Bridal Salon is in the business of wedding dresses designed in Mexico and made to order. An ensemble starts with a princesse one of white satin embroidered at the décolletage with crystal-bead flowers, pearl-bead teardrop buds, and leaves of silk floss, plus a detachable satin train. A delicate (if that seems possible) poncho

Lord & Taylor

Chalk up stripes

as the new focal point for spring, on Suzy Perette's cool cotton costume. Short sleeved dress with jacket—blue or grey with white, in sizes 8 to 16, 45.00

At all Lord & Taylor stores

The U-Turn
Fashion's traffic stopper . . . a devastating decolleté skim. Our lady-like low will turn heads in ever-so-black or light-up color. Designed by Laurence Gross in black, scarlet or emerald Fibranne rayon. Si Bonne lined for shape retention. 8-16. **40.00**

YOUNG ELEGANTE • FOURTH FLOOR

Also at Westchester
Mail-phone
N.Y., PL 7-9000
Westchester, SC 3-3000

FIFTH AVE. AT 52nd ST.
dePinna
NEW YORK • WESTCHESTER
MIAMI BEACH • FORT LAUDERDALE

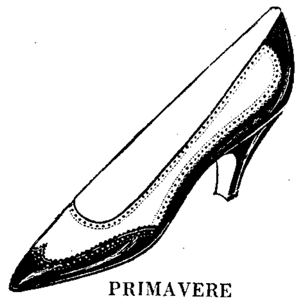
of white Alençon-type lace scalloped along the hem goes over it, and there's a petticoat—eight tiers of ruffled white net. All this glory is $800, the bottom price; the top is $1,700. A two-piece operation is a princesse dress of white satin and a bolero of white Alençon-type lace encrusted with silvery cellophane embroidery. The square train of white satin is attached at the shoulders and is covered by a layer of net and embroidery. Orders take six weeks.

In the ready-to-wear section are wedding dresses, sizes 3 to 20, that require an outlay of $150 to $675 and four to six weeks. Princesse dresses of partly rayon peau de soie in ivory are topped by double berthas of white Chantilly-type lace that dip below the waist in back and can be draped into mantillas. Slender and simple dresses, with straight-across necks and tiny sleeves, are of alternating horizontal rows of narrow and wide white cotton lace. Branches of pearl and crystal beads intermingled with white French knots rise from the hem to the thighs of Empire sheaths done in ivory organza, and their close-fitting boleros of white peau de soie (rayon in this one, too) fasten with three clusters of the knots. Brief boleros of giant white Swiss embroidered daisies go over garden-wedding dresses of white Moygashel linen that have spaghetti shoulder straps. The linen bowknots at the sides make them look short-waisted. More of this peau de soie, in white, does dresses with white silk wild roses and forget-me-not embroidery on the scalloped hem. The short capes of white organza that accompany them end up in long trains.

Some of the bridesmaids' dresses (sizes 6 to 20, $35 to $65, and one month) are of yellow rayon linen, and their long bodices terminate in sixteen-inch flounces, above which a rose nestles within a big bow. Among the longer stuff are dresses of pale-blue rayon organza with white pindots. Outdoor weddings are the place for things of white rayon georgette crêpe in a print of blue and green zinnias, daisies, and tulips. Folds of chartreuse, peacock-blue, and Alice-blue taffeta are arrayed at the high waists and tie in three flat bows with streamers.

MANY of the ready-to-wear dresses in Bergdorf Goodman's Bridal Department will do just as well for aftermath parties. Ecru linen is turned into stark, slender dresses whose attached overbodices are cut high at the waist; the accompanying short-sleeved, collarless coats may or may not have trains. Some sleek dresses of partly syn-

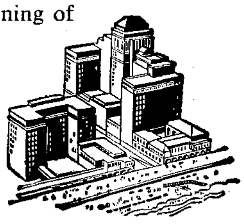
De Busschere of Bruges
Shoe Artisans for over 300 years
Belgian Shoes
Cousu-Main Par
De Busschere



PRIMAVERE
$55

The elegance of simplicity, completely and exquisitely handmade to insure long wear and superb fit. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL Owner-President
BELGIAN SHOES, Inc.
60 East 56 St., New York 22, N. Y.
IN CALIFORNIA: I. MAGNIN & CO.
San Francisco

WHO'S WHO
Guests of this hotel knew the meaning of social security long before Uncle Sam ever dreamed of it. They still do.



CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Leeds & Lippincott Co. . . Progressive Innkeepers for 74 Years
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto

Serving Dairy Food Over 40 Years
82nd AT B'WAY N.Y.
Steinberg's
DAIRY RESTAURANT
✱ COMPLETE DAIRY FOOD CATERING ANYWHERE

FRENCH CUISINE 112 EAST 52 ST / PL 3-1447

Le Manoir

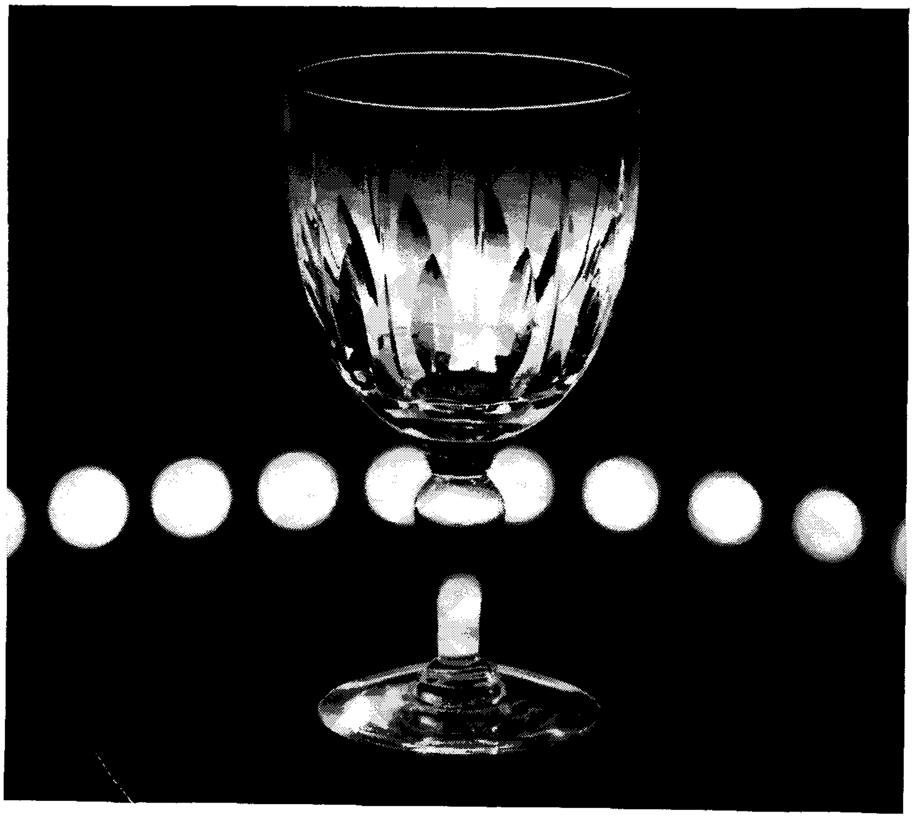
thetic white peau de soie are high and straight across the throat, and their sleeves are long and tight. They *can* go it alone, but they look simply great when long, narrow overskirts with white silk leaves as large as poppies and white satin roses scattered about are added. Fit for a fairy princess (I saw one at Shepheard's just the other night) are the Victorian coats of white Chantilly-type lace with a seed-pearl bead here and there. These have frills at their high throats. The sleeveless dresses beneath them are of that peau de soie, and their necks are low and round. Perky bows of the peau de soie, now écru in hue, go about the Empire waists of princesse dresses executed in ivory reëmbroidered Alençon-type lace. The embroidery on the "My Fair Lady" waltz dresses of white English net is stalks of white forget-me-nots and leaves placed low on the skirts; with these, B.G., forswearing veils, shows small tiaras of silk blossoms and sprigs of pearl beads. There are crystal raindrops on the Empire bodices of dresses in white point d'esprit, and the veils of white illusion that accompany them dangle from bonnets of point d'esprit that tie under the chin. Sizes are 6 to 20, prices start at $150 and go well up, and the waiting period is four to six weeks.

THE owner of the Guy Butler Flower Gallery, at 1194 Third Avenue (69th), knows so much about wedding blossoms that he can even make them himself. Among the ones he has put together are giant flowers, eight inches in diameter, which he constructs out of gardenia petals (real); around $30. S-shaped bouquets of geraniums (one red, one salmon pink, and one pale pink, plus foliage) are $25. For brides who are allergic to blossoms, he obligingly works echeveria or galax leaves into the shape of roses, which he surrounds with Hawaiian ti and godseffiana leaves, all of them green touched up with yellow. Cascades of pink-and-brown orchids are pierced by vines of variegated ivy, or you might try daffodils and sprays of eucalyptus berries pierced by vines of dracaena leaves. For very young brides (oh, we have them in this country, too) there are nosegays of violets outlined by feathery slivers of Easter lilies; $35.

JOHN V. REYNOLDS, JR., who has set up shop in a Victorian house at 27 East 67th Street, has also been working on bouquets for weddings. For brides, he prefers white flowers, sometimes with a spot of color—a cascade of white freesia and white lilacs, at $45, say. Round

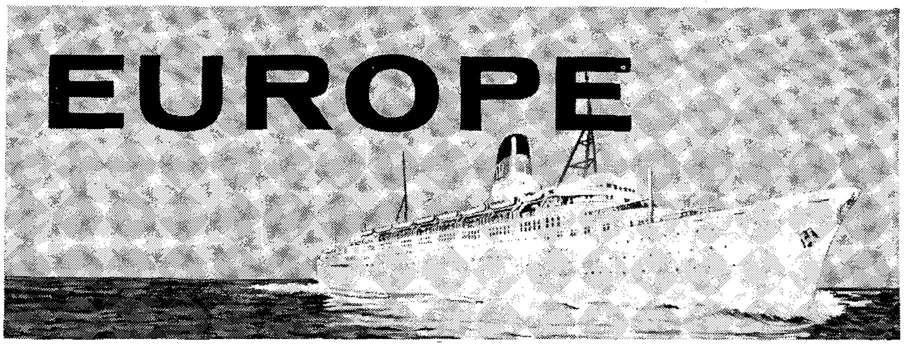
MUY CHAIR "Very" elegant yet informal. Regal yet comfortable. Pecan in fruitwood finish with cane back and any number of fabrics. Unique...from the Simpatico collection by HERITAGE®.

For Simpatico catalogue, send fifty cents to Heritage, Dept. NY 34, High Point, N. C.



You're a ham, Stuart Crystal

Stuart outshines the footlights. Out tinkles the sweet, young ingenue. Out sparkles the repartee. Hand cut and blown, Stuart Crystal will do anything to get a hand. It's England's proudest export. On stage here: Hampshire, $6.00 the goblet. Send 25¢ for Stuart booklet to Stuart Crystal, 11 East 26 Street, New York 10, N.Y.



"OLYMPIA"

23,000 tons • 21 knots

STABILIZED FOR SMOOTH SAILING • FULLY AIR CONDITIONED

Fastest to Greece
via Portugal • Italy • Sicily • Cyprus • Israel

A magnificent modern ship. Deluxe staterooms, with private bathrooms. 22 public rooms. 2 pools. Theatre, lounges, nightclubs, planned entertainment. American and Continental cuisine, meticulous service.

"ARKADIA"—20,650 tons. Comfortable, congenial, economical! From Montreal to Bremerhaven via Cobh, Le Havre, London, Amsterdam.

See your TRAVEL AGENT or

GREEK LINE New York · Atlanta · Boston
Chicago · Cleveland · Detroit · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Montreal · Toronto · Vancouver

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

WINNING SCORE
well-fitting shorts of
Moygashel Irish linen
by Florence Walsh.
Fly front style
with side pockets.
Coral, powder blue, natural
or pale green.
Sizes 8-16 **13.00**
Blouse in similar shades
of cotton. Sizes 8-16 **8.00**
(PLEASE ADD 50C FOR SHIPPING)
545 MADISON AVE., AT 55TH ST., NEW YORK 22

bouquets of daisies, mignonette, and galax leaves in streamers of miniature ivy add up to $35; Victorian nosegays of white violets framed with galax leaves and tied by narrow velvet ribbon are $25; Edwardian ones of gardenia foliage outlining white stock florets are $35. Bridesmaids are to carry crescents of echeveria, pittosporum leaves, and grape ivy, or bouquets of white or pink camellias interspersed with ferns; both $27.50. And eighteen pink rubrum lilies ensconced in calla-lily leaves make arm bouquets; $35. —M. M.

•

FOLKS,

We are a very modest people and don't like to brag, but our Manning, South Carolina is one of the nicest, prettiest, cleanest towns in all the USA. Our people are among the finest in the world, morally strong and from good "sturdy stock." We are proud of our heritage, friends, but we can't eat that.

What we need is Industry, where our abundant supply of willing workers can give a day's work for a day's pay. Men whose attitude is not Hurray-For-Me-and-D—— You, but men who respect and understand the other man's problem. Folks, that's our way of life here in the South. Now we don't want an Industry that would bring in a lot of "Fancy" people and screwballs with a lot of freeby, twisted, distorted Sumpin for Nutin ideas. We will not tolerate Communist, left wingers, or Nudest colonies.

No Sir, Friend, we'd much prefer to continue to fight the boll weevil, the cutworm, the wireworm, the screworm and use the fishing worm.

Now son, we've got the place to use the fishing worm, just bocoos of fresh water. We drink all we want and still have plenty left to boast the finest fishing in all the land. Why, we have the only lake in all the world that has "'Land Locked" Striped Bass and we don't mean Little 'uns. Then of course we have Black Bass, Bream, White Bass, Crappie, etc., and too some of the finest hunting to be had anywhere, Quail, Doves, Geese, Deer, Turkeys, Rabbits, Squirrels, etc. Now if you doubt this son, we'll just call old Rover and prove it.—*Message on the menu of a restaurant in Dixie.*

Don't bother Rover now; he's fighting the tapeworm.

•

OUR OWN BUSINESS DIRECTORY
[HONG KONG SUPPLEMENT]

Abraham Lincoln Noodle Dispensary.
Eternal Enterprise Co., Ltd.
Everlasting Incombustible Celluloid Works.
Forever Trading Co.
Hang On Motor Car Co.
On On Construction Co.
Platitude Press.
Tacky Importers & Exporters.
Whoopee Co., Ltd.
Ye Fat Transportation Co.

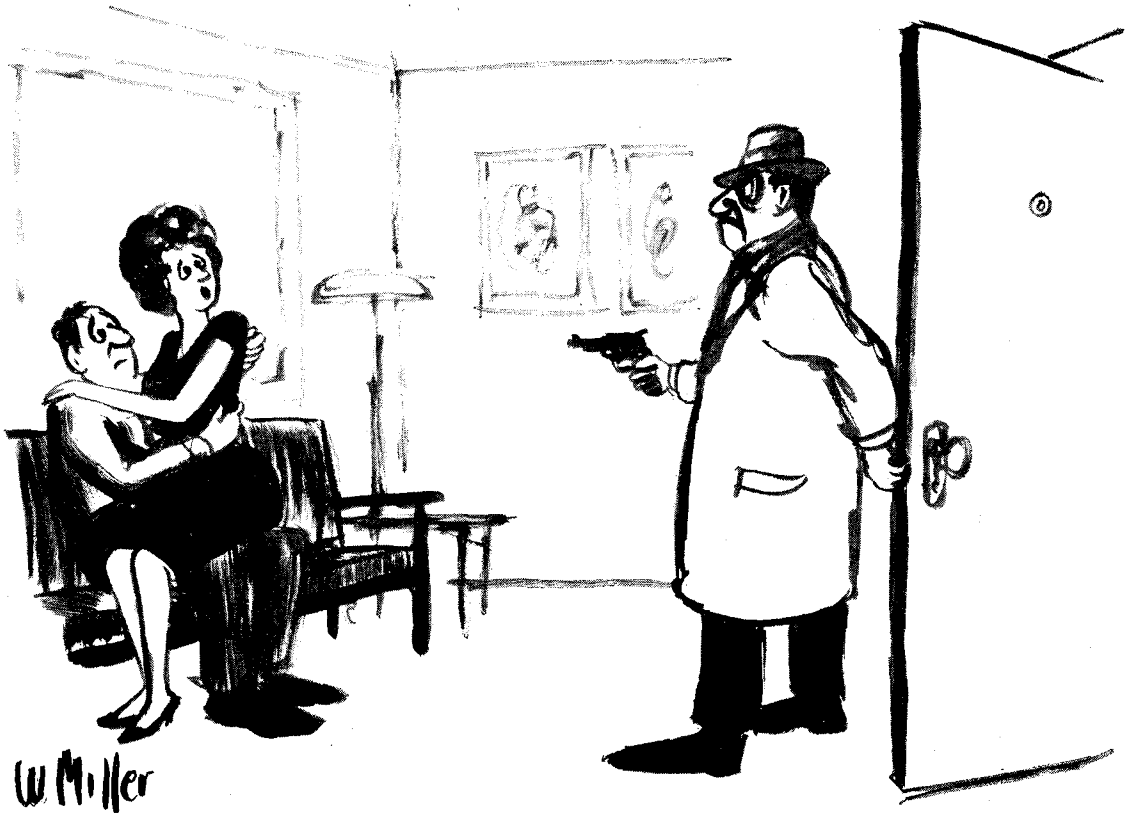
BOOKS

Insurrection

THOUGH the British literary quarterly *Scrutiny* ceased publication ten years ago, it and Dr. F. R. Leavis, its "editorial protagonist," as he calls himself, are still hot issues on both sides of the Atlantic. In England, it is recalled that *Scrutiny* caused a civil war in literary criticism, and it is always difficult to know when and if any such war has ended. As for Leavis, no reviewer of the twenty-volume reprint of *Scrutiny* in its entirety, recently issued by the Cambridge University Press, has failed to mention either the excitement Leavis aroused in his readers and in his students at Downing College or his arrogance, his authoritarianism, and his abuse of those who disagree with him. Both the enthusiasm and the belligerence are essential features not only of Leavis's movement in criticism but of its role in the decades since *Scrutiny* made its appearance, at the bottom of the Big Depression. In many respects the magazine was simply the forerunner of those quarterlies of literary criticism of which several score are now published by the English departments of American universities. This, chosen at random, is a typical table of contents (Volume VIII, No. 4, March, 1940): "Regulated Hatred: An Aspect of the Work of Jane Austen," "Athalie and the Dictators," "Searchlight on Tin-Pan Alley," "The Poetry of Coleridge," Correspondence, Book Reviews. Most periodicals of this type are of interest only to instructors and doctoral candidates in English studies; the reading public finds them abstruse and tiresome, and practicing authors find them irritating and distracting—Faulkner complained that he could never understand the "deep readings" of his novels produced by the quarterly critics. Published unofficially at Cambridge from 1932 to 1953, *Scrutiny* for most of its life had a press run of seven hundred and fifty copies and a maximum, in its last three or four years, of fifteen hundred. There is general agreement that it printed many original interpretations of Shakespeare, nineteenth-century novelists, poetry from Chaucer to Hopkins. Leavis's most important books, "New Bearings in English Poetry," "Revaluation," "The Great Tradition" (which gave his version of the high spots in the English novel), and "D. H. Lawrence, Novelist," reinforced the impression that *Scrutiny* was a strictly literary enterprise. Yet its "new conception of the nature of critical thought," as Leavis described it, had as much resemblance to a calm meditation on the effects induced in the mind by the printed page as one of Francis Bacon's screaming popes has to the "Innocent X" of Velázquez.

The passion of *Scrutiny* lay in Leavis's attitude toward modern life, in his notion of "the literary intelligence," and in his conception of the role of the critic. It was plain from the start that *Scrutiny* had set itself against Progress, democracy, and political liberalism, and that it occupied a sector in the battle line of anti-modernism established by *L'Action Française*, the New Humanism, the classicism-royalism-Catholicism formula of T. S. Eliot, the literary agrarianism of the Old South, and the cultural Fascism of Ezra Pound. In the radical mood of the thirties, to be thus "placed" (one of the magazine's favorite words) was enough to give *Scrutiny* a heavily reactionary cast, despite Leavis's consistent refusal to define his political position. About his outlook toward the modern world there has been no ambiguity; it was summed up in the question he hurled at C. P. Snow a couple of years ago during his attack on Snow's plea for "scientific culture": "Who will assert," he demanded, "that the average member of a modern society is more fully human, or more alive, than a Bushman, an Indian peasant, or a member of one of those poignantly surviving primitive peoples, with their marvellous art and skills and vital intelligence?" There was no lack of respondents.

What eluded most of them, and provided some justification for Leavis's customary outcries about being misrepresented, is that despite his philosophy of decline and his debt to the ideas of Eliot and D. H. Lawrence, he has never been tempted to return either to ecclesiastical commandments or to grapes trodden by the feet of peasants; apparently he has been too conscious of his plebeian origin



"Sam, you promised! 'For better or for worse!'"

La vie begins at $40.
We sponsor equal chic
for all with
Mademoiselle Arlette
fashions from Paris

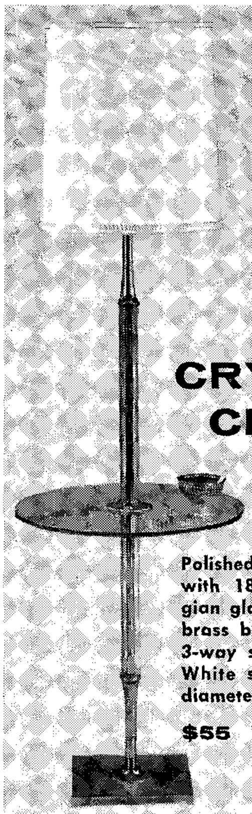
The miss is no myth. Mademoiselle Arlette is for real. The left bank dallies in her dresses. The right bank carouses in her couture. Now Arkin brings Arlette to America. And la vie begins at $40. Are you young enough to live it? Par example: Poptop tucked to travel over dangerous curves. Black. Blue. Pink.

Chez: **Bonwit Teller, Joseph Magnin, Gidding-Jenny, L. L. Berger,** or inquire of **Mademoiselle Arlette,** 530 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York.

SEE WHAT CELANESE SAYS ABOUT HER ON PAGE 172.

to be deluded about the benefits of aristocratic orders. He has stood not for social restoration but for a new secular order. In his tract against Snow he specifically warns his audience against assimilating him (Leavis) among the Romantic Utopians. "I am not preaching," he states, "that we should defy, or try to reverse, the accelerating movement of external civilization . . . that is determined by advancing technology." Leavis hates the modern world, but he wants to ride it and dominate its direction. His new order, though promulgated through literary criticism and not Storm Troopers, has the ominous overtones of a revolution aimed at all existing values, institutions, and personages. (In time these came to include Eliot, too, and finally Lawrence.) He sees innovation as a universal fact and the ability to cope with it as the primary necessity: "The advance of science and technology means a human future of change so rapid and of such kinds, of tests and challenges so unprecedented, of decisions and possible non-decisions so momentous *and insidious in their consequences,* that mankind . . . will need to be in full intelligent possession of its full humanity." This commitment to the unknown world in formation is not as free of platitudes as might be expected of an author who has just been flaying Snow for his "mess of clichés and sentimental banalities." Also, in conceding that science, an intellectual power that remains a mystery outside of its own realm, sets the pace of our thinking, Leavis has admitted that Snow, however shallow one finds his approach to both literature and science, was discussing a real problem, one that Leavis does not deal with in dealing with Snow. Yet Leavis's statement is a testimonial to a future that differs from the past, a future to be created by contemporary man without *much aid from his ancestors:* "I *haven't* chosen to say that mankind will need all its traditional wisdom; that might suggest a kind of conservatism that, so far as I am concerned, is the enemy."

Leavis's wish to change everything extends to his celebrated "revaluations" of the literature of earlier centuries by applying to it principles strictly of our time. René Wellek, professor of comparative literature at Yale, described these revaluations as "the first consistent attempt to rewrite the history of English poetry from the twentieth-century point of view." In his argument with the literary historian F. W. Bateson, Leavis asserted that "the motive [for *a proper history of English poetry*] would be inseparable from an interest



CRYSTAL CLEAR

Polished crystal column with 18" diameter Belgian glass tray. Polished brass base and accents. 3-way switch. 59" high. White shantung shade, diameter 14".

$55

furniture associates
new york
351 east 61st street, new york 21/pl 1-0575
monday-saturday: 10-5
Come see, or send for catalog L

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!

Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

SINCE 1880

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

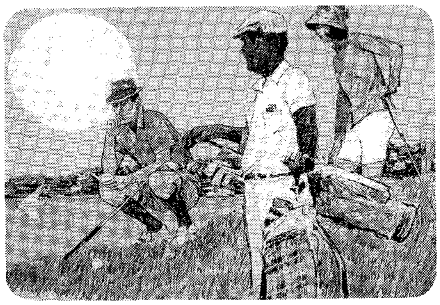
La Provence
405 EAST 52nd ST.
PLaza 5-6244
Table d'hote, special Provence dishes
COCKTAILS • DINNER • PARTY FACILITIES
OPEN SUNDAYS

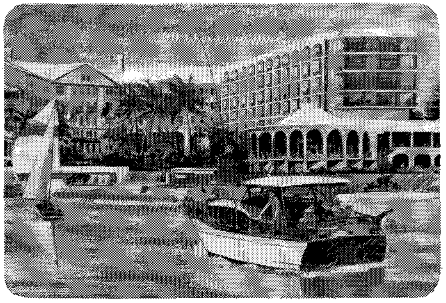
AND—
Le Provençal
21 E. 62
TE 8-4248

in the problems of contemporary poets." Instead of inherited values, "what we need and shall continue to need not less is . . . a power . . . of creative response to the new challenges of time." If Leavis is anti-modern, it is as a theoretician and practitioner of the modernist search for the new. He asks to be appreciated as a radical; the targets of his criticism are those attitudes and that flabbiness of will and intellect that sap our readiness for innovation. The issue in regard to him lies in the quality of his revolution and the effect of his "outlaws' enterprise," as he likes to call *Scrutiny*, upon the contemporary "power of creative response."

LEAVIS'S vanguard criticism and the policy of *Scrutiny* take their stand on the break with the past that came in both literature and critical method during the early years of the twentieth century. Affirming the intellectual continuity of *Scrutiny* with the *Calendar of Modern Letters*, a British review published between 1925 and 1927, Leavis praises this predecessor for having "recognized unequivocally that a basic change had occurred in poetry" and for having demonstrated a "quick perceptive responsiveness to the new creative life of the time." ("Responsiveness to the new," etc., is pretty close to "creative response to the new challenges of time;" Leavis's theoretical vocabulary is not notable for its richness.) His own responsiveness included following Pound, the Imagists, and I. A. Richards in reading poems in terms of the concreteness and rational coherence of their images; he also adopted Pound's conviction that the way a nation uses words determines its social and political well-being. The source figure for Leavis, however, of both the new poetry and the new criticism was the early T. S. Eliot. "The Waste Land" not only revolutionized poetry for Leavis but established consciousness of the decay of civilization as the measure of literary insight. Eliot's "The Sacred Wood" supplied the chief elements of his critical approach. A statement like this from Eliot's essay on "Hamlet"—"Few critics have ever admitted that 'Hamlet' the play is the primary problem, and Hamlet the character only secondary"—came to be applied in *Scrutiny* in as many variations as Lenin's phrase "infantile Leftism" in the polemics of Stalin against Trotskyism. Eliot's insistence on treating the work of literature as literature ("Hamlet" the play as the primary problem) and not as a vehicle for the

OPENING APRIL 1st, 1964





PLAN YOUR BERMUDA VACATION DURING PREMIERE SEASON OF THE EXCITING

The Princess
PEMBROKE, BERMUDA

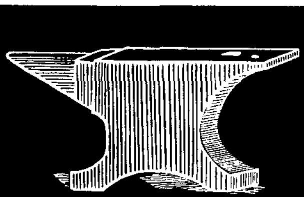
BERMUDA'S NEWEST HOTEL

New holiday dazzle. New seaside golf. New Harbour-side night club. A festive spirit of lively excitement as the new PRINCESS celebrates all season long with a round of parties, calypso fun, smart entertainment. Location: perfect — overlooking the Harbour; just minutes away from the town of Hamilton. Pool and terrace; Night Club and Dance Patio on the water's edge. The Princess Cottage Colony adjoins the hotel. New, private Southampton Golf and Beach Club on the South Shore. Vacation in royal style this season at the PRINCESS—the newest way to enjoy all Bermuda!

Bodo G. von Alvensleben, General Manager

See Your Travel Agent for Early Reservations

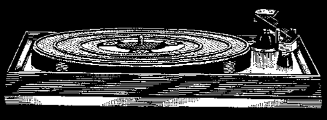
Represented by Hetland & Stevens Inc.
New York: 211 East 43rd St., TN 7-1450 Boston: CO 6-1370 — Chicago: FR 2-4383



Verdi wanted real anvils for the Anvil Chorus. If the ones in your record sound fine now, next year they may sound like the change in a beggar's cup. Record wear is a subtle thing. If you care about high-fidelity sound reproduction, you'll want the lightest, best turntable/tone-arm system ever engineered. The best is a Weathers. With Weathers' ¾ gram tracking force, your records won't even know they're being played.

IL TROVATORE: HOW WILL THE ANVIL RING NEXT YEAR?

For Weathers systems are a combination of ingenious design, advanced engineering and the kind of quality control mass production can't match. And you won't find a slimmer, handsomer unit anywhere. If you care, you've built perfection into the rest of your system. Now, here's the only way to play a record.



WEATHERS

From 119.50 to 224.50 Exclusively Through Weathers Franchised Dealers.
PRODUCT OF TELEPRO INDUSTRIES INCORPORATED, CHERRY HILL, NEW JERSEY
FREE! Write for Descriptive Brochure

New view of Paris: young...fresh...witty so very "Mademoiselle Arlette" and so at ease in Celanese fibers

Designed for the Arkins in Mlle. Arlette's Paris atelier, a group of smashing young looks to put a new zing in Spring. Clear, unabashed colors, tireless fabrics, crocus-crisp and amazingly care-free because they're made with Celanese contemporary fibers.

Left to right:

Dazzle white and clear navy in a suit as lean as an arrow. Fortrel polyester and rayon with a linen look. About $45.

Snowy white dress plus demi-fit coat. The dress: washable sharkskin of Arnel triacetate. Coat: tweed of Celanese acetate, cotton and rayon. Ensemble about $65.

Young black dress, bared down and covered with a tucked-front jacket snapped with white. Textured fabric of Fortrel polyester, rayon and silk. About $40.

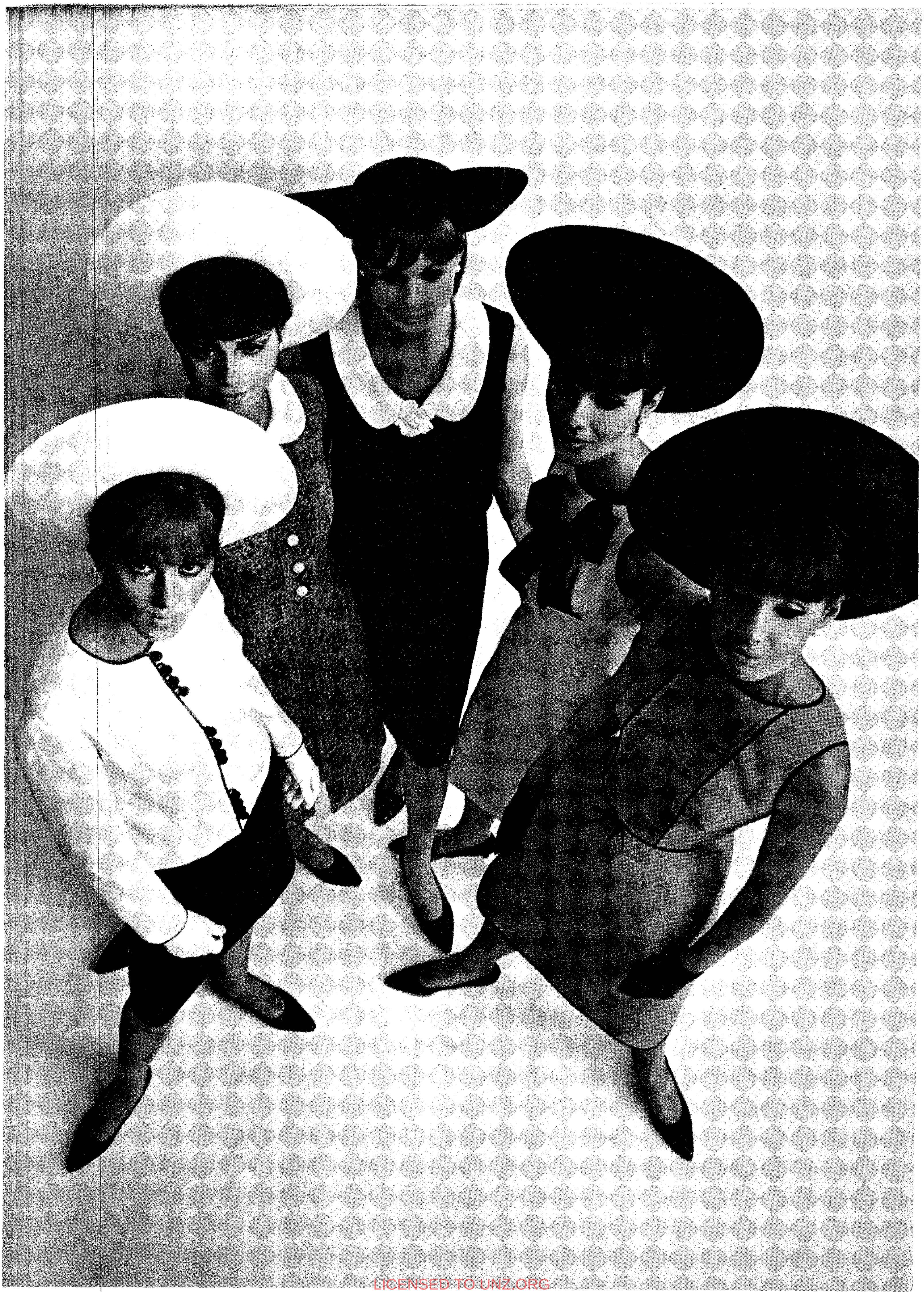
Bright yellow emboldened with black. A dress that brings the figure back. Textured fabric of Fortrel polyester, rayon and silk. About $30.

Paris blue in a dress with bellhop buttons. Nubby tweed of Fortrel polyester, rayon and silk. About $35.

All in sizes 6 to 16 at Bonwit Teller, New York; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Wash., D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Joseph Magnin Co., California & Nevada; Jordan Marsh, Florida.

Celanese® Arnel® Fortrel® is a trademark of Fiber Industries, Inc.

Celanese
CONTEMPORARY FIBERS



Across the surf-washed sands of Waikiki Beach the tradewinds carry the gentle melody of an Island song.

The Islands of
HAWAII
...just a wish away

Scenic beauty surrounds you here in our happy land, just 4½ hours by jet, 4½ days by ship from the West Coast. You'll want to see all our islands—Hawaii, Maui and Kauai are only minutes from Honolulu. On each you'll find pleasantly sunny skies, modern accommodations, plus that special friendliness that makes Aloha the world's favorite word of welcome.

HAWAII AT THE FAIR: Visit the beautiful Hawaii Pavilion at the New York World's Fair, beginning in April, and preview the charms of the Islands.

See your Travel Agent, Airline or Steamship Representative or write **HAWAII VISITORS BUREAU** Dept. A-4, Honolulu, Hawaii for colorful folder • Offices in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles

critic's own theories or imaginings provided the basic axiom of Leavis's critical "discipline" and of the approach of *Scrutiny* critics.

To many contributors to *Scrutiny*, what counted most in Eliot was the model of literary analysis presented by his essays. Leavis, however, went beyond Eliot in combining wasteland consciousness with literary valuation. It would seem obvious that consciousness of inhabiting a cultural wasteland comes from historical or sociological investigation and comparison, and that to find an author better for possessing such consciousness violates the rule of responding to literature as literature. But Leavis appears to have turned aside this objection with the rather simple sophistry that a keen critical intelligence is an indispensable ingredient of a good poem and that an intelligence of this calibre could not fail to read decay in buildings and on the faces of passersby. The identification of modern literary merit with a specific social vision (continual decline) was the revolutionary tangent by which Leavis set the course for *Scrutiny*. By a single stroke, it introduced into criticism a dogma of subject matter as rigid as those of totalitarian ideologies. In the face of the mandatory optimism of Soviet Socialist Realism or Nazi Strength Through Joy, *Scrutiny* evolved as *the* standard at the root of its "strictly literary standards" the writer's degree of comprehension of the increasing desolation of spirit in the present-day city, the heartlessness of contemporary human relations, the emptiness and frustration of modern work. By this standard, Leavis elected D. H. Lawrence the supreme genius (a word Leavis has never hesitated to use) of our era. The perspective of gathering gloom supplied *Scrutiny* contributors with a definition of what was new in the "new challenges of time." It enabled them to downgrade on aesthetic grounds any literature and art that did not conform to Leavis's disguised politics.

Neither in his critical concepts nor even in his combination of the ideas of others was Leavis to any great extent an innovator. His strength lay in imposing, with the maximum conviction and over as wide a literary and cultural area as possible, the point of view he had shaped out of available insights. But in conceiving his nucleus of beliefs and sentiments as a power capable of revolutionary conquest, Leavis was led to a highly original result—his dramatic re-creation of the notion of "the literary intelligence" and, above all, of the figure

This is No Ordinary Coffee Service

Let's name drop and you'll know why: George II period shapes for the coffee pot, sugar bowl and creamer. Elegant Chippendale design tray. Heavy Ellis-Barker silverplate, unique in all the world. Skills of craftsmanship that started 143 years ago. There really is no other way to serve coffee — unless, of course, you take tea. We sell matching teapots, too. (Coffee pot, sugar bowl and creamer $157.00*. With smaller sugar and creamer at right, $128.00*. Tray $57.00*) *Plus Tax.

*Special for March, April, May, June 1964. Items usually retail at $174.00, $140.00, $63.00.

Ellis-Barker
SILVER COMPANIES
LEGENDARY ENGLISH SILVERSMITHS

Visit our showrooms or write for illustrated folder.

*1107 Broadway,
New York 10,
New York*

Hausmann's, New Orleans, La. / Jobe-Rose Inc., Birmingham, Ala. / David Orgell, Beverly Hills, Calif. / E. Schmidt & Son, Palm Beach, Fla. / Zell Brothers, Portland, Oregon / Appel-Jeweler, Allentown, Pa. / Hancock House, Memphis, Tenn. / Haltom's Jewelers Inc., Fort Worth, Texas / Shreve, Crump & Low Co., Boston, Mass. / Gift & Art Shop, Clarksdale, Miss. / James Robinson Inc., New York, N. Y. / S. Wyler, Inc., New York, N. Y. / Hightower Inc., Oklahoma City, Okla. / Miss Jackson's Shop, Tulsa, Okla.

This is The Regency.

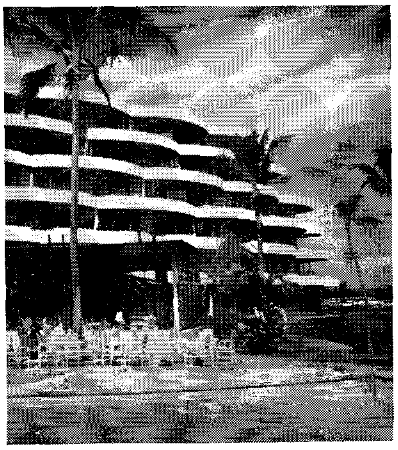
The European concept of a great hotel: elegance, individuality, warmth, service, service, and service. Can a new hotel fulfill this concept? Yes, say those who have stayed at the Regency.

The Regency Hotel

PARK AVENUE AT 61ST STREET · NEW YORK 21 · PLAZA 9-4100 · PIERRE BULTINCK, MANAGING DIRECTOR

The Sheraton-Maui takes up where Shangri-La left off.

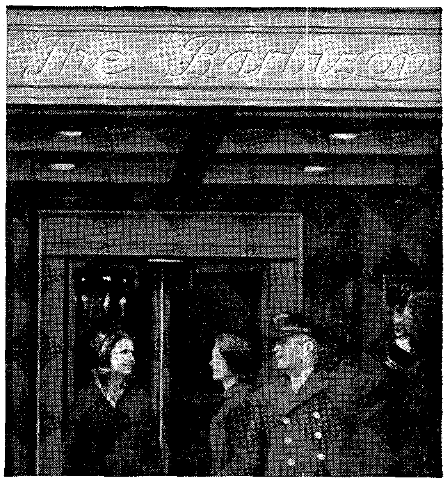
We chose just the right locale for our hotel: Maui is an unspoiled, out-of-the-way Hawaiian island with an average 360 days of sunshine a year. Down the sheer side of legendary Black Rock, we built the Sheraton-Maui. You enter at the top, and elevator down — to a room with tropical-garden-balcony and ocean view. Miles of Kaanapali Beach (you never had so much sand to yourself). 76° swimming. Poolside breakfast. Gourmet food. Island punch (the real thing) in the Barkentine Lounge. Robert Trent Jones golf course. **For Insured Reservations, call your Travel Agent or nearest Sheraton Hotel.**



SHERATON-MAUI HOTEL
MAUI, HAWAII

of the literary critic. This was his supreme imaginative performance and the source of the excitement among those who passed under his influence. To the credo he had evolved from Lawrence and Eliot, he added the element of moral and organizational preparedness: literary criticism was to be constantly alert to its consequences outside of literature; that is to say, it was thought that took on the nature of action. The task he set for literary criticism was—like the task set by the Marxists, whom *Scrutiny* opposed from the start—not only to interpret books and other cultural phenomena but to change the conditions under which both would be produced. In order to act politically, Pound had to put aside poetry for means that culminated in his wartime broadcasts for the enemy. Leavis, by contrast, was not for a moment disposed to yield first place in procuring the results he sought to any medium but literature, be it politics, science, or mass education. Literary thinking and literary criticism, in his revised form of them, were the most adequate of weapons.

The fury of Leavis's attack on Snow is thus to be explained as the riposte to an intolerable attempt to tamper with the creation to which he had devoted his life—I mean the figure of the literary man as leader. It paralleled exactly his assault in his maiden contribution to *Scrutiny*, thirty years earlier, on Max Eastman's "The Literary Mind" and, through Eastman, on the culture (in quotes) of H. G. Wells. What offended Leavis then, too, was the writer who identifies human betterment with science and technological progress and identifies literature with such minus quantities of the good life as nostalgia, vagueness, and self-indulgence. Then, too, Leavis invoked Lawrence as the type of intelligence far better equipped to grasp the consequences for the individual of the Industrial Revolution than the "complacently Philistine" tribe of Wells-Snow. The inwardness of the author of "Women in Love"—an inwardness that cast a dubious light on the worth of mere material abundance—represented a clarity that was the opposite of the theme of literary muddleheadedness. If further disproof of Snow's stereotype was needed, *Scrutiny* provided it by bringing forth, especially in the person of Leavis himself, a literary mind not to be exceeded in any field in its hardness, its contemporaneity, the definiteness of its assumptions, and its tirelessness in pursuing its objectives—a literary mind distinguished, to use two favorite *Scrutiny*



UNEXCELLED FOR SMART AMBITIOUS YOUNG WOMEN

More than ever, as the years go by, New York's leading residential hotel for young women gains stature with the young, smart, and ambitious. There is nothing like the famous Barbizon for convenience, inspiration, and security. It is an excellent address, located in the center of New York's fashionable East Side. Schools, cultural centers, Fifth Avenue shops, department stores, Metropolitan Opera, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center and the theatres are all nearby. Inspiration is part of your every day. Within the Barbizon are two restaurants, recital halls, a swimming pool, sun deck, specialty shops, incomparable privacy. Throughout the years young women have loved it, and some of the world's most successful women have been Barbizon girls. You do really live at the Barbizon. Try it during the World's Fair. Daily from $6.25. Weekly on request.

The Barbizon

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York, N. Y. 10021

DANCE CALENDAR

TUESDAY EXHIBITION TIME 11:15 P.M.
FREE DANCE LESSONS 8-9
PACHANGA
CHA CHA
BOSSA NOVA

WED Continuous from 7:30 P.M.
THU MAT. 1:30 to 6 • EVE fr. 7:30 DANCE CONTEST
FRI Continuous from 7:30 P.M.
SAT MATINEE 1:30 to 6 P.M. EVENING from 7:30 P.M.
SUN Continuous all day from 3:30 DANCE CONTEST

TERRACE RESTAURANT and BAR
NO TICKETS! NO EXTRAS! NO HOSTESSES!

THE WORLD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLROOM
Roseland DANCE CITY
ON 52nd STREET West of Broadway

Anybody can snap your child's picture.
Ten years from now you'll be glad it was Josef A. Schneider.
CO 5-1223
119 W. 57.

BONES
Youngsters love this comical pooch with movable eyes. One of many soft toys. Top quality. Various sizes. Reasonably priced. Send for your free Catalog. Write:

$5.95
Size 20"
Guaranteed
No C.O.D.
Toy Parade
BOX 297
Sandy Springs, Ga.

terms, by its "seriousness" and its "discipline."

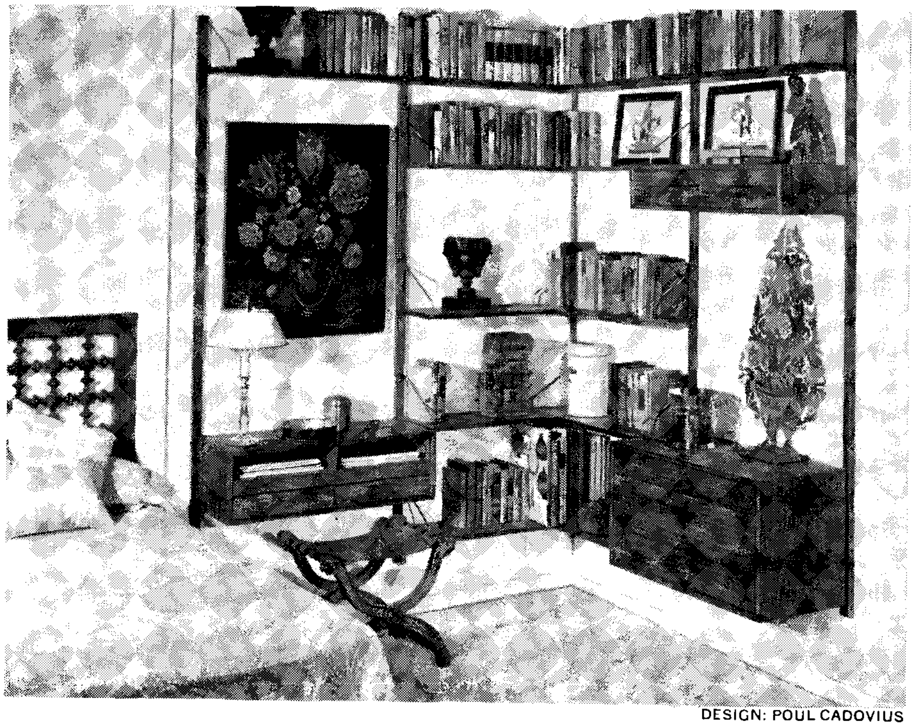
"*Scrutiny*," testifies Leavis in "A Retrospect," written for the Cambridge reprint, "was a very different kind of enterprise from those subsequent American quarterlies" devoted exclusively to literary criticism. "The difference lay in the charged positiveness of conception and intention with which we were engaged in something more specific, ambitious, and (to the academic mind) offensive than, merely and generally, running an intellectual literary organ." Though nowhere was one more often reminded that the critic's attention must be riveted on the poem as poem, in the context of *Scrutiny* the close examination of texts was actually intended as a training procedure for "something more ambitious"—a means of discovering, concentrating, and augmenting an inner power in anticipation of actual encounters with enemies, in a manner comparable to the sword or archery exercises of a Zen warrior. Walt Whitman had conceived of his poetry as breeding inspired "gangs of cosmos" capable of injecting life and style into American democracy. Leavis's equivalent might be dubbed "gangs of sensibility;" they were not poets but critics and readers. Their first objective would be to wreck the authority in both teaching and publishing of precisely that species of literary mind that passively and with smug self-satisfaction carried the germs of modern decadence, and that Snow futilely hoped to cure by injections of humanitarianism and science. Such was the mind that ruled British universities through what Q. D. Leavis, the "protagonist's" wife, pungently named "the academic club;" it was dominant, too, in the Literary Left, in the offices of the large publishers, in the B.B.C., in the book pages of the metropolitan dailies and weeklies. *Scrutiny* proposed to replace this slack mass, to whom literature was entertainment or a tool of personal or group prestige, by individuals able to transmit "the vital human impulse" celebrated by Lawrence. In her celebrated essay "The Discipline of Letters," Mrs. Leavis envisions how "new and uniquely equipped specialists would be turned out [a dubious phrase for a foe of machine thinking] whose center in literary criticism and training in the methods and disciplines of other specialisms would enable them to work further and further into adjacent fields of knowledge with the most fruitful results." This paean to infiltration indicates that the *Scrutiny* invasion was to capture the realm of learn-

"Who could ask for anything more convenient than an automatic record changer?"

"YOU SHOULD."

The new Revere Stereo Cartridge System changes tapes automatically . . . and gives you full, rich, unmatched fidelity of music-on-tape! Makes recordings, too! Simply stack the cartridges and touch a button—this amazing instrument threads, plays, changes tapes automatically. Up to 15 hours of unattended stereo music. Choose from a wide variety of pre-recorded tapes, or record your own music from any sound source. See for yourself . . . at your nearest Revere dealers.

Revere-Wollensak Division 3M COMPANY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA 55119



DESIGN: POUL CADOVIUS

BEAUTIFUL BEDSIDE MANNER

Love books? Adore reading in bed? If it's a case of space, see how wonderfully we remedy the matter . . . with Royal System wall furniture. In one delightful arrangement, everything you need is at hand; place for books, space for storage, and even a night table right at your bedside. To get the capsule story for the rest of your home . . . send 10¢ for new color brochure and the name of your nearest dealer.

ROYAL SYSTEM

1130 3RD AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. / 9400 S. LAWRENCE BLVD., MONTREAL, CANADA.

"People are smarter than you think," says canine egghead.

"That's why so many dog owners and professional breeders insist on

VIONATE for PETS"

Maybe your dog never got his Ph.D. Maybe he can't even read. But he'll think you're a real smart cookie when you get him Vionate® for Pets, containing 21 essential vitamins and minerals in a formula developed by Squibb veterinary scientists.

HELPS SPARKLE UP VITALITY. Just a little Vionate thoroughly mixed in food works wonders to help keep dogs glowing with good health and vigor, with bright eyes, keen senses, gleaming coat, strong bones and muscles. Ideal for "expectant" dogs, show dogs, weaned puppies, apartment shut-ins, *all* dogs. Just as beneficial for cats, birds, and *all* pets.

Always look for the *Guaranteed Analysis* on the label, backed by Squibb, a name you can trust. It's your *proof* of high potency. Available in 8-oz. and 2-lb. canisters (and larger economy sizes) from your veterinarian, pharmacist or pet supply dealer.

FREE BOOKLET about scientific nutrition for pets. Write Squibb, Veterinary Dept., 745 Fifth Ave., New York 22, N.Y.

SQUIBB DIVISION Olin

SQUIBB – A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

ing. But its ultimate design was far grander. *Scrutiny* was, in short, an organ of social revolution. While most of its contributors may have wished for nothing more than to write judiciously about poems and novels, the "we" embodied in *Scrutiny* was occupied with nothing less than an attempt to gain control of British society. Unless this goal is kept in mind, neither the ideas of Leavis nor his style of disputation can be appreciated.

FROM the start, *Scrutiny* desiderated (to borrow again from its characteristic idiom) power; the word for it was "force." In "A Retrospect," Leavis characterizes it as a "vitalizing force," a "decisive force," a "power to defeat," an entity that "enforced and justified." His chronicle of the hard times of *Scrutiny*, forever under the fire of "the comprehensive system" of his enemies, has the ring of the memoirs of an insurrectionary leader. Leavis recounts the inception of *Scrutiny* as an "outlaws' enterprise" at Cambridge (but "in spite of Cambridge"), its success in recruiting the "armed [intellectually, of course] minority," which it forged into a radical "center;" he boasts of the discipline practiced by its members ("We were not using the word 'discipline' lightly") and of their capacity to move outward and become the core of adjacent disciplines ("to take the intelligence trained in 'English' into quite other-than-literary fields"); he describes how through their twenty years of activity the actual Cambridge was overthrown and replaced by "the essential Cambridge" (as the Nazis replaced the actual Germany by the "real" Germany); and he outlines his ultimate strategy, "essential to the conception of *Scrutiny*"—that by means of its example and challenge "a public could be rallied, a key community of the élite (one therefore disproportionately influential) formed and held."

This revolutionary activist spirit, injected into *Scrutiny* by Leavis, enabled the magazine to spread, through its few hundred copies, its "formidable life" throughout the English-speaking world. This spirit was responsible, too, for many of *Scrutiny's* most interesting articles. Q. D. Leavis, whose uninhibited sociological comments made her one of its most memorable contributors, brought out, in denouncing a leader of the British academic establishment, that his charming triviality in discussing books went hand in hand with supporting the smashing of strikes by university undergraduates; both the triviality and the strikebreaking, she contended, were typical devices for

I WAS GOING BROKE ON $9,000 A YEAR

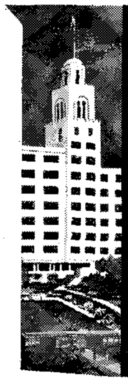
So I Sent $7 to The Wall Street Journal

High prices and taxes were getting me down. I had to have more money or reduce my standard of living.

So I sent $7 for a Trial Subscription to The Wall Street Journal. I heeded its warnings. *I cashed in on the ideas it* gave me for increasing my income and cutting expenses. I got the money I needed. Now I'm slowly forging ahead. Believe me, reading The Journal every day is a wonderful get-ahead plan.

This experience is typical. The Journal is a wonderful aid to salaried men making $7,500 to $30,000. It is valuable to the owner of a small business. It can be of priceless benefit to young men who want to win advancement.

The Wall Street Journal has the largest *staff of writers on business and finance.* It costs $24 a year, but in order to acquaint you with The Journal, we make this offer: You can get a Trial Subscription for 3 months for $7. Just send this ad with check for $7. Or tell us to bill you. Address: The Wall Street Journal, 44 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y. NY 3-14



RETURN TO Elegance and enjoy the fullness of gracious hospitality at this famed resort. Private 18-hole Championship Golf Course and Club, all water sports, acres of woodland and gardens. Southern cuisine par excellence. Write for brochure (N).

THE Edgewater Gulf HOTEL *AND COUNTRY CLUB*

Reginald G. Nefzger, Gen. Manager
Edgewater Park, Mississippi (Biloxi P.O.)

FAMOUS FOR PRIME STEAKS, SUPERB ROAST BEEF AND AUTOGRAPHED LOBSTER. CAESAR OR TOSSED SALAD INCLUDED WITHOUT CHARGE WITH MORE THAN 30 ENTREES.

LUNCHEON · DINNER · SUPPER. OPEN FROM 11:30 A.M.-1 A.M. Diners' Club- American Express
NEW YORK—49 E. 49th St.—PL 1-1960
MIAMI BEACH—21st St. Off Collins Ave.—JE 8-0523

CHANDLER'S

JAPANESE RESTAURANT SAITO

TEMPURA BAR • TATAMI ROOM
Cocktails—Private Banquet Room
131 W. 52 St. *Closed Sun.* JU 2-7809

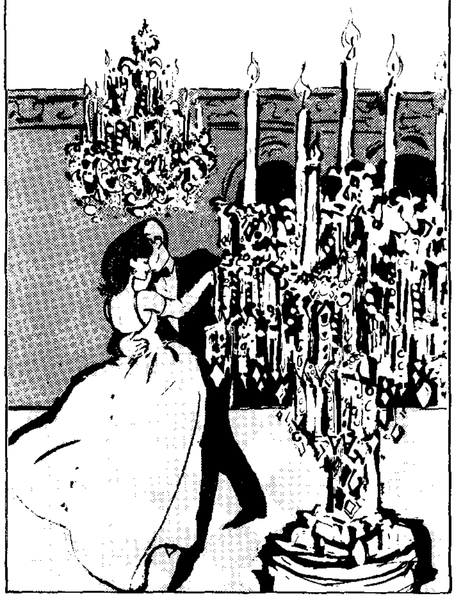
preserving the social privileges of "the club." In "Lady Novelists and the Lower Orders," she expressed her disdain, as one "whose class-feeling derives from a less advantageous social origin," for the middle-class assumptions about the working class in Left Wing fiction. As for Leavis himself, who can refuse to consider seriously his continuing theme, which exploded into his barrage against Snow, that one who abuses language with catchwords and banalities is not to be trusted in cultural matters, or, indeed, with any decisions affecting public life? And his denunciations of the hypocrisy of the financially and intellectually well fixed are interspersed with passages of exceptionally warm sympathy for the British working people. His unremitting consciousness of criticism as action lends, it seems to me, intensity even to his purely literary studies; it is as if he sensed in a work, whether it be "Measure for Measure" or "Daniel Deronda," the energies of willful, living presences that involve him in a contest of minds. Through these encounters, with their atmosphere of issues fought to a finish, Leavis becomes himself a historically vivid presence (which may be the opposite of a reliable literary critic). His much-disputed judgment of "Hard Times" as Dickens' masterpiece was no doubt determined by his responding to its plot as a situation more real to him than any other in Dickens. The essay is an attractive one despite, or perhaps on account of, its being an example of what Leavis most vehemently denies: that his literary opinions are affected by his social attitudes, and that he may be led to admire a work by discovering in it his own line or intellectual pattern. In "Hard Times" he is happy to associate Dickens with Lawrence and to perceive in Gradgrind—the "reasonable" but feelingless utilitarian—a disguised C. P. Snow (the death scene of Mrs. Gradgrind, which Leavis quotes to close his essay, is a superb choice that escapes the pattern).

Leavis conceived of the revolution of *Scrutiny* as an upheaval without a doctrine: the practitioners of sensibility were to owe allegiance to no ideology, philosophy, or religion. They were to constitute, rather, a corps of free intelligences informed by first-hand literary experiences and acting toward a common purpose. He wished, said he, "to prevent the hardening into accepted 'rightness.' " For him the openness and individualism of the *Scrutiny* movement defined it as essentially "liberal." In theory, the minority culture of *Scrutiny*

Come to an INTERCONTINENTAL HOTEL where the nicest things happen

VIENNA Surrounded by the city's parks and pleasures, a world of barococo gold and crystal opened on March 4...entirely Viennese from our creations of pastry to our sidewalk café.
VIENNA INTERCONTINENTAL

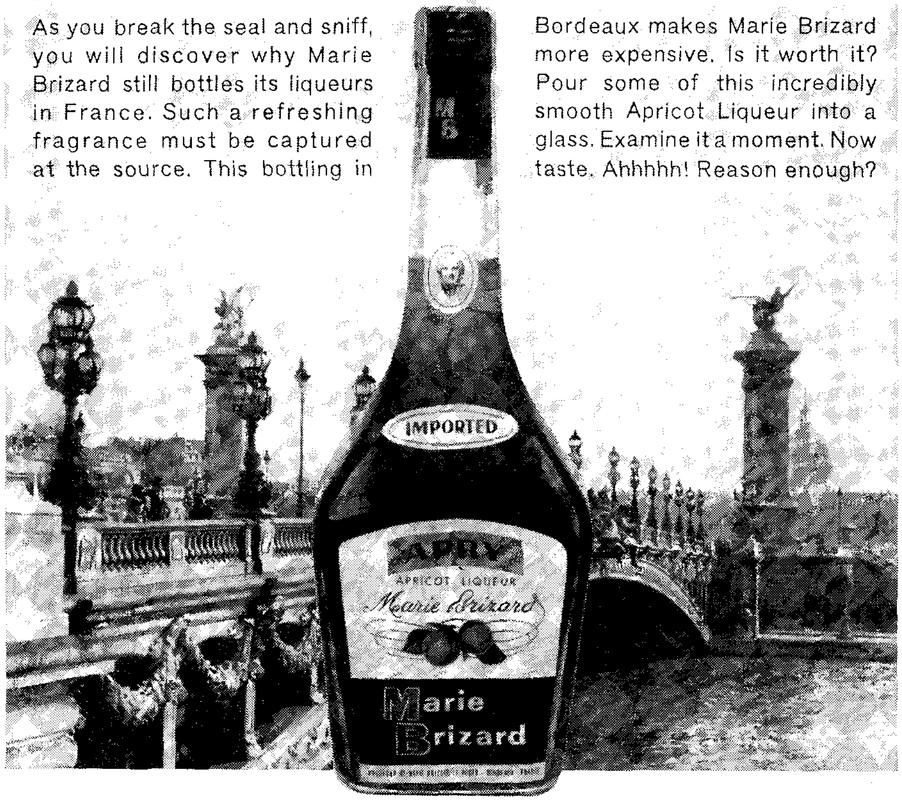
SAN SALVADOR Time-table for the traveler and his client—quick drive from midtown to mountainside; long, leisurely luncheon by the pool; fast and happy closing of the deal.
EL SALVADOR INTERCONTINENTAL



Discover the 27 Intercontinental Hotels around the globe, from Abidjan to Zagreb.
Reservations: Call your Travel Agent or Intercontinental. Robert Huyot, Pres.
INTERCONTINENTAL HOTELS

The very climate of France is in this bottle

As you break the seal and sniff, you will discover why Marie Brizard still bottles its liqueurs in France. Such a refreshing fragrance must be captured at the source. This bottling in Bordeaux makes Marie Brizard more expensive. Is it worth it? Pour some of this incredibly smooth Apricot Liqueur into a glass. Examine it a moment. Now taste. Ahhhhh! Reason enough?



MARIE BRIZARD APRY • 70 PROOF • SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS SCHIEFFELIN & CO., NEW YORK
ALSO: ANISETTE, CREME DE CACAO, 50 PROOF • BLACKBERRY, CREME DE MENTHE, 60 PROOF

Russet Brown

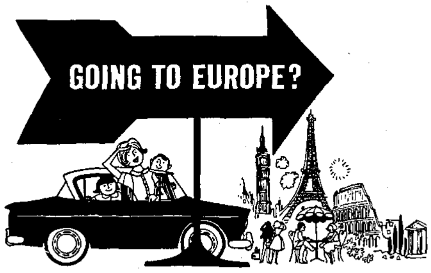
GREAT NEW COLOR IN PAUL STUART'S OWN NATURAL SHOULDER DOUBLE-BREASTED BLAZER. SLIGHT SUPPRESSION AT WAIST, SIDE VENTS. "BEEFY" ALL WOOL ENGLISH FLANNEL. ALSO FOREST GREEN, NAVY. $78.

TAILORED BY SOUTHWICK

at

Paul Stuart

18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.


GOING TO EUROPE?

HOW TO CUT TRAVEL COSTS

and get more fun out of your trip to Europe!

You save up to $500* on the U.S. purchase price—and cut down on car rentals, plane and rail fares when you order your new Hillman, Sunbeam "Alpine" or Humber here for delivery overseas! Besides, it's so much more fun to tour Europe in your own car. Only Rootes offers a choice of sedans, sports cars, convertibles and station wagons. All backed by a world-wide organization with delivery and service facilities in 163 countries. Liberal trade-in allowance and financing plan. See your travel agent or Hillman-Sunbeam dealer today.

*Depending on which car you select.

Only Rootes offers delivery in London or Paris at the same low prices!

Ask about our Repurchase Plan

For details mail coupon today!

ROOTES MOTORS, INC. Dept. F-4
505 Park Ave., New York 22, N.Y. or
9830 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full details of Rootes Overseas Car Delivery Plan.

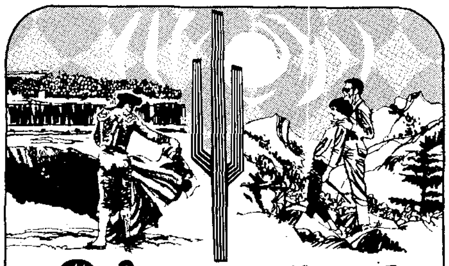
Name__________

Address__________

City__________State__________

did not differ greatly from Coleridge's, and differed even less from Matthew Arnold's "remnant." *Scrutiny*, however, was a creature of the troubled nineteen-thirties—the decade, to use the phrase of Jules Romains, of "the formation of the bands"—and Leavis's will to establish the authority of his collectivity caused it to take on the tension and totalitarian tenor of that extremist period. There arose in it an increasing pressure for adherence to "the permanent direction at the center," and even to its mannerisms and pet phrases. The no-doctrine ideal realized itself in practice in a set of formulas and verdicts. Pugnacious disputations among contributors appear frequently in *Scrutiny*, but Frank Kermode is justified in observing, in the *New Statesman*, that "there is no discussion, only obscure and angry quarrels." These were consistent with the purpose of *Scrutiny*—"always to maintain a strained posture opposing every description of laxity and ennui and establish the revolutionary system of work and revolutionary tone of life in all fields." (I have lifted these phrases, which to me exactly describe *Scrutiny's* moral stand, from the "Announcement on the Fifth Plenum of the Fourth Central Committee of the Workers' Party of Korea," published in Pyongyang in 1963.) Leavis's diatribes against opponents were intended to silence not only foes but potential doubters within his own ranks. To deplore his rancor and feuding as temperamental idiosyncrasies, products of "Puritanism" or ill treatment, is to overlook the revolutionary affiliations of his rhetorical abuse and its function in stiffening the morale and unity of his followers.

That *Scrutiny* parodied the insurrectionary political parties of the thirties turned the "seriousness" to which Leavis constantly appealed into its opposite; at bottom, it was a program for seizing power through approved readings of John Donne. Leavis was not alone in modelling a literary movement on the organization of political activists. Surrealism, the last of the Continental vanguard schools, had coalesced in the twenties into a "center" around André Breton in which purity of doctrine and practice was preserved by excommunications and splits. *Scrutiny* was precipitated down the same decline. Indeed, the mixing of art with action philosophies had from the twenties forward become a major innovating factor in literature (Social Realism, Existentialism), as in painting (Action Painting) and on the stage (the theatre of the absurd). That *Scrutiny* was too deeply pledged to its nineteenth-century

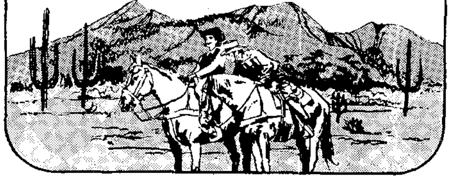


9 Sunny Vacations for the Price of 1

In Tucson the sun is shining on the mountain climbers / aficionados / horseplayers / golfers / fishermen / skiers / swimmers / cowpokes . . . even those who just laze around after dancing all night! How great to do these things and never be more than an hour or two from your sensibly priced accommodations. You can in Tucson . . . "FAR AWAY FUN . . . AT-HOME PRICES!"

Tucson

Western Gateway to Mexico



See your travel agent or write for more wonderful details.
SUNSHINE CLIMATE CLUB DEPT. NY34B TUCSON, ARIZONA

900 NORTH MICHIGAN

Jacques

FRENCH RESTAURANT

CHICAGO

Enjoy food of superb quality served in a distinctive continental atmosphere.

Reservations Suggested

OPEN DAILY... 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

Take an Island Break

in an atmosphere of old world charm at a gracious, new oceanfront inn. Sub-tropical Sun. Championship Golf. Riding. Hunting. Fishing. All resort activities. For reservations call 785-3372 or write Box Y for complete details.

THE *Adventure Inn*

Hilton Head Island, South Carolina

LE VALOIS

45 EAST 58th ST. • MUrray Hill 8-7630

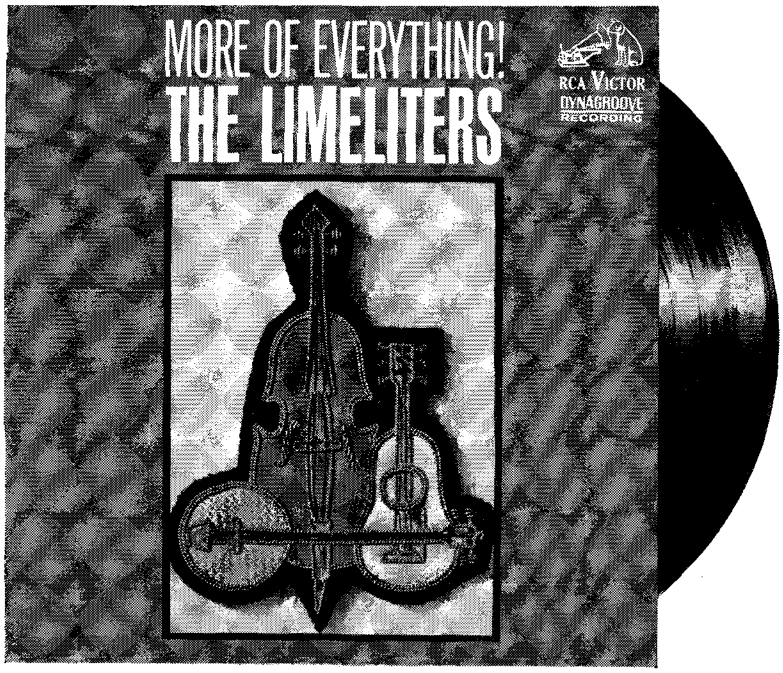
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER

Also Superb Private Facilities (Parties of 40 or Less)

creed of the separation of the "disciplines" to see itself in the crooked mirror of modernist drift only made its "takeover bid," as the British critic John Bayley has called it, all the more comic. In the context of power, Leavis's insistence on literary criticism as "central" became nothing more than a weapon against rival specializations. One might say that he transformed Lenin's professional revolutionist into a revolutionist of the profession. Such victories as *Scrutiny* won took place within the teaching profession and as gains for the prestige of the English departments. They prefigured the enlargement of these departments in the postwar years and the replacement of the leisurely man of letters execrated by Mrs. Leavis with method-wielding specialists. Leavis's campaign for the hegemony of literary studies also anticipated the competition of the humanities with the sciences for their share of college finances.

In his disputes with historians and scientists, Leavis took his stand on the needs of contemporary creation. As we have seen, however, he had predefined those needs as a deepening of the wasteland consciousness. Any other aspect of the revolution in literature and sensibility that was already well under way before 1932 tends to be treated by *Scrutiny* as irrelevant, wrongheaded, and aesthetically unsound. Though his modernist pretensions are the foundation of his claim to significance, *Scrutiny's* record in expounding the tradition of the new in art and letters is deplorable. For him, the revolution in creation begins with Eliot and ends with Lawrence. The hundred years' upheaval reaching back to Whitman, Poe, and Baudelaire, to van Gogh and the Impressionists, is reduced to a Ten Days That Shook the World. After Lawrence, the banner passes to Leavis. In *Scrutiny*, the twenties become "critical muddle and obscurity," but the writers of the twenties who are attacked in *Scrutiny* are also used to belabor the thirties. The total sum of clarifications of contemporary psychological states, moral and metaphysical dilemmas, indissoluble situations, and experimental assumptions to be found in the thousands of pages of *Scrutiny* would scarcely fill a single volume. If the need of the time was for "a power of creative response to the new," *Scrutiny* met that need by denouncing the most intense "responders" for falling short of the firm standards of the Downing College seminarians. Reviewing Marianne Moore's "Selected Poems," Leavis confesses that for ten years he had not bothered to cut half the pages of her earlier "Observations"

BRAND NEW AND BRILLIANT



The Limeliters sing and play once more. Folk standards like "No Man Is an Island," "The Best Is Yet to Come" and "Willow Tree." It's more of the best!

RCA VICTOR
The most trusted name in sound

Only they know the secret

Only four monks of the Carthusian Order know the secret of making Chartreuse, a secret preserved for more than 350 years. Their dedication is rewarded by your enjoyment of this superb liqueur. Before or after dinner, or as a delightful chilled drink,

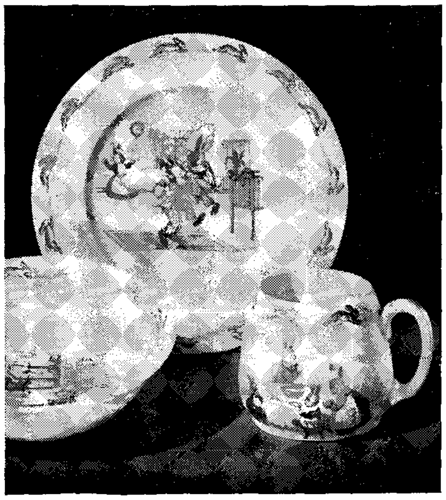
Chartreuse is enjoyable in a variety of ways. For illustrated booklet on Chartreuse, write Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y., Dept. F. Yellow, 86 Proof. Green, 110 Proof.

CHARTREUSE

CHARTREUSE

The Harbour at Deauville
by
RAOUL DUFY
Oil on Canvas: 13 x 16
Collection: Verbois

HIRSCHL & ADLER Galleries inc.
21 E. 67th St. • NY 21 • LE 5-8810



Rabbits run rings around
BUNNYKINS WARE

Who wouldn't eat up every last bite to get to these enchanting scenes from the small domestic world of the rabbit family? Children will love this famous English earthenware set—mug, plate, cereal bowl—all 3 pieces only $5.95.

ROYAL DOULTON

Send 25¢ for collectors book #8 of famous Royal Doulton figurines and jugs in color. Write Doulton & Co., Inc., Dept. 4N, 11 E. 26th St., New York 10, N. Y

(he doesn't say why observing is less important than scrutinizing); now, persuaded by Eliot's introduction to the new volume, he has made a supreme effort, but "there is not one poem of which I can confidently say that I see the point." Since Miss Moore seems "preoccupied with visual description," Leavis recommends that "she should have chosen some other medium than words" (evidently Leavis thinks that painting is "preoccupied with visual description"). The nub of his response to Miss Moore is the satisfaction he takes in quarrelling with Eliot about the relevance to her verse of the metrics of Hopkins. In another bout with contemporary literature, in the same volume, Faulkner is taken care of by a *Scrutiny* regular, H. A. Mason: "The final comment on these people [the characters of "Pylon"] seems to be that they are not worth the attention the author bestows on them." (What happened to the principle of regarding the novel as primary, the characters as secondary?) Mason's verdict backs up a decision by the Master that "early in 'Light in August' it should have become plain to the reader that Faulkner's 'technique' is an expression of—or disguise for—an uncertainty about what he is trying to do." (In *Scrutiny*, uncertainty is a crime.) H. B. Parkes, a British-born history professor who represents America in *Scrutiny*, turns philosopher in "The Tendencies of Bergsonism" to instruct the philosopher who inspired Proust and the Fauves that "although intuition is a genuine faculty, it is one which must be employed with caution." In a 1946 issue, the poet of the Cubists, Apollinaire, is abused by one Klingopulos as "a kind of clown in verse, blest with a strong constitution and high spirits but little capacity for interesting experience or for writing poetry;" his images "express not command of experience but the opposite, some pettiness in the impulse to write." Another poet insufficiently in command of experience to satisfy *Scrutiny* is Jules Laforgue, whom Eliot had compared to the English metaphysicals. Though his experiments enabled him to express "the full complexity of his outlook," that outlook itself was "neither complex nor mature." (I'm not sure how this works out; does the critic mean that Laforgue was able to express something that he did not have to express?) His poetry "has a surface complexity which is sometimes little more than a peculiar kind of verbiage" (like the poetry of Moore and Apollinaire, the technique of Faulkner, and—as we shall see—the

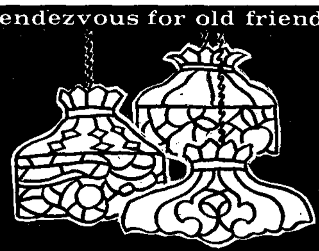
mirror those magic hours at
Bluebeard's Castle

ST. THOMAS • U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Your hilltop paradise plus swimming pool, tennis courts, 300-year-old tower commanding Charlotte Amalie's sky-blue Harbor. Completely air conditioned rooms and Pirate's Parlour for cocktails and dancing, calypso. Cuisine real American, specialties West Indian. Bluebeard's own Beach Club with breeze-cool studio-rooms, dining, cocktail bar right on mile-long white sand shore. Be a V.I. Pirate!

Color folders from TRAVEL AGENTS or
LEONARD HICKS, JR. INC.
532 Madison Avenue, New York MU 8-0123
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami
Toronto • Washington, D. C.

Rendezvous for old friends

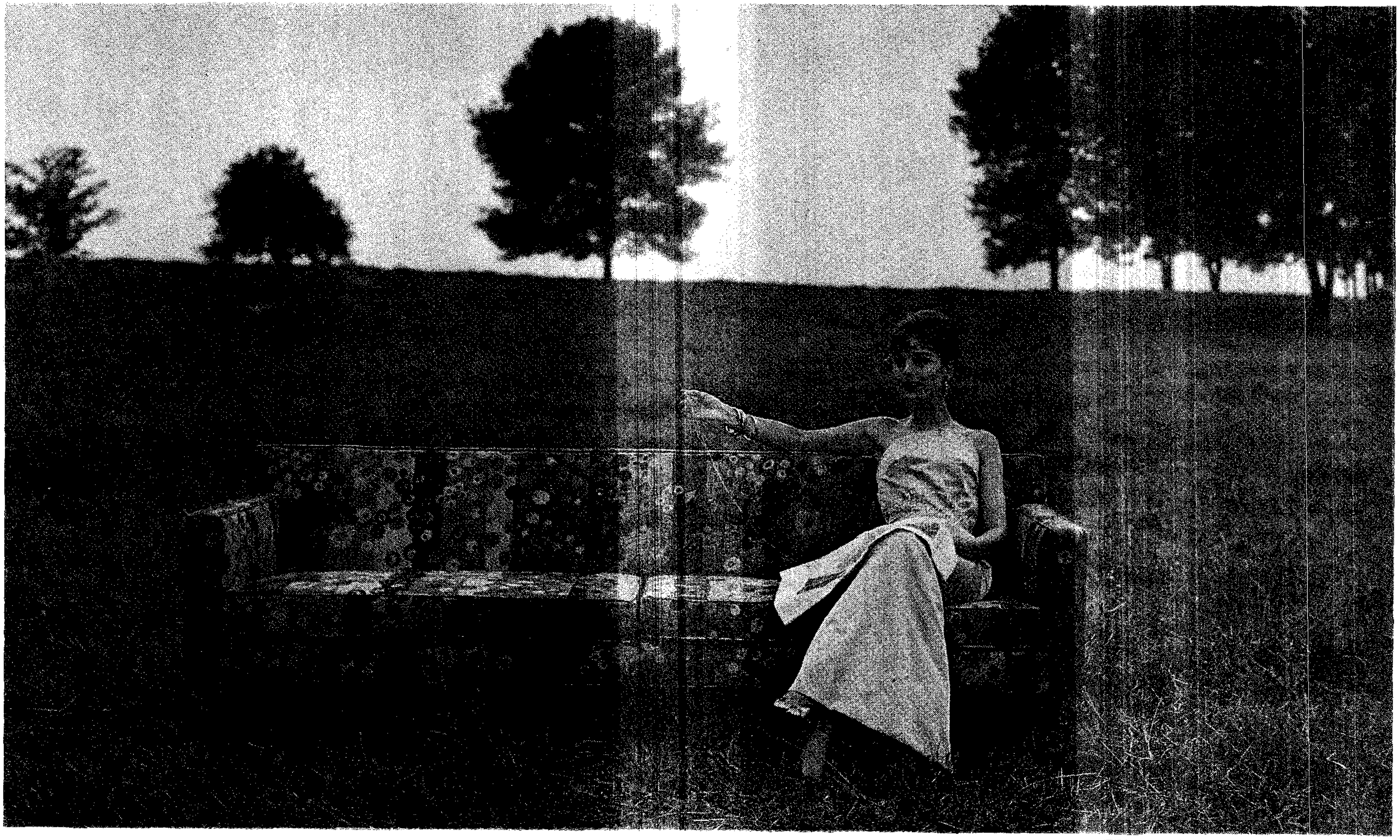


O. HENRY'S
STEAK HOUSE
4th Street and 6th Avenue
GREENWICH VILLAGE, CH 2-2000

IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES... a magazine for those who cannot be in Erin, but yearn to know how it is. It's crammed with articles, stories, poems, photographs and drawings on events, crafts, traditions; on history, architecture and the arts; on sports and fascinating places to visit. Here's the full scope of Ireland, as seen through the perceptive, witty or scholarly eyes of Ireland's leading writers. IRELAND OF THE WELCOMES comes to you six times a year. Two-year subscription, $3.00, postpaid. Send your name, address and cheque or money order for $3.00 to WELCOMES, Irish Tourist Office, Dept. NY 31 33 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022.

Perez Blanco's
Liborio
Exotic Latin Cuisine
Luncheon • Dinner • Supper
Spanish Revue Nightly
150 West 47th Street · JU 2-6188

The noble sofa $662.*

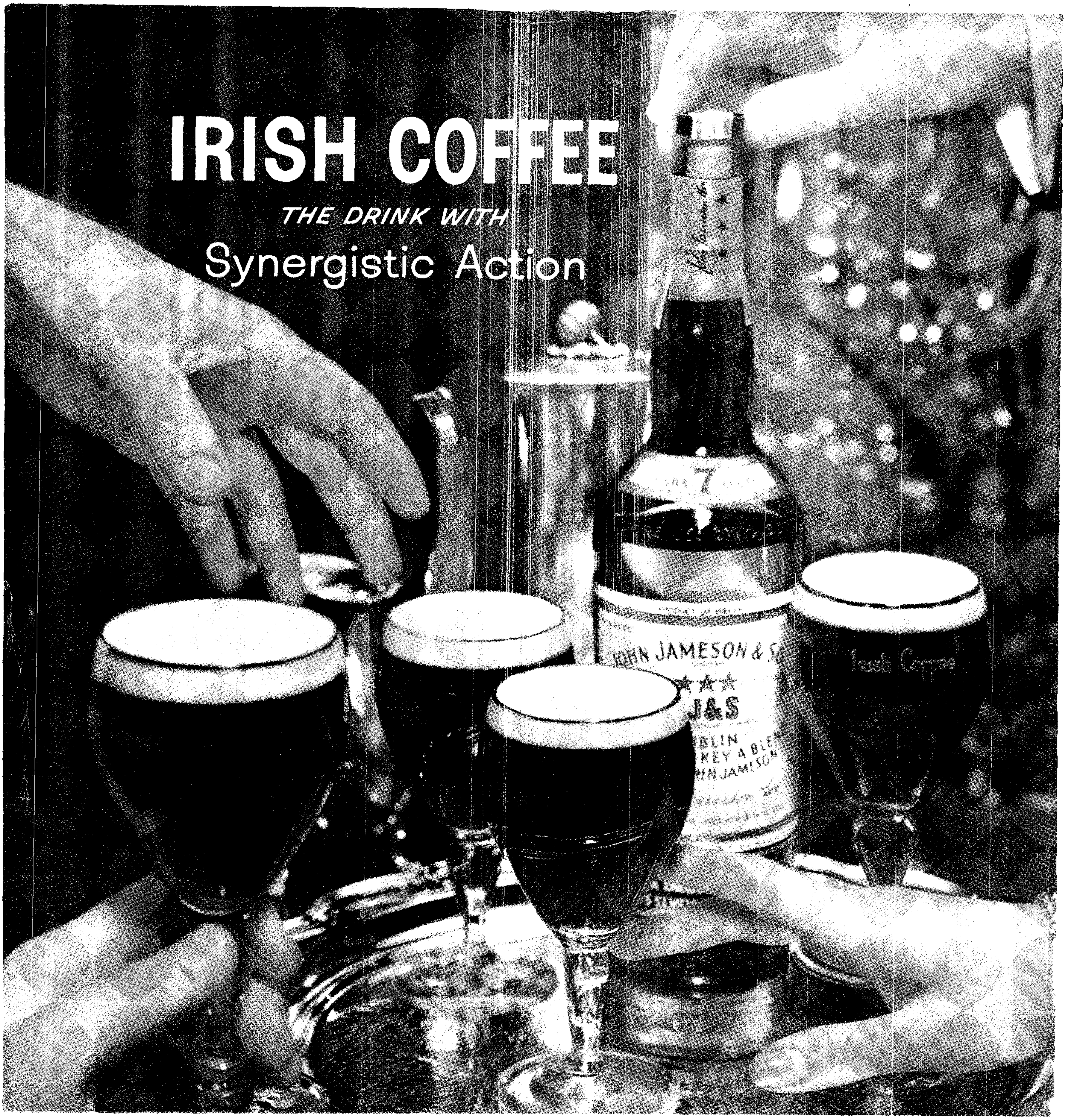


The sofa classic $595.*

how to buy an original: collect DUNBA

An original with people sitting on it? Heresy? No, Dunbar. Every Dunbar is an original. Handmade, long lived. Designed under the direction of Edward Wormley. But there is no museum mystery about these sofas. Welcome nappers, small sons, cats and confidants with the same honest comfort. There is a Dunbar Original in your price range. Showrooms welcome your visit: New York, Chicago, Boston, Dallas, San Francisco, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Seattle, St. Louis, Honolulu, Athens.

* Suggested retail price in customer's own material. Sold through Authorized Retailers and Interior Designers. Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Indiana.



IRISH COFFEE made with famous John Jameson Irish whiskey! It looks so gay . . . it tastes so grand. Its magic lies in the fact that the coffee, John Jameson and the cream combine in some mysterious way to create a seductive new flavour. It is what scientists call synergistic action, which means that the cooperative action of the ingredients is infinitely more delightful than any of them taken independently.

The synergistic action of Irish Coffee is a wonderful conversation piece. But do insist on John Jameson. It is *all* pot still whiskey—matured 7 years in oak casks.

HOW TO MAKE IRISH COFFEE

Into prewarmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet, put jigger of John Jameson Irish whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Stir in *strong* black coffee to ½ inch of top. Carefully float *chilled* whipped cream to brim. Drink *through* the cream.

P.S. *A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.*

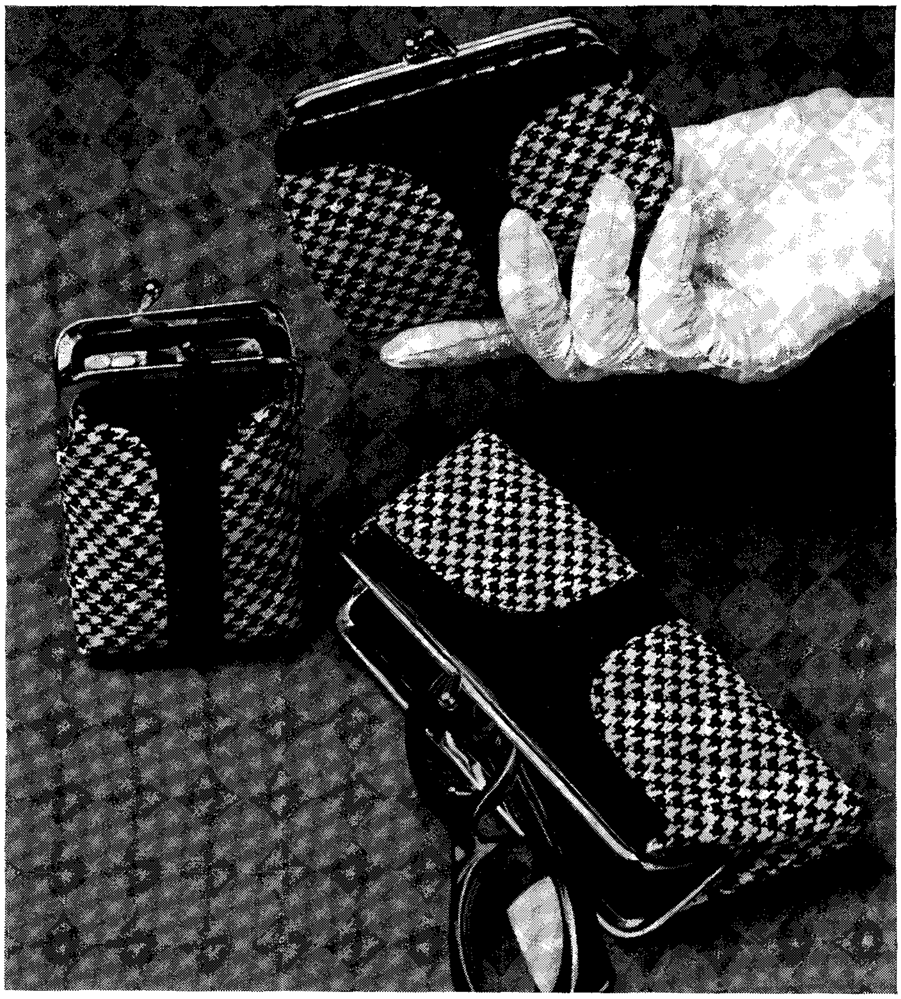
JOHN JAMESON & SON
J&S
DUBLIN

JOHN JAMESON

BLENDED IRISH WHISKEY • 86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A prose of Joyce). This critic, too, argues with Eliot, this time about the difference between the metaphysical conceit of Donne and the psychological associations of Laforgue. As in Leavis's criticism of Shelley, the flaw in Laforgue turns out to be an intellectual one: lacking the proper base in thought available in earlier centuries, he relies on "personality." But at least Laforgue tried to develop an "outlook." Mallarmé and Valéry did not even try, the *Scrutiny* critic adds. They made "the worship of forms the substitute for an outlook." (That the authors of "Un Coup de Dés" and "La Jeune Parque" lacked an "outlook" could occur only to a *Scrutiny* casuist.) Rilke, in contrast, is praised as if he were a version of Leavis; he had no "philosophy" but a great poetic sensibility. The only item on Gertrude Stein in the *Scrutiny* index, aside from occasional mentions as a bad example, is the review of a biography of her which, even in 1953, finds no better approach to her writings than a discussion of their incomprehensibility. While it was still "Work in Progress," Joyce's "Finnegans Wake" was dismissed by Leavis as "in any bulk not worth the labour of reading," a verdict the New York *Times* editorial page had the good taste to withhold until the volume was published. Employing his usual trick of turning criticism of a work into a dispute among critics, he proceeds to lecture commentators on Joyce about the absence of a "commanding theme" ("command" again) in the still unfinished composition and to introduce his inevitable reference to Lawrence. Since one of Joyce's admirers had compared him to Shakespeare, Leavis invokes historical determinism to show why Shakespeare could be great but writers subjected to modern conditions, including the activities of science, cannot. It is not surprising to find a reviewer in a 1943 issue announcing that "there was something to be said for the Nazi clean-up of German literature."

Scrutiny's presentation of the vitalizing authors of the age, when they are presented at all (Kierkegaard, for instance, is completely ignored), consists of subjecting their works to *Scrutiny's* own academic system, applied in utter ignorance of, or lack of sympathy with, the actual history of modern thinking in the arts. Upon publication of "XXX Cantos," the uses of metaphor were explained to Ezra Pound by *Scrutiny's* official poet, Ronald Bottrall, who had obviously never heard of the Imagist discussions on metaphor versus "fact," and whose



If you want a lift in your life these unique leather accessories can become an important part of you.

Designed and quality constructed by Bond Street, Ltd. Pepita patterned and etched with black patent on a soft supple leather. The French purse, $7.00; Spectacle case, $6.00; Cigarette case, $5.00 plus Fed. tax.

Buy them singly if you please. At better stores everywhere, or write Bond Street, Ltd., 30 East 33 St., New York 16, N. Y.

Fine Leather Accessories Bond Street Ltd.

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America and Spain—$1.00 per year; Other foreign—$3.00 per year.)

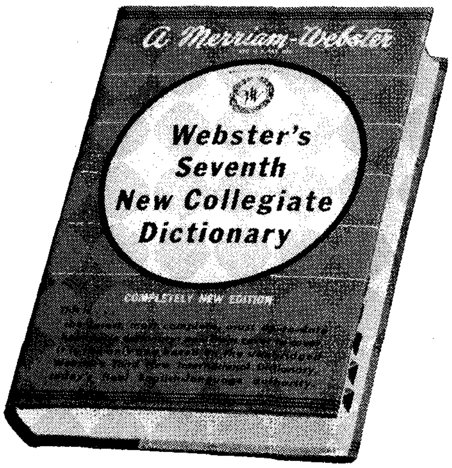
NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

(Please include postal zone number)

NEW! from Merriam-Webster



Word watching

brings you the only dictionary of its kind

WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate is based on a massive program of English-language research: word watching.

From this research Merriam-Webster editors have on record 10 million examples of the way our language is written and spoken by educated people.

These records assure that Webster's Seventh New Collegiate is complete and up to date—all the general and scientific terms a student or general reader is likely to need. They also assure definitions that are accurate, authoritative, current.

Give yourself and your family the advantage of using this unique dictionary of *today's* English language. Get Webster's Seventh New Collegiate now! Only $5.75, indexed $6.75, at department, book, stationery stores. ©G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.

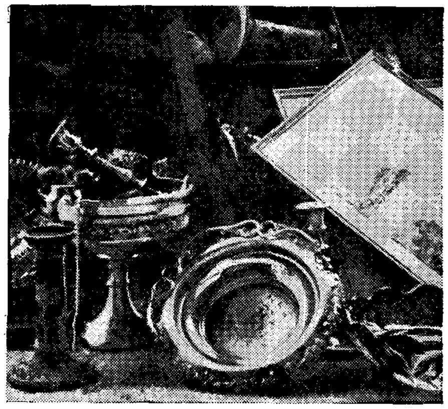
To be sure you're right — insist on

A Merriam-Webster
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Since 1847
the trusted and authoritative name in dictionaries

prose style by itself should have prevented his manuscript from being presented as anything but a term paper; here, as usual, Hopkins and Donne provide the rule along whose edge a contemporary poet is cut to bits. As a critic, Eliot is a poet among professors; his *Scrutiny* progeny are exactly the opposite. The anti-modern academicism of *Scrutiny* is distinguished from the older variety chiefly by its revolutionary bad manners, its absurd air of righteousness and intellectual certainty, its greater sophistication in seeking out the victims of its malice. The unanimous devotion of its contributors to a concept of aesthetic "success" is of itself sufficient to prevent their approximating any understanding of twentieth-century creation.

Thus *Scrutiny* failed to discover in the two decades of its existence any new writing in English worthy of serious consideration as art, and since its guiding intellect knew the reason for it in advance, it did not bother to speculate about the absence of such writing. Toward certain contemporaries, Leavis was both savagely hostile and opportunistic—for one, Wyndham Lewis, whom he called "brutal and boring" and whose "Men Without Art," one of the best critical volumes of the thirties, was never mentioned in *Scrutiny*. When, however, Lewis turned against abstract art, he was hailed in *Scrutiny* in terms unexceeded in intellectual vulgarity by Leavis's whipping boy, the Sunday press: "The reason Art has reached a sort of dead end, and . . . that the genuine artist has in a manner of speaking been betrayed, may be attributed directly to the excesses of Surrealism and the Abstract cult. Surrealism in particular has given Art the *coup-de-grace*," etc., etc. Though books by the leading minds of the thirties and forties were reviewed by *Scrutiny* proconsuls, no writer after Lawrence was ever permitted to affect the magazine's perspective. For Leavis, such men as Kafka, Kierkegaard, and Sartre might as well never have existed.

THE significance of *Scrutiny* in the teaching of literature lay not in its elucidation of new values but in its diffusion of a few modernist hypotheses over the whole length of literary history. The Scrutineers read the writings of other centuries as documents that through their technique of interpretation had become suddenly pertinent, as Oedipus had become suddenly pertinent through Freud. New creations could thus be dispensed with. Though the thought would horrify Leavis, *Scrutiny* "mod-



Is there a fortune hiding in your attic or cellar?

IT MAY be disguised as an old lamp . . . a plain porcelain dish . . . or some worn-out furniture you'd pay to get rid of. Yet this "junk" may be worth hundreds . . . even thousands of dollars! **A FORTUNE IN THE JUNKPILE** by syndicated expert Dorothy Jenkins is illustrated with 300 clear photographs and jam-packed with thousands of professional tips and instant tests for furniture of all periods, lamps, glassware, porcelain, coins, china, silver . . . everything from flatirons to mustache-cups. It tells you when to sell, when to wait, when not to repair . . . and everything else necessary to cash in on the sky-rocketing antique market today.

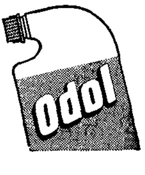
Send for A FORTUNE IN THE JUNKPILE at no risk to you. Only $5.95, now at your bookstore or direct from CROWN PUBLISHERS, Dept. F-6, 419 Park Avenue South, N. Y. 16, N. Y. Save postage by remitting now. Refund in 10 days if not delighted.

Ethel Merman with Host John C. Bruno

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL
AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED STEAK HOUSE RESTAURANT
LUNCH • DINNER
205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660

FINEST RESORT UNDER THE FT. LAUDERDALE SUN
Lago Mar
Superb in April. 800' Private Beach. 2 Pools. Tennis. Privileges Golf Clubs. Entertainment.
Under direction of Sidney Banks
WRITE LAGO MAR Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Mrs. Fitz-H______met Odol® in Oslo and rediscovered it in Gary.
THE SUBTLY FLAVORED SUPER CONCENTRATED MOUTHWASH THAT'S INTERNATIONAL



ernized" Shakespeare and Chaucer in a manner not too distant from a production of "Hamlet" in modern dress. The effect of its revalued classics was to reduce the distinction between the contemporary imagination and that of earlier periods. The influence in the universities of *Scrutiny's* strangled modernism went contrary to the need of students in the middle of the twentieth century to experience as their own the literature of advanced experiment and search. The ideal it erected was to mimic the virtues of other times, not to compose a work carrying the burden of today. If Leavis's rancor made him a moral ancestor of Britain's angry young men, his literary opinions helped to divert poetry into the arid exercises in traditional metrics that have filled the quarterlies. Through *Scrutiny*, the revolutionary critic became, as in the Soviet Union, the rival and at times the persecutor of the innovating writer. The classroom asserted itself against the studio, the university community against the community of artists. A "correct" way of reading was raised above writing. Pedantic glosses stirred up black clouds between the author and his text: an inevitable phrase in a *Scrutiny* criticism is "What Rosalind is saying is . . . ," "What Touchstone is saying . . . ," followed by words and thoughts that neither is saying at all. As with the Freudians, were it not for the interpreter's megaphone, the speaker himself would not seem so far away. The fervor aroused by Leavis among his students was a passion—different from the poetic—to argue, argue, argue. The Leavis-trained reader of a work strove, one might say, to become its last reader; after him, only his criticism, or the book as reflected in his criticism, was to be visible. In any case, *Scrutiny* gave the literary critic more to do than he had ever had before, as well as a greater assurance in doing it. But it drifted steadily away from its anchorage in Eliot and his ironic balancings of tradition and experiment.

Scrutiny was a protracted action; perhaps the most accurate characterization of that action would be that Leavis embraced the modernist revolution in order to bring it to an end. Today, he would like to see *Scrutiny* resumed, with such changes as conditions in the nineteen-sixties may require, but there is little left for it to do. In its attempt to follow Arnold in making "the best ideas prevail," Leavis's practice went against Arnold's demand that criticism "make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself." "I am suggesting," charged a British re-

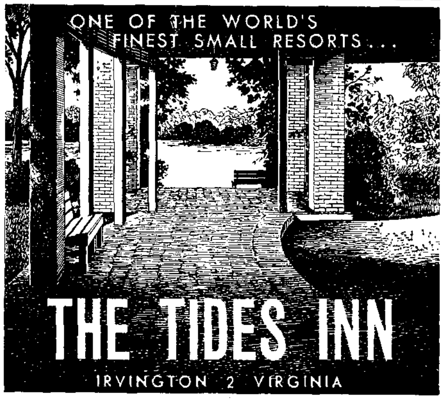
BROWN-JORDAN
Shipped From Two Factories...Newport, Arkansas or El Monte, California

Copyright 1964, Brown-Jordan Co.

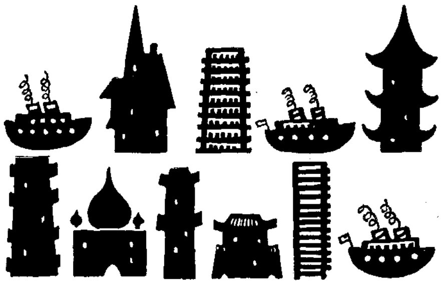
B J

CLASSIC II designed to be dramatically elegant or wonderfully casual...inside with cushions, outside with or without! It's Brown-Jordan's meticulously crafted all cast aluminum in tables, chairs (two styles), and lounging pieces. Scaled for compact apartment grouping or expansive garden setting. Write for brochure C-64 and name of nearest dealer: Box 272, El Monte, Calif.

New and exclusive from Old Salt
CRISFIELD CRAB SOUP
(clear Cioppino style)
A *clear* crab soup from a hard-to-get Chesapeake Bay country recipe. Delicate crab meat joins selected vegetables in a savory, subtly spiced stock to make a rare and rewarding soup. Serve it with unique pride.
MAIL ORDER ONLY
6/10 oz. cans for $4.50 ppd. in U.S.
(add 10% west of Miss.)
Send 10¢ for our catalog of unusually fine foods.
Box 77, Easton, Md. 21601
OLD SALT



FREDERIKSTED ST. CROIX VIRGIN ISLANDS
Barb' McConnell's
"THE ANTOINES OF ST. CROIX"
WONDERFUL ATMOSPHERE, DRINK AND FOOD
(ONE OF THE OLDEST PLACES ON THE ISLAND)
CONNECTED
MRS. REA IRVIN—REAL ESTATE
ART AND JEWELRY GALLERY
Hand Made Personally Designed Pieces in 14K Gold and Silver



Around the World in 11 Hotels
(3 of them ships)
It's a most unique world tour. 55 extraordinary days in all. Half your trip is aboard famous cruise liners; lavish vessels like the Queen Elizabeth and the France. The other half is spent discovering the great cities of the world. You stay at the finest hotels, like the Peninsula in Hong Kong and the Imperial in Tokyo. During extended inland visits, you really see each country and its people. **It's such a complete tour that it takes a 16-page brochure to describe it.**
One low cruise fare covers everything: visits to 22 ports of call, hotels, sightseeing, transfers, and most meals. 4 departures monthly: 2 from New York; 2 from San Francisco. 55 days from **$2295.**
See your travel agent or write:
Four Winds Travel, Inc. Dept. NY-10
175 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.
Rush your **FREE** 16 page brochure.
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____
FOUR WINDS®

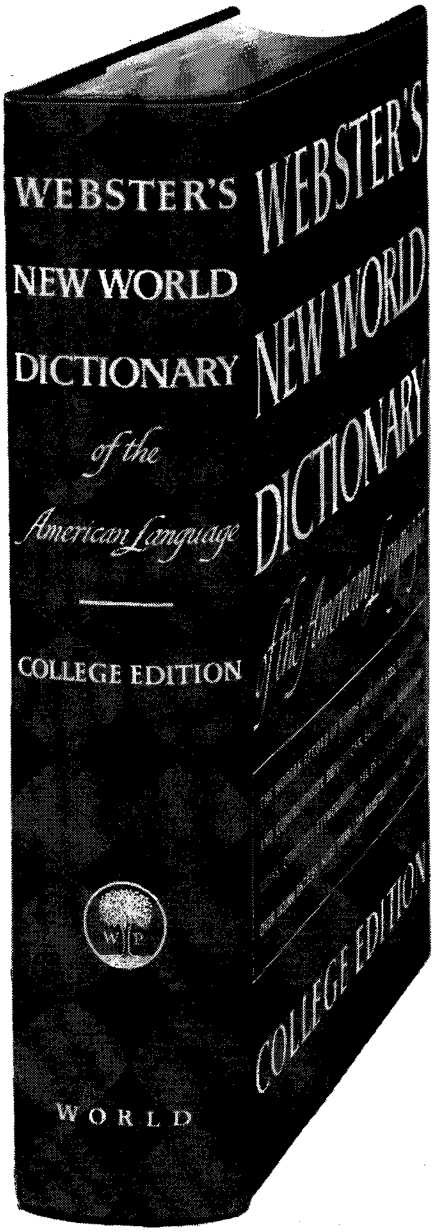
1,760

Gives you 1,760 pages of up-to-date information about words

• Clear definitions • Large, clear type
• Approved and used
in colleges and universities
throughout United States and Canada

$5.75 ($6.75 thumb-indexed)
at bookstores everywhere

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland and New York



viewer of the magazine, "that something in the *Scrutiny* tone was actually hostile to the production or the encouragement of literature." In the last analysis, the conviction about modern barrenness could not be reconciled with discovering prolific manifestations of "the creative response." Eliot was right when he advised Leavis that in a world of hollow men the logical alternative was either religion or totalitarianism. Rejecting both, Leavis strove to project into the wasteland the drama of himself and his band heroically arrayed against the forces of pollution. Entirely lacking in his imagination is any sense of the objective drama of modern life, the struggle in it between reality and possibility. Thus, while *Scrutiny* shared the tension of its time, it was as an introverted adventure, a struggle with phantom essences. As one looks back through *Scrutiny's* twenty volumes, its contents seem, for all their straining, curiously drained of time. It is an intellectual non-space that Leavis has been conquering. No wonder that in the end he can see behind him nothing but shadow victories, as in his unfounded brag about having "established" Eliot and Lawrence and having created a "frightening influence." To quote those Koreans once more: "Today our working people united steel-like around the Party Central Committee headed by Comrade Kim Il Sung are making continued innovation and constant advance to consolidate the successes scored in the scaling of Six Heights maintaining strained attitude and to make preparations for capturing a yet higher summit."

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ORDEAL OF MAJOR GRIGSBY, by John Sherlock (Morrow). The scene is Malaya in 1948, and the subject is the death struggle between British colonialism and Asian Communism. Mr. Sherlock strings the innumerable atrocities committed by both sides and for years back into a narrative that depends for its unity on the personality of Major Grigsby, a retired soldier who is reputedly a genius at guerrilla warfare. Unfortunately, his reality as a human being begins and ends at the moment of his first appearance—in London, where he is presented to a joint meeting of subcommittees from the Colonial and War Offices as the man who can go alone into the Malayan jungle to subdue the young Chinese who heads the

SHOW
Wilbur Clark's
DESERT INN
& COUNTRY CLUB
Las Vegas

On Stage! March 17–April 13
MILTON BERLE

April 14–May 11
PHIL HARRIS
REVUE plus CATERINA VALENTE
April 30–May 3
12th TOURNAMENT of CHAMPIONS

May 12–June 8
DANNY KAYE

Call PL 1-3434 in New York; 735-1122, Las Vegas!
TIME

Going abroad this year?
Whether it's your first trip
or your tenth, get the
famous guide that adds so much
to your pleasure

FODOR'S
1964 GUIDE TO
EUROPE

Full travel data on 34 countries, plus the cultural background and way of life most guidebooks lack. Illustrated. 43 city maps. 862 pp. $5.95

McKAY

Stories of India by
R. PRAWER JHABVALA
whose novels (Amrita, Get Ready for Battle, etc.) have been called "comic masterpieces" by The New Yorker
LIKE BIRDS, LIKE FISHES
$3.95 • NORTON
Six of these eleven stories first appeared in The New Yorker.

guerrilla army there. Without one believable character, and with no plot, Mr. Sherlock's work is a hodgepodge of horrors. The carefulness of the writing is spoiled by an excess of verbiage. A first novel.

A Banner with a Strange Device, by Arona McHugh (Doubleday). Mrs. McHugh's rough, able-bodied style carries her at full speed through almost six hundred pages, in which she describes the manners, looks, and varying sexual capacities and appetites of a group of young Boston people during the years immediately following the Second World War. Another first novel, and a Literary Guild Selection.

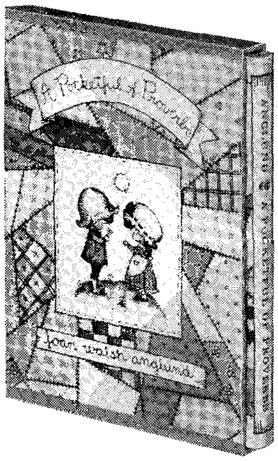
Going to Town and Other Stories, by Yuri Kazakov, translated from the Russian by Gabriella Azrael (Houghton Mifflin). Lovers meeting and (mostly) parting, men hunting and fishing, backward peasants retrogressing, and restless youngsters wrestling with life, all in contemporary Russia. The stories' political interest is that they aspire to have none—no cant about Socialism, peace, and so on. Some are very good, others pitifully crude. The translation may do Kazakov an injustice; a sentence like "But sometimes he is gripped by a strange trembling, and strange queer thoughts creep into his head" suggests as much.

The Machineries of Joy, by Ray Bradbury (Simon & Schuster). In this collection of short stories, Mr. Bradbury is at his best (which is very good) when he is at his lightest. For example, there are some charming and touching reminiscences of Dublin. But he often engages in an ominous and heavy-handed communication with the cosmos. The sky darkens, the prose thickens, and in the ensuing gloom the reader loses sight of both the trees and the forest.

GENERAL

The Reichstag Fire, by Fritz Tobias, translated from the German by Arnold J. Pomerans, with an introduction by A. J. P. Taylor (Putnam). The almost universal assumption that the firing of the Reichstag on February 27, 1933, was a Nazi trick designed to discredit the German Communist Party is here calmly challenged and completely refuted. It is the author's contention—substantiated by documentary evidence that has been available to any unblinkered eye for thirty years—that Marinus van der Lubbe, who set the fire, confessed that he did it as an inde-

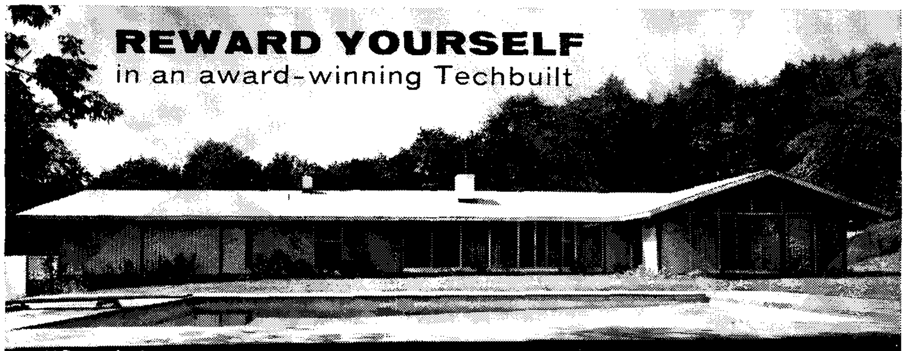
A spring greeting from
Joan Walsh Anglund



A Pocketful of Proverbs

A charming selection of wise old sayings in a tiny new book (3" x 4") by the author of *A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You*, *Love Is a Special Way of Feeling*, and *Spring Is a New Beginning*. With lovely pictures in color and black and white and its own slipcase, this little volume will enchant readers of all ages. $1.95

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD



REWARD YOURSELF
in an award-winning Techbuilt

"Best design" . . . "Most space for the money". LIFE, HOUSE & HOME, AIA, LOOK, PARENTS . . . all have showered awards on the famous Techbuilt House. Send $1.00 for new Portfolio bulging with floor plans, pictures and facts on 1 and 2-story Techbuilt houses (in both wood and steel) plus the intriguing Vacation Cottage. Techbuilt, Inc., Dept. NY 314, Box 193, Cambridge, Mass.

TECHBUILT®

A
culinary classic —
back in print!

THE ART OF
EATING

THE COLLECTED
GASTRONOMICAL WORKS
OF M. F. K. FISHER

Five complete books in one volume, with a delicious Introduction by Clifton Fadiman
768 pages • Index • $7.50 • WORLD

BILL BALLANTINE'S
big, illustrated book
about horses that work

Horses &
Their Bosses

MILTON CANIFF says: "Practically definitive in its approach to the wonderful world of the Geegees, let alone all those fascinating people." $6.95

LIPPINCOTT

An innocent abroad in
Washington bureaucratic
society learns the facts of life
from some very unorthodox
acquaintances—including an
orgy-throwing landlady
and her clients. $4.95

Sheba's Landing
by Thomas Baird

An insufferable British
publisher on safari in academic
America demonstrates his
proficiency in the seven
deadly sins in a wildly funny
comedy of bad manners
among the literati.
"High comic art."
—*Time* $3.95

One Fat Englishman
by Kingsley Amis

Seventy-four cities around the
world viewed by an historian
with a sense of past and
present. "His rare skill as a
stylist raises his reporting to
poetry, his journalism to art."
—*Orville Prescott.*
With 32 pages of photographs.
$6.95

Cities
by James Morris
A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book.

A brilliantly perceptive thinker
and critic turns her attention
to subjects as diverse as
Tom Sawyer and the
Profumo case, Caruso and
Norman Mailer, Alger Hiss
and Marilyn Monroe, in this
collection of essays. $4.75

CLAREMONT
ESSAYS
by Diana Trilling

CLAREMONT AVE

HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD

pendent and singlehanded "protest" against the threatened Nazi ascendency, that the Nazis blamed it on the Communists simply out of fright ("Clearly, the Reichstag fire was no brilliantly conceived plan, no ingenious stratagem by the Nazis to destroy their opponents—on the contrary, it was the Nazis' fear that the fire might let loose a flood of red terror that caused them to unleash a flood of brown terror first"), and that the really clever trickery involved was the fabrication of evidence by the Communists that convinced the world of the Nazis' guilt in the affair. Mr. Tobias, an early trade-unionist victim of Nazism and now a German civil servant, has given us a valuable and an absorbing work of political detection that also contributes to the demolition of the myth of Hitler's malevolent brilliance. Photographs and diagrams.

ALL TOLD, by Frédéric O'Brady (Simon & Schuster). An entrancing autobiography. Mr. O'Brady was born in Budapest, the son of "the ugliest woman I ever saw." Today he is a French citizen and the husband of a girl who was the star of the Folies-Bergère when they eloped, in 1957. (He was fifty-four.) What O'Brady is, mainly, is an actor. He also does novels. Whenever he is a guest on a radio-interview program, *the whole population of France* writes in, and, as some specialized reference books can tell you, he's one of the world's great puppeteers. O'Brady's musical compositions are frequently performed in France. He has taught himself nine languages; he wrote this book, in English, in fine style. And as he relates his ups and downs (what could be more down than playing second banana in a provincial night club in Rumania? Well, being musical director of a Russian émigré dwarf act), it is plain that he is an artist. He couldn't write a bad book in any language.

GOTHIC SCULPTURE, edited by Harald Busch and Bernd Lohse, with an introduction by Hans Weigert; translated from the German by Peter Gorge (Macmillan). Despite the imposing list of authors, editors, and so forth, this is primarily a picture book, and happily so. Some twenty pages of historical commentary—crisp, concise, and knowledgeable—serve as introduction. The rest is an array of two hundred full-page halftones, for which not only England but almost all of Europe has been scouted, from Italy to Denmark and Spain.

The Iron Curtain isn't soundproof.

Radio Free Europe speaks daily, in their own languages, to millions of captive people in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Hungary and Romania. It tells them what is *really* happening in their countries, and right in their own home towns.

In effect, Radio Free Europe is the *opposition newspaper* that nobody can stop these enslaved people from reading—with their ears.

But Radio Free Europe can't do it all alone. It needs your help, financially. Help to get the truth through the Iron Curtain—by mailing your contribution to:

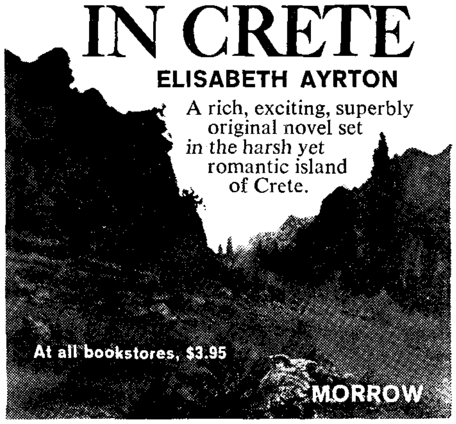
Radio Free Europe, Box 1964, Mt.Vernon, N.Y.

THE EYE OF THE LION

A novel based on
the life of
MATA HARI
By Lael
Tucker
Wertenbaker

The seductive spy of World War I in a "pulsing, full-blooded novel."
—W. G. Rogers $5.95
LITTLE, BROWN

SILENCE IN CRETE
ELISABETH AYRTON



A rich, exciting, superbly original novel set in the harsh yet romantic island of Crete.

At all bookstores, $3.95
MORROW

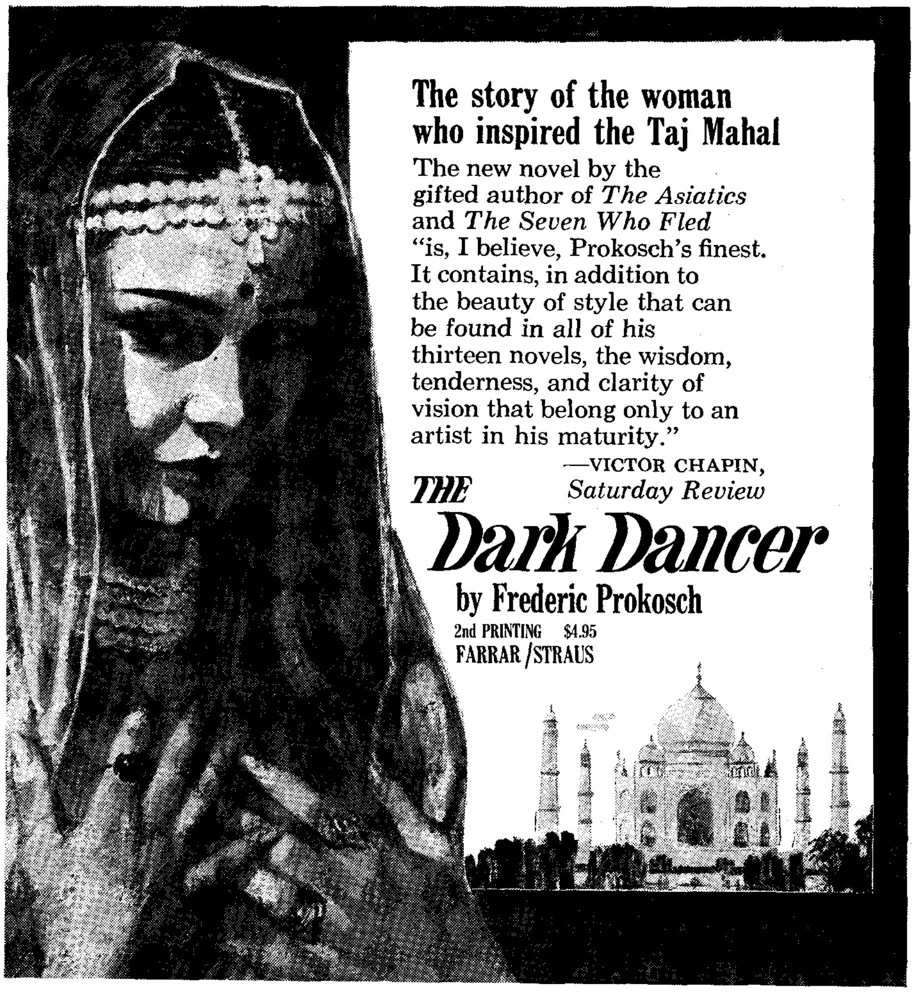
The choices—particularly in the closeup studies of detail—have been made with such wisdom that they open up whole new areas of Gothic sculpture for our understanding, most particularly its aspects of real sophistication, as well as its formal adroitness. A truly handsome, stirring book. Fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents.

HOLD YOUR HOUR AND HAVE ANOTHER, by Brendan Behan (Little, Brown). A collection of short funny pieces written for an Irish newspaper. Many of them are time-hallowed Irish humor—drinking, patriotism, hatred of the British, broguish mispronunciation—but Mr. Behan pumps some life into even the oldest routines. He attains his peak away from home—in England and France. Consider his answer to warnings to avoid the "unsafe" working-class and Arab quarters of Paris: "I, however, have never in my travels met anything worse than myself."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

UNEASY LIES THE DEAD, by M. E. Chaber (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Milo March—shrewd, solitary, a hard drinker, and splendidly male—is almost thrown by his latest assignment from his bosses at Intercontinental Insurance: he has to find out what *really* happened to Thomas Rako, the famous gangster and big-time union man who vanished seven years ago, just as he was to be questioned by a Congressional committee. Intercontinental is worried because it is almost time for his million-dollar insurance policy to be paid off. But how do you go about tracing a man after seven years—especially a man with his eerily powerful connections? Milo March knows how, and Milo never gives up. The action begins in Cleveland and swerves all over the United States, and the pace is fast and positive.

THE BRASS KEY, by Francis Swann (Simon & Schuster). Anne Dunham, twenty and very pretty, arrives in Seco, Maine, to introduce herself to her grandfather, the millionaire Calvin Dunham. Her father was Stephen Dunham, but when she presents herself, old Calvin insists that he never had a son named Stephen. And Calvin's son Charles denies that there ever was a Stephen. Anne is already on board the bus that will take her away from Seco forever when fate, in the form of a friendly little breeze, presents her with the proof she needs to start her on her



The story of the woman who inspired the Taj Mahal

The new novel by the gifted author of *The Asiatics* and *The Seven Who Fled* "is, I believe, Prokosch's finest. It contains, in addition to the beauty of style that can be found in all of his thirteen novels, the wisdom, tenderness, and clarity of vision that belong only to an artist in his maturity."

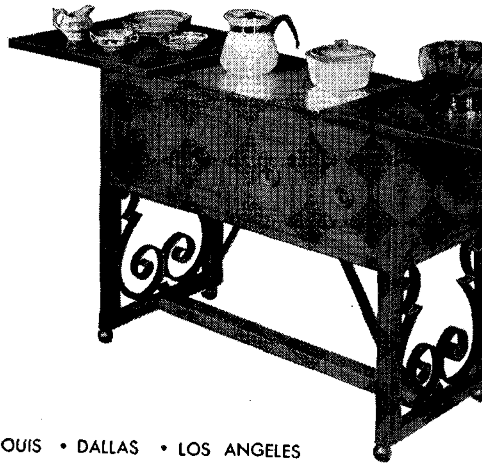
—VICTOR CHAPIN, *Saturday Review*

THE Dark Dancer

by Frederic Prokosch

2nd PRINTING $4.95

FARRAR / STRAUS



ROMWEBER

Furniture of Timeless Beauty

WRITE FOR BROCHURE
ROMWEBER,
BATESVILLE,
INDIANA

NEW YORK
305 E. 63rd St.

CHICAGO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • LOS ANGELES

DESIGNED BY ROBERT FULDNER

"Almost as refreshing as an early morning walk on a beach." *

THE ROMANCE OF SHELLS

IN NATURE AND ART

LOUISE ALLDERDICE TRAVERS

* "A book of real charm."
RACHEL CARSON

For hobbyists and collectors

Photos in color. Line drawings. $6.00 at all bookstores or from **M. Barrows & Co., Inc.** *425 Park Avenue South, New York 10016*

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

Internationally Famous Restaurant with a tradition of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne

BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
N.Y.C. DIRECT PHONE REctor 2-6586
2½ hours from N.Y.C., via
Garden State Pkway., exit 40

As You Like It

In earlier days, governments sometimes enacted sumptuary laws to discourage citizens from indulging in ostentatious displays of finery and wealth—in what we now call "conspicuous consumption."

Today's U. S. government is more enlightened. Now you can live just as well as you can afford to live, with as much or as little show as you please, with no penalty whatever for your style and standard of living. The only thing you have to do is to be able to pay for it. So the problem is not *how* but *wherewithal.*

And how can you increase your wherewithal? One way to consider is investing in good common stocks, stocks in companies with good earnings records and able management and promising prospects.

If you'd like help getting started with an investment program, we'll be glad to provide information on how to begin. And if you already know the fundamentals and need data to help you decide which stocks might fit your needs best, we'll lend a hand there. You have only to ask.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK 5, NEW YORK

way to victory. Mr. Swann is a cheerful writer, and Maine in the wintertime, with cozy fires blazing everywhere, is a good place for an ancient mystery to be solved.

GREENMASK!, by Elizabeth Linington (Harper & Row). Sergeant Ivor Maddox, of the Hollywood police, is confronted with a series of murders that seem unrelated but that must have been committed by a very undiscriminating maniac. An elderly shopowner, a handsome widow, and an ugly wife are among those who go down like ninepins under the assault of this strange and daring criminal, who kills them all in only a few hours. The story, which moves along smartly for most of its length, is somewhat spoiled by a solution that is easy for the author and unfair to the reader.

THE QUARRY, by Robert L. Pike (Doubleday). Four long days and short nights in the trying life of Detective Lieutenant Clancy, of the 52nd Precinct. His assignment is to find and render harmless a bloodthirsty escapee from Sing Sing who has sworn to destroy the judge who sentenced him to prison, the prosecutor who got him convicted, and Lieutenant Clancy. Mr. Pike writes neatly and knowingly of police routine, and what he has put together is purposefully paced, honestly dramatic, and equipped with a properly explosive ending.

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Observer*]

NO WORD FROM DIRECTORS

Lord Tweedsmuir, who is 56, was at his country home at Balmedie, Aberdeenshire, yesterday. He wouldn't comment.

Lord Rennell of Rodd, who is 69, was also at his country house near Presteigne, Radnorshire. He was not available for comment. One of his cows was calving and Lord Rennell was in attendance.

Five B.O.A.C. directors have now resigned.

•

"IMMEDIATELY" MEANS DELAY

Attention is invited to paragraph 8b, VIII USAC Regulation 715-1 (3 May 63). If initiating offices continue the use of "immediately" or "as soon as possible" as a delivery date on DA Form 14-155 (Purchase Request and Commitment), the forms will be returned, causing a delay in processing.—*VIII U.S. Army Corps Newsletter, Austin, Texas.*

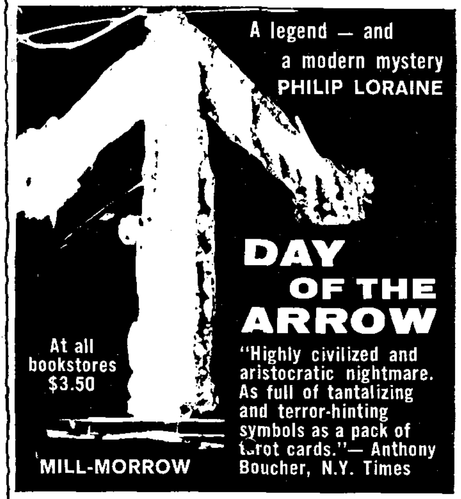
Try marking them "any old time" and see what happens.

He traveled 5,469 miles from Sweden to enjoy Montego Bay's Half Moon

Many busy people come even greater distances just to luxuriate at fabulous Half Moon, Montego Bay's *only* complete resort. You, too, will love its unlimited facilities: its secluded mile-long beach; 18-hole Robert Trent Jones championship golf course (the best in Jamaica); water-skiing, fishing, sailing, tennis, riding, calypso music and dancing. Superb cuisine and service. Elegant club-like atmosphere.

See your travel agent or I. Oliver Engebretson, Inc., 141 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. TN 7-0720.

HALF MOON HOTEL & COTTAGE COLONY
MONTEGO BAY • JAMAICA • WEST INDIES



A legend — and a modern mystery
PHILIP LORAINE

DAY OF THE ARROW

"Highly civilized and aristocratic nightmare. As full of tantalizing and terror-hinting symbols as a pack of tarot cards."— Anthony Boucher, N.Y. Times

At all bookstores $3.50

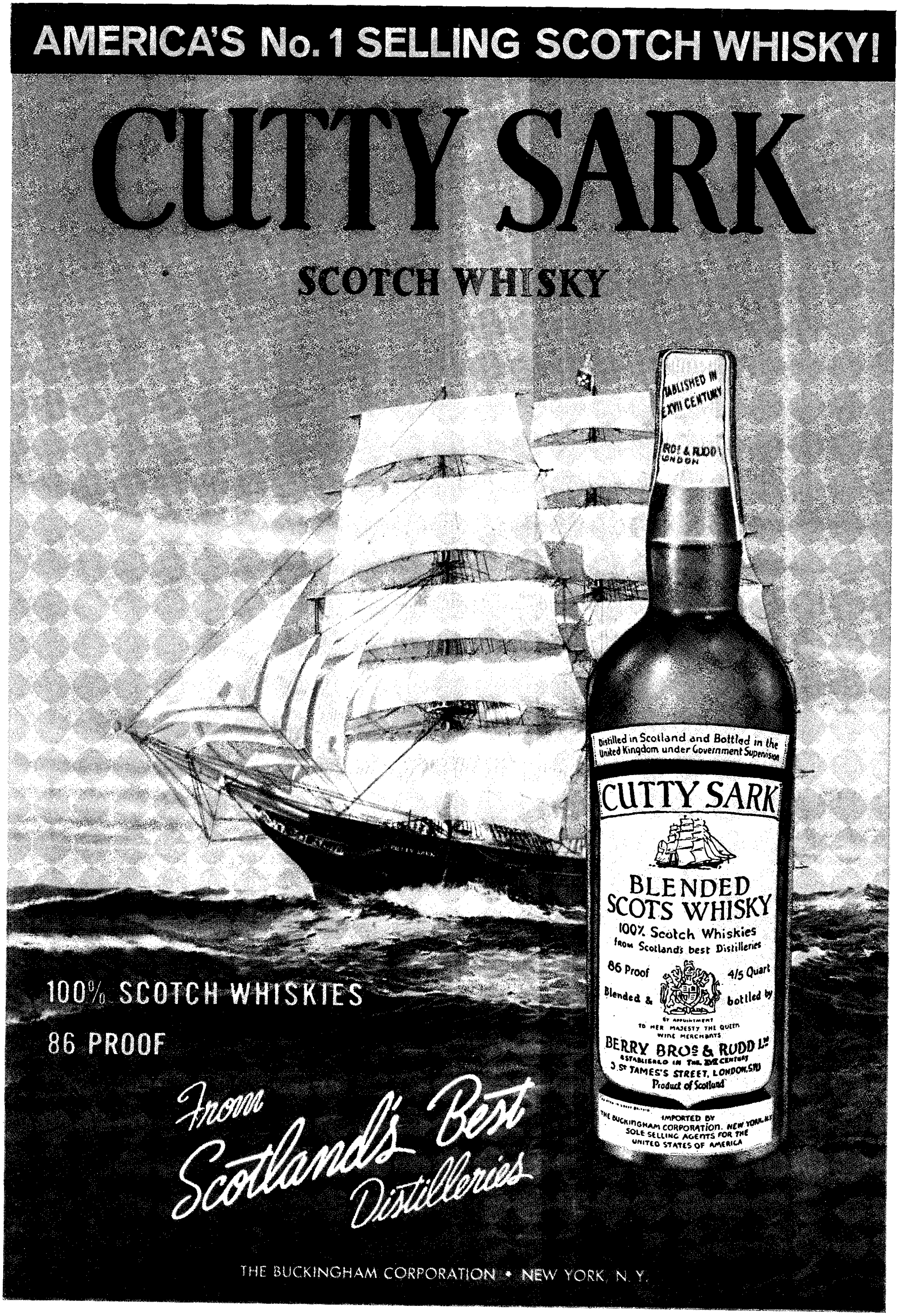
MILL-MORROW

BOOK HUNTING?

Any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. No obligation. Write:

BOOKS-ON-FILE
DEPT. NY-34 UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.



AMERICA'S No. 1 SELLING SCOTCH WHISKY!

CUTTY SARK

SCOTCH WHISKY

100% SCOTCH WHISKIES

86 PROOF

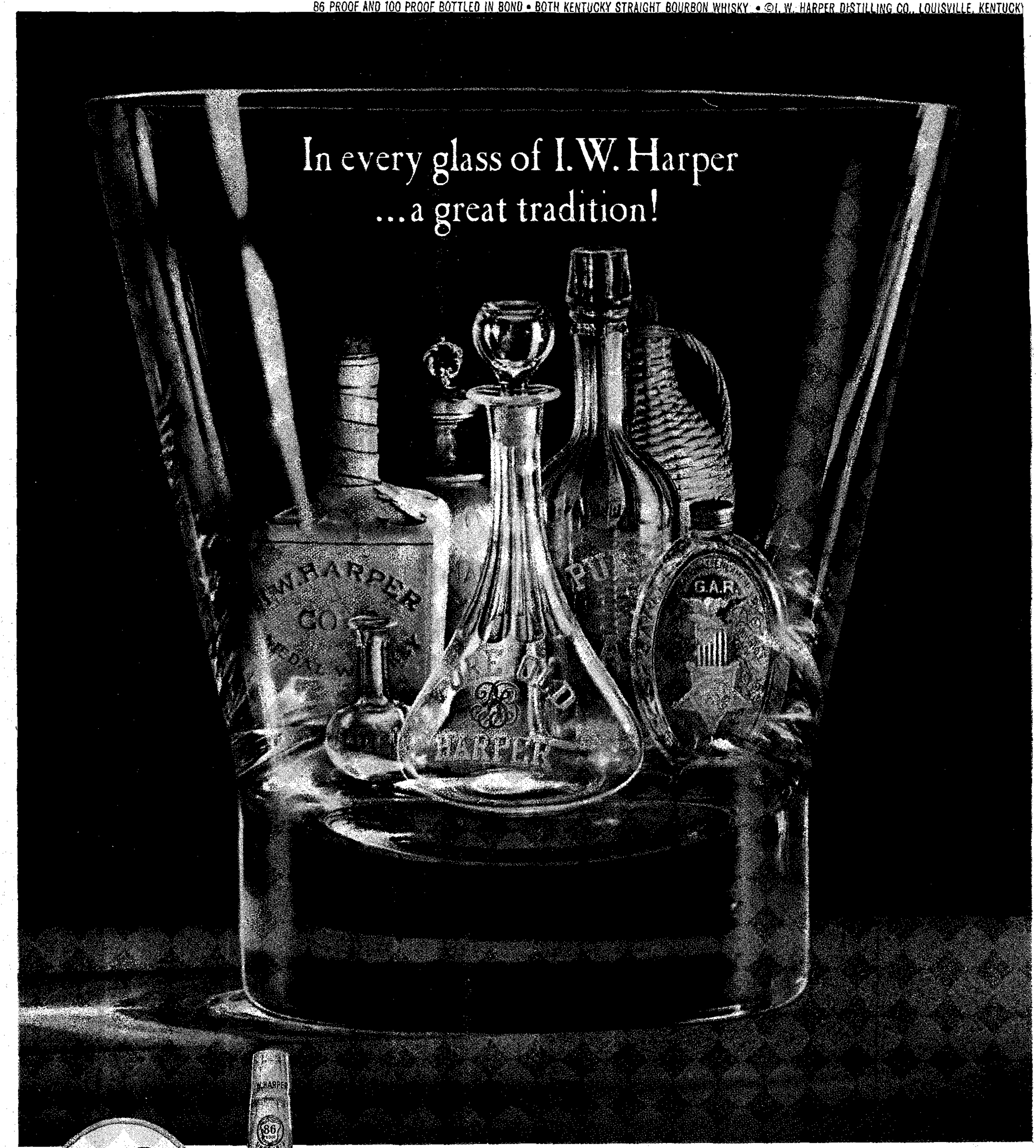
From Scotland's Best Distilleries

THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION • NEW YORK, N. Y.

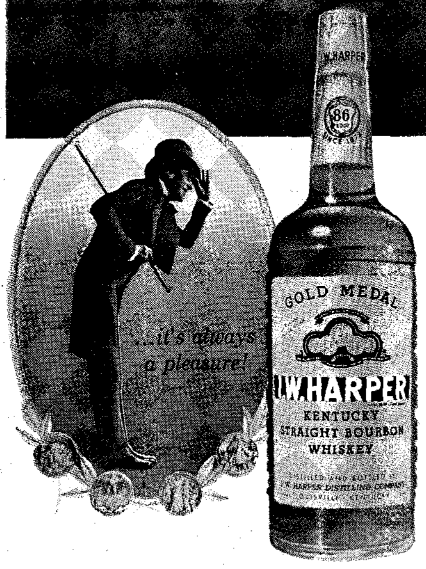
ESTABLISHED IN
THE XVII CENTURY
BERRY BROS & RUDD
LONDON
Distilled in Scotland and Bottled in the United Kingdom under Government Supervision
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended & bottled by
BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WINE MERCHANTS
BERRY BROS & RUDD LTD
ESTABLISHED IN THE XVII CENTURY
3 ST JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1
Product of Scotland
IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION. NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE SELLING AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

86 PROOF AND 100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • BOTH KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • ©I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

In every glass of I.W. Harper ...a great tradition!


I.W.HARPER
CO
MEDAL
HARPER
G.A.R.

ORIGINAL OLD I. W. HARPER BOTTLES FROM THE HISTORIC I. W. HARPER COLLECTION (L. to R.): "NAUTICAL", 1890; "CAMEO" MINIATURE, 1899; "PEWTER PITCHER", 1900; "COMPANION", 1910; "BAR BOTTLE" CUT GLASS, 1910; WICKER "CARBOY", 1880; "CANTEEN G. A. R." 1895.


...it's always a pleasure!
I.W.HARPER
86 PROOF
GOLD MEDAL
I.W.HARPER
KENTUCKY
STRAIGHT BOURBON
WHISKEY

Since 1872, I.W. Harper has won acclaim as the Prized Kentucky Bourbon. You can see its rich tradition in these rare bottles...taste its pleasure in every glass. Enjoy I.W. Harper...it's always a pleasure!

I.W. HARPER

THE GOLD MEDAL BOURBON